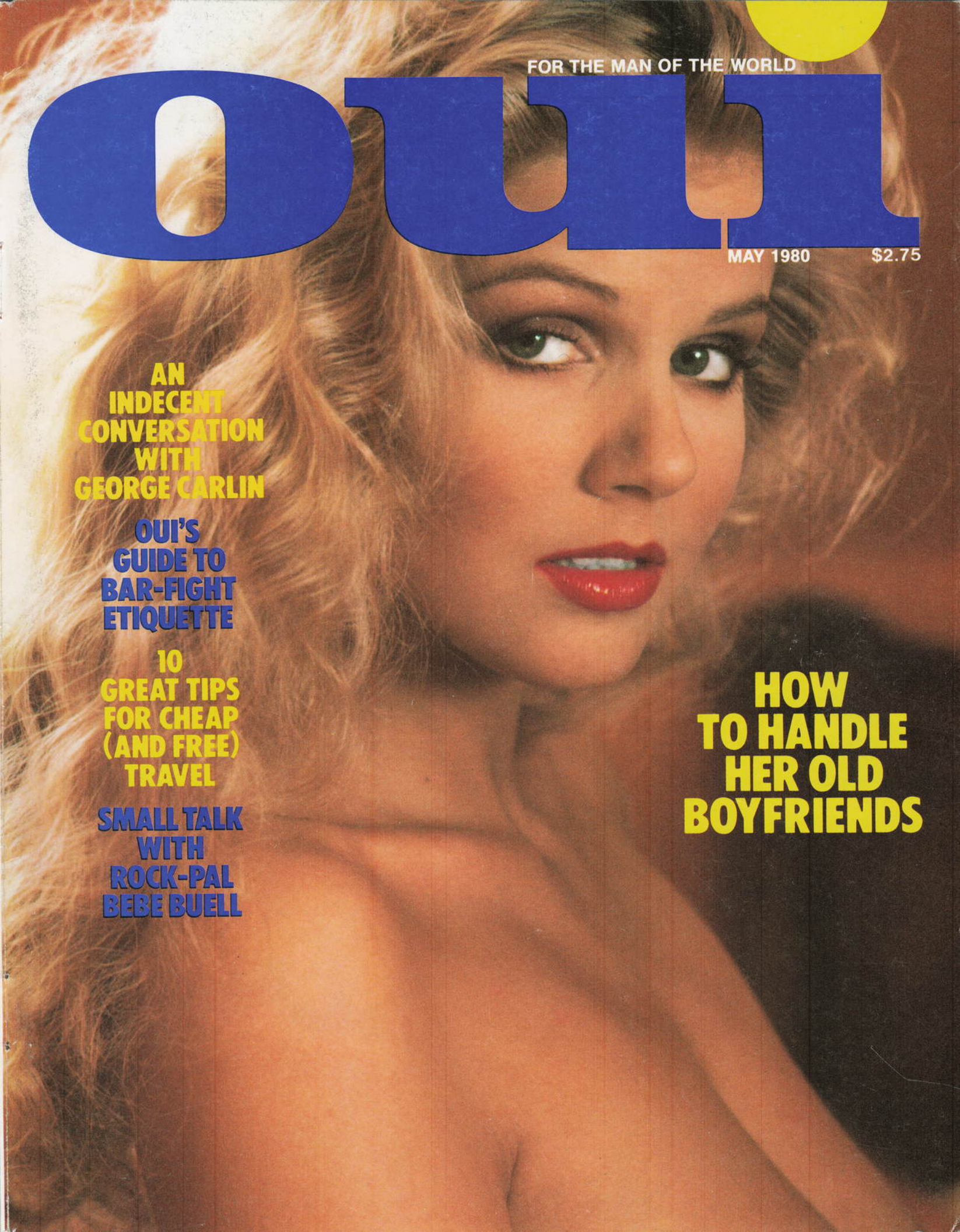
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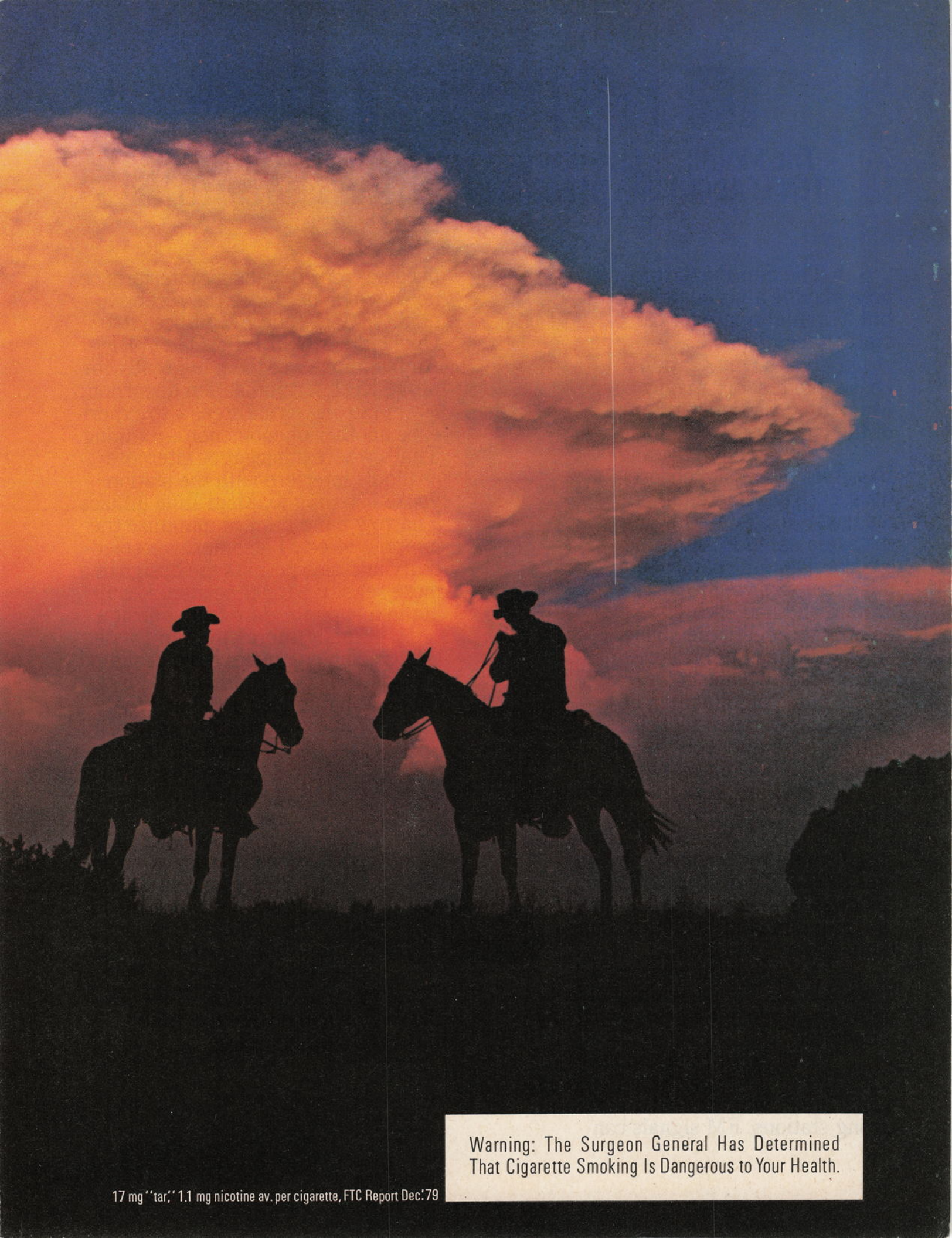

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10 AGAINST ONE.

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The San Francisco area may be a visual delight but it's a nightmare for car stereo reception.

That's why Clarion chose it to test our magical Magi-Tune FM against ten of the best car stereos made.

We asked ten leading Bay Area dealers to choose what each considered to be his best FM car stereo. Using the same antenna, the same speakers and the same power supply, we drove around and had each expert listen, then weigh the quality of Magi-Tune's performance against his own choice.

Now taking on ten of the best may sound foolish so before we give you the results, here's our reason why:

Let's start with the Magi-Tune Signal Activated Stereo Control. The all new SASC circuit significantly reduces noise by *automatically* and smoothly adjusting the degree of stereo separation to the optimum point while still maintaining stereo imaging.

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Next, Magi-Tune has Dual Gate MOS FET Front End. In strong signal areas, where there are several strong stations, FM signals can become "mixed" causing interference noise which degrades the reception quality. Magi-Tune FM utilizes two Dual Gate MOS FET's. One in RF Amp and one in Mixer, to greatly improve RF Intermodulation distortion.

Strong signal areas also experience another phenomenon—jumping. That's where adjacent or alternate channels interfere with the station you're listening to. Magi-Tune utilizes a narrow band filter to minimize the jumping effect. This improves selectivity and also permits the design of a more sensitive tuner section. Resulting in a superior performing design.

Finally, there's the Pin Diode. Our Clarion engineers have designed a new LO/DX Circuit using a Pin Diode. What it does is expand the usable range of FM reception in strong signal areas to greatly reduce interference noise.

Now with all that going for us we knew it was really no contest. Clarion's Magi-Tune won hands down. *Out of ten tests we got nine wins and one tie.* It was so one-sided it almost seemed unfair.

Clarion's new Magi-Tune FM. There's a small difference. Like between night and day.

*Panasonic CQ 8520 EU

Clarion

QUALITY FOR THE MAGIC IN MUSIC.

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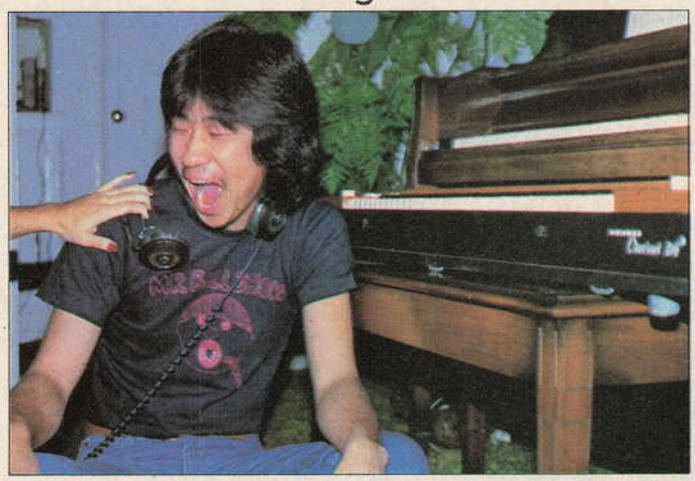
The WE Page

Jobs OUI'd Like to Have

Brian Anderson, shown here pointing out where various movie stars live in Southern California to our sweet ***Brigette Fry*** (p. 38), is one of the finer nude photographers in the world. He's also a bit of a smartass. His favorite game, says he, is to play dress poker with his models. Whenever they lose a hand, they have to put some clothes *on*.

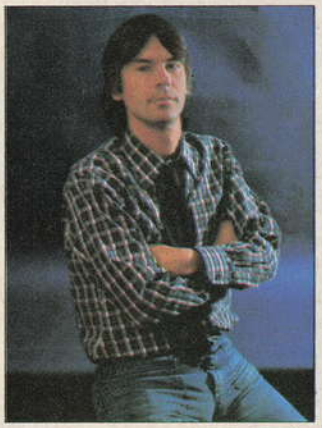


ANOTHER CLASS(IC) ACT

When we asked **Dennis Toru Mukai** to illustrate our guide to classical music, *Going for Baroque* (p. 111), we knew this young Art Center graduate would give us something hot. His five basic loves of life, he swears, are shiny objects, hard-rock music, seamed stockings, dry martinis and girls. With two olives. The girls.

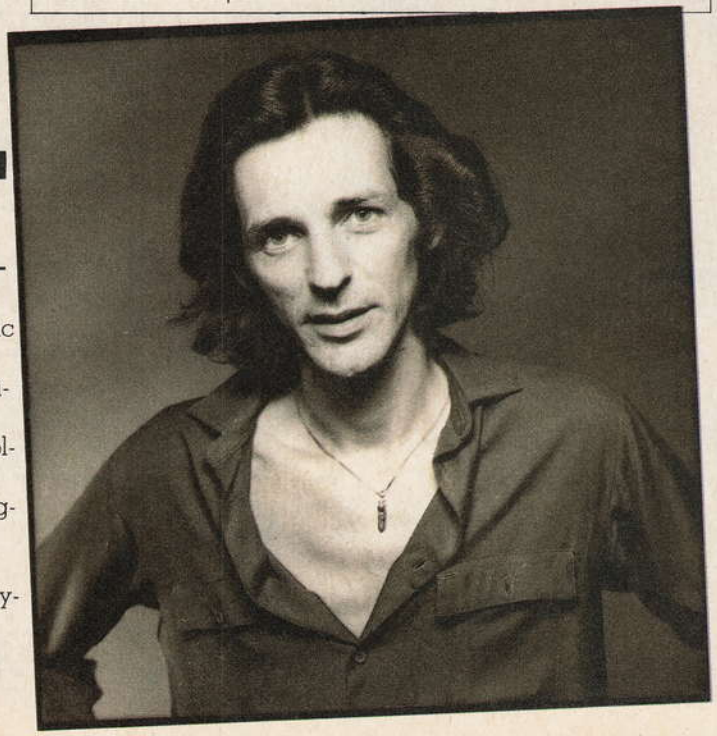
DRINKS ON THE HOUSE

Mark Christensen, who punched out our *Bar-Fight Etiquette* piece (p. 48), is a 31-year-old, 6'3", 180-pound Caucasian with no visible scars. Before he recently became a father, Mark, who has written for *Sport* and *Ampersand*, had a reputation around his Oregon stomping grounds for consuming more brew and slugging more folk than Frank Sinatra. Now word has it he's a punk.



SHUTTERING HEIGHTS

Sending **Gary Heery** to photograph the always-exotic George Carlin was, we modestly feel, a stroke of editorial genius. Heery, you see, was a sociology/psychology major in college, and only recently took up photography. And, as you'll learn from our interview (p. 70), Carlin was a sociological/psychological phenomenon who only recently took up comedy. We think.



EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH

It isn't so much that **Ed "Irish Eyes" Dwyer** is a volatile fellow. Actually, he's quite mellow for an editor. No, Ed's problem, you see, is that he recently celebrated his one-year anniversary at OUI, after several years of editing *High Times*. And while OUI gave him an imitation-silver tie tack and half the day off, *High Times*, Ed laments, used to give him a Quaalude for each year of service and get *him* off.

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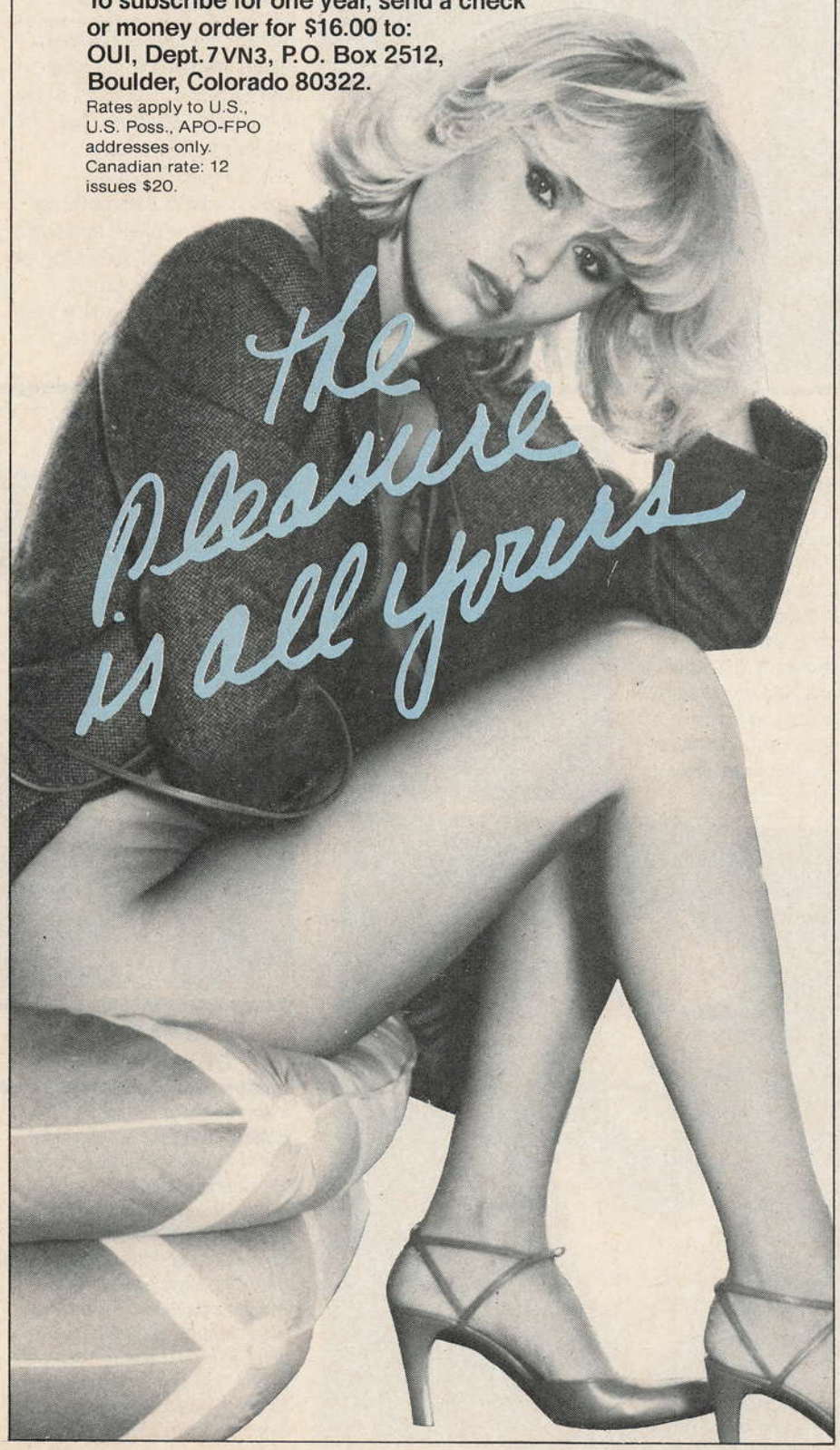

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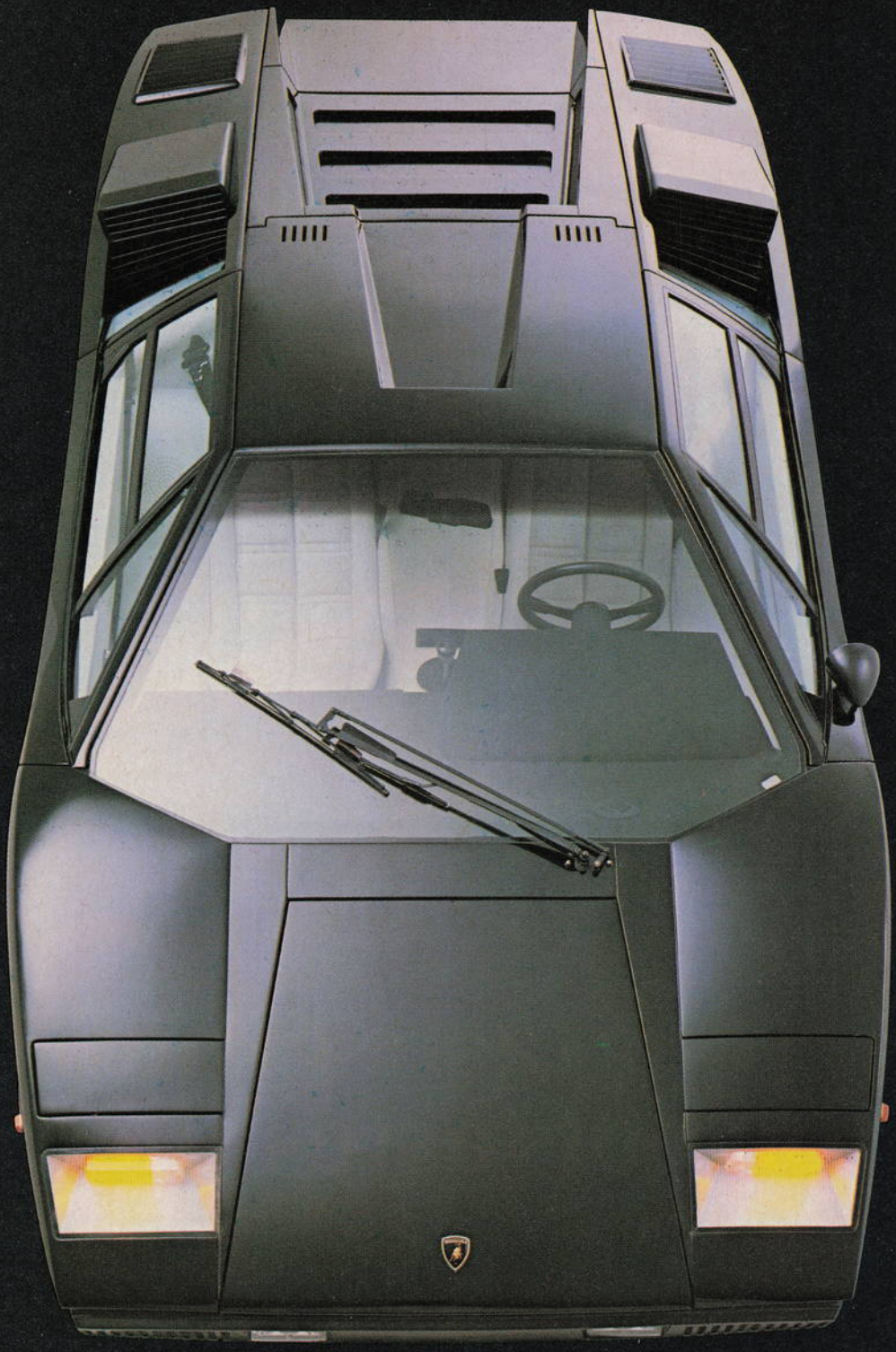
It would be a pity to put an ordinary car stereo in a $125,000 Lamborghini.



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MAIL

THE MALE DECADE

C.W. Metcalf's article, *Sex in the Eighties* (January), certainly struck a responsive chord in me, and probably in a lot of other men, too. Men have been living with the pressures and expectations of leadership, and knowledge about our sexual roles is often not only mythical, but damaging. The man of the Eighties is obviously going to have to change the way he relates to women—and himself. He will have to be a thinking, *feeling* person and less a personification of an idealized man. Herb Goldberg's book, *The Hazards of Being Male*, takes a big step in illustrating the true liberation of the male . . . just as Metcalf's article does.

TIMOTHY O'BRIEN
Rochester, New York

I should call to your attention a significant error in your article, *Sex in the Eighties*. Mr. Metcalf referred to the Immaculate Conception as if it applied to Jesus. Well, as any good Catholic knows, this term refers to the conception of Mary, the mother of Jesus. The correct term in referring to Christ's conception should be *incarnation*. But on the whole, I greatly enjoyed the article.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Louisville, Kentucky

I just read C.W. Metcalf's article, *Sex in the Eighties*, and I very much appreciated this long-overdue testimony. It's about time we began to address ourselves to some really critical issues about sex and love in our society today. Men do need to start talking to each other and to women. Sex between enemies can hardly be fun. My hat's off to you for daring to print this article.

NORMA MATHEWS
Kalamazoo, Michigan

VINTAGE 007

Michael Tennesen's list of Dom Perignon drinkers (*King Dom*, January) would have been complete if he had mentioned one of Dom's most dedicated consumers—James Bond, Secret Agent 007, whose macho image certainly befits the champagne. To mention the Stones in connection with this highly sophisticated pleasure potable only misguides the reader into thinking that any punk with a buck can become a high-class wino.

Is nothing sacred?

WILLIAM T. GORDY, JR.
Forest Park, Georgia

Twenty-year-old Annik Van Rie: the Eighties' woman

THE EYES HAVE IT

Your new magazine format is fantastic and very pleasing to my Southern eyes. Particularly pleasing is your voluptuous little Dutch vixen, *Annik Van Rie* (January). Unlike my town's delightful ladies, Annik perfectly illustrates the term "lust for life." Show another photo of this young, sultry sweetie, and you will please this Mobilian no end!

ROGER BOSWELL
Mobile, Alabama

Annik started off the Eighties perfectly. She is definitely something to behold, and Jeff Dunas' photography wonderfully captured her essence.

JEFF BROWN
Des Moines, Iowa

TEACHERS' PET PEEVES

I wish Daniel Madde (*The College Teaching Scam*, December) had named the college he scams at—it sounds like Fat City compared to where I've been working.

I have been teaching for the past 13 years. For my $20,000-per-year professorship, I conduct three composition courses and one literature course each semester. In addition, I grade countless essays, advise my students and chaperone their functions. Not an easy $20,000 to earn, believe me.

And holidays? I don't know about Madde's Scam U., but our college rarely cancels classes for anything other than the three big holidays—Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter. Although it's true that we professors get the same vacations as our students, getting the jump on the Caribbean-winter stampede is a fantasy I haven't indulged in since my bachelor days, before double-digit inflation.

It's obvious that Mr. Madde and I have quite a different outlook on the teaching profession, and equally different tastes on what constitutes having a good time.

FERNANDO VALDIVIA
High Falls, New York

I found Daniel Madde's article to be merely a collection of charges by a guy with an ax to grind. The author, hiding beneath a cloak of anonymity, seems to know nothing about the intellectual and academic com-

Why did Bob Larkin buy the KZ440LTD with its 58*mpg?

Because Bob always believes in going the distance.

When Bob swung a leg over the KZ440 LTD and settled down into the high-step, dual-density cruising seat, he knew he was on a winner. The pullback bars seemed to reach for his hands. And a tap on the electric starter brought the call of the road from dual mega-phone mufflers. Who could resist? Its 443cc overhead cam engine with constant-velocity Mikuni carbs delivered plenty of torque, so he could accelerate quickly and cruise effort-lessly. Bob liked the fact that it was Kawasaki-reliable. And he appreciated the advantages

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*Information available upon request.

of a silent cam chain with automatic tensioner. After all, there are better things to do on campus than to spend your free time working on a motorcycle.

When it came to handling, the KZ440 LTD exceeded his expectations. Precision-damped front forks and needle bearing swingarm gave him a real feeling of control and security. So did the drilled front disc brake. The fat rear tire provided lots of traction, and Bob sat down low with the center of gravity right under him. Riding it was a breeze—and sheer pleasure with a close friend on the back seat.

When you stop by your Kawasaki dealer to see the slick looking KZ440 LTD, be sure to see both the chain drive and belt drive models. You might even take a look at the new KZ250 LTD. It's a little smaller, but it's got some big numbers going for it. For openers, how's 80.2* mpg grab you?

KZ250LTD

Kawasaki

Don't let the good times pass you by.

munity he is part of, nor about what he is supposed to be doing as a teacher. The thought occurs that the article was an attempt at satire. If that is so, then I found it to be neither insightful nor funny.

JOSHUA MILLER
Chicago, Illinois

Your article, *The College Teaching Scam*, in the December issue was wonderful. More, please, by Prof. Daniel Madde.

EDNA WEIL
Kansas City, Missouri

PANTY RAID

I thoroughly enjoyed your pictorial, *Undies* (December). You are so right. It is a definite turn-on when your lady is wearing sexy underwear, and I sure would like to get ahold of some of the undies you showed. Is it possible to get a catalogue to order them?

T. ELLIOTT
San Jose, California

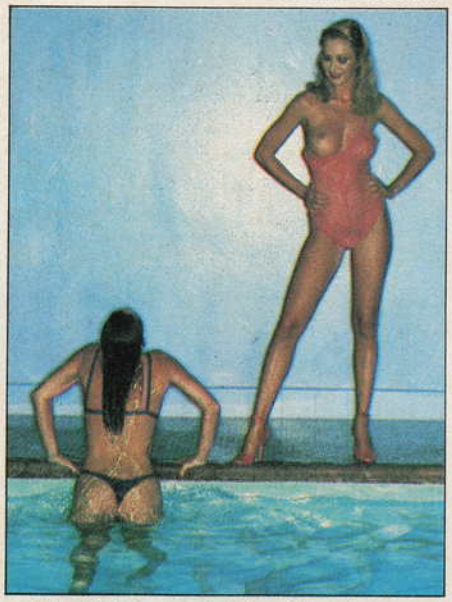
I really enjoyed the article, *Undies*. I am one of those men who loves to see women in their underwear. It stirs the imagination and makes for a sense of adventure.

How about more on underwear?

RON PAYTER
Lincoln Park, Missouri

In your *Undies* feature, you mention Trashy Lingerie of Los Angeles, but, unfortunately, you don't supply the address. Also, the Halston body stockings are mentioned, but I have no inkling as to where I can order them.

JOHN SCHROEDER
Beloit, Wisconsin



The Halston and John Kloss items are available at any of the better department stores. For Trashy Lingerie, write 402 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles, CA 90048. Unfortunately, Trashy does not have a catalogue of their goodies.

My wife and I both enjoyed your look at sexy undies. There's nothing that turns us on more than sexy underwear—except, perhaps, sexy *wet* underwear. So it was a real treat for us to see those two beautiful ladies indulging in water play, perfectly undressed for the occasion. Thanks!

TOM JACKSON
Cary, North Carolina

BREATH OF FREEDOM

Thanks for helping to spread the gospel according to the Universal Life Church (*ULC, Inc.*, November). Exercised with a little imagination and courage, the tenets of the ULC represent the individual's best hope to resist being crushed by the system.

In the article, you cited several examples of the creative application of ULC doctrine. Allow me to bring to your attention a similar scheme. I am the ordained minister of the Bodily Sanctity Synod of the Universal Life Church, which was chartered by the mother church in Modesto last year. We have published a book entitled *Beat the Breathalyzer—A Survival Kit for Drinking Drivers*. As the title suggests, the book is a comprehensive guide, prepared to aid the drinking driver who might run afoul of the law. In addition to providing such information, our church also offers (courtesy of the U. S. Constitution) immunity from the blanket application of breath or blood sobriety tests. Our church, for reasons of

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faith, expressly prohibits the collection or examination of any of our bodily emanations. Bona fide members of the Bodily Sanctity Synod of the Universal Life Church are thus exempt from blood or breath testing.

JAMES A. CHRISTENSEN
Bodily Sanctity Synod,
Universal Life Church
Kennewick, Washington

There were a number of factual errors in Dennis Bailey's article on the ULC which should be pointed out.

First, as Bishop of the Temple of Bacchus, I never joined ULC "for a lark." My patrons in Connecticut can testify that I was quite proud of my ordination and had my certificate prominently framed and posted at the Inn.

Also, I never told Mr. Bailey that "It was just for fun, really, to show how Bacchus would be worshiped if he were alive today." I indeed had a divine revelation to write a Book of Bacchus as the scripture for our church, just as Mary Baker Eddy did when she wrote her scripture for the Christian Science Church.

Most importantly, feasts have always been a part of religion. Christ had a full-course supper before he was betrayed. Newspapers are always full of ads and notices of church suppers held by the older, more established religions. No one takes exception to them, even though they charge a set price, which must be paid before you eat. We serve our parishioners for a *voluntary* donation. This is clearly a case of religious discrimination and harassment on the part of our town.

On the whole, I enjoyed your article, but I had to point out these glaring discrepancies to set the record straight.

BISHOP H. CARLISLE ESTES, D.D.
The Temple of Bacchus
Universal Life Church
Wells, Maine

Author Dennis Bailey replies: "Carlisle Estes spoke to me personally and I quoted him accurately. In fact, similar quotes were printed in a local paper without rebuttal from Mr. Estes."

END GAMES

Robert Fenster is one of the most promising young writers to appear on the American scene in years. His deeply moving piece, *The End of the World* (December), was not only imaginative, but instructive. The idea of blasting a virgin to the strains of Beethoven could only be surpassed by the rhythmic experience of a rapid bacchanal. I did wonder, however, if the static electricity raised by the stroking of Minnetta's thighs interfered with the radio transmission from across the hall.

RON DINGE
Boston, Massachusetts

Congratulations on the finest piece of fiction I've read in your magazine. *The End of the World* was a clever idea, supported by excellent dialogue and a wonderful ending. More of the same from Fenster, please!

HAROLD NEWFIELD
San Francisco, California

MAKING SMALL TALK

I was pleasantly surprised by the sharp, piquant style of Robert McGarvey's interview with Michelle Phillips (*Small Talk*) in November. It was both intellectually stimulating and socially provocative. Mr. McGarvey was able to balance the tone of the interview between thought-provoking questions and light, fun queries.

GLEN J. VIDA
Union, New Jersey

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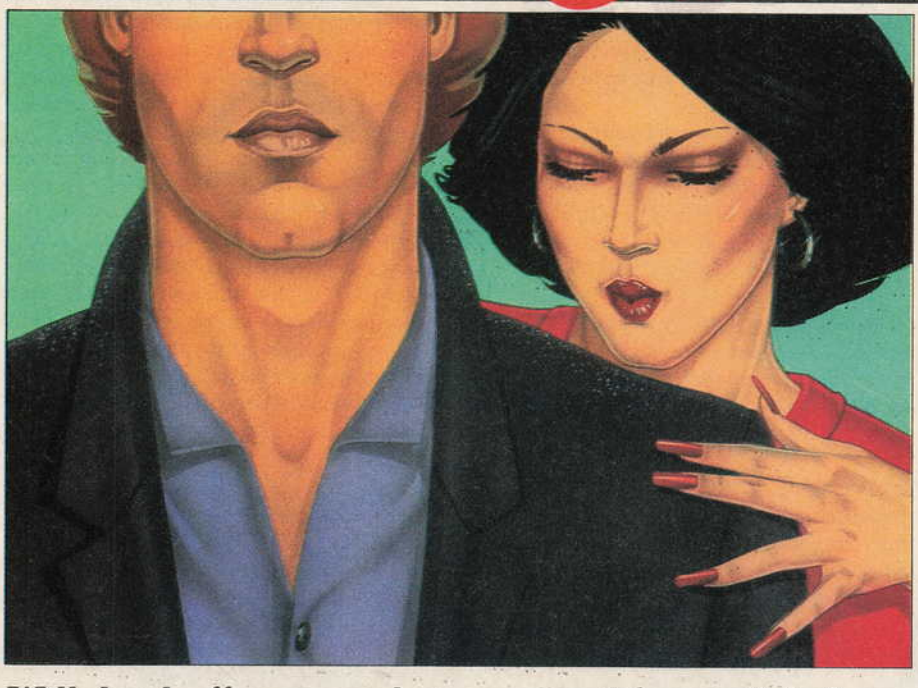

Will dandruff appear when your sex life gets flaky?

Q I tend to get dandruff attacks during periods of stress. Is this a coincidence, or can it be a psychosomatic affliction? Either way, what's the best medication? I've heard that dandruff shampoos can be hazardous.

R.K.
Gulfport, Mississippi

A Almost any physical problem can be psychosomatic, especially skin disorders. Emotional stress affects the pituitary gland, which can influence the skin's sebaceous glands in a variety of ways, including snowfall of the scalp. But dandruff—*seborrhea sicca*—is just one result, along with psoriasis, acne and eczema, conditions which are scarcely affected by dandruff shampoos. Also, shampoos containing selenium sulfide are highly toxic if taken internally, and can produce diffuse hair loss, adverse skin reactions and eye damage upon contact. Those containing cadmium sulfide are better bets, but the best solution is to see a dermatologist to determine just what your problem is and the proper way to alleviate it.

Q Two months ago, my girlfriend started using a contraceptive jelly instead of the pill. I'm delighted that she's in less danger of having nasty side effects, but lately I've had to swallow a lot of the stuff during cunnilingus. It tends to numb my tongue and tastes pretty terrible. Could I be poisoning myself?

O.M.
Washington, D.C.

A Although there's no *known* hazard to sucking spermicides, there's also no hard research on their toxicity to humans. "A good question," said all our sources.

Ortho products—Ortho-Creme and Delfen Foam—seem safest, but their main component, nonoxynol-9, is a detergent; eating enough of *any* soap can produce mild nausea or the trots. Ditto for Emko, which also includes some benzethonium chloride—toxic in its pure form in amounts over one tablespoon. Koromex items are lauded by their makers ("Sex therapists recommend it for oral sex; there's no numbing effect; we take it by the mouthful at medical shows"), but have traces of toxins (boric acid, isopropyl alcohol). Read the ingredients and avoid anything with mercury compounds.

Q Last semester I fell for a girl who's a die-hard vegetarian and buys only organic produce. Now we live together, and I contend it's a waste of our slim budget to pay 30–100 percent more than supermarket prices for food that's essentially the same. Is it worth it to avoid pesticides and chemical fertilizers?

J.M.
Ann Arbor, Michigan

A It pains our principles to say it, but the "organic" industry is far more industry than organic. Plants absorb minerals, not the host fertilizer, and there's no chemical or nutritional distinction between foods grown either way. Pesticide traces are found in "natural" produce just as often as in the "unnatural" variety, since anything grown in an agricultural area will be contaminated by proximity to nearby inorganic farms. Also, the only way to know how so-called organic produce is actually grown is to join a food collective that participates in the raising and harvesting. Given the dubious benefits and crippling middleman-markups, we consider most "pure" food less than pure.

Q Virtually all my friends smoke pot. My problem is this: For the last five years, I've been a no-dope purist, and my pals always ask me if I'd like to turn on with them. Each time I feel like a jerk when I refuse. Is there any clever way to turn them down?

P.D.
Atlanta, Georgia

A Remind yourself that being different doesn't make you a jerk, and that *you* control how you feel about yourself. To feel better, consider the following: (1) 60 percent of Americans abstain from weed; (2) whatever its virtues, pot *does* pollute your lungs; (3) at $150 per ounce for supercheese smoke, your friends will delight in toking your share—if they even notice your abstinence; and (4) in our neoconformist culture, you should cherish your individualism, not rue it.

Q Do men in general like to have their nipples sucked? My lady expects it to turn me on, but for some reason it just makes me feel weird.

T. D.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

A Men in general like to have anything sucked. But, yes, men enjoy having their nipples sucked under the same conditions as women. That is, when it's done right—affectionately, gently and according to the pleasure sensitivity and response of

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the suckee. Discuss with her what it is that makes you feel weird. The method? The timing? The approach? The very idea? If you're willing to loosen up, and she's willing to experiment, you could have a lot of fun trying to solve this problem.

Q I'm something of a Rube Goldberg inventor-type, but what I create best are inventions that turn people on sexually. If the responses of my partners mean anything, I could probably make millions selling my devices. Is the mail-order sex-aid business too risky for an honest amateur? Is there any literature on getting into the sex-aid business safely, successfully and legally?

W.M.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

A The sex-aid trade is admittedly risky, and you're smart to consider the statutory, economic and civil ramifications before you set up shop. Fortunately, there are two invaluable information sources available. *The TAB Report* is a "Monthly News Journal of the Adult Business World" (1228 Half St., S.W., Washington, DC 20024). Specifically, you should order their August 1979 "Adult Business Legal Sourcebook" issue. The other is the *Adult Business Legal Sourcebook* itself, which is free to *TAB* subscribers or obtainable without subscription from the same address for $19.95.

Q From what I understand, yeast infections are common among women, and they're really uncomfortable. However, I want to know if a man can pick up a yeast infection from a woman. What are the symptoms?

B.W.
Cleveland, Ohio

A Yeast infections are caused by microorganisms, which are always present in the vaginal tract. The vagina's normal bacteria and acidic pH usually curb their reproduction; but given an alkaline pH or low bacteria count, a woman may quickly develop a yeast infection, which may be accompanied by vaginal itching, burning and/or discharge, and a soreness associated with sex. If your lady has such symptoms, she should hit the doctor's office. If she *is* infected, you should see one, too. Males aren't commonly susceptible, but some are yeast-prone, because of dermal sensitivity. The infection settles in the penis—especially those with foreskins—as an itchy or sore rash; sometimes it also results in a urethral infection, causing an itchy sensation during urination.

Q Since moving away from home, I've collected a good deal of stereo equipment and antiques. Come June, I'm planning to move across the country to start a new job. My folks have been kind enough to pop for homeowner's-insurance coverage, but what can I do to establish the worth of my possessions in case I'm ripped off?

M.A.
Miami, Florida

A Document them to death. Keep a file on all your investment items, including the following: (1) a complete inventory of all high-appreciation valuables, with sales receipts; (2) photographs of all items in question; and (3) signed appraisals of each item. (Have reappraisals done every six months.) Keep the file, along with insurance policies and other vital documents, in a safety-deposit box. For smaller, uniquely precious items, consider a U.L. fire-rated home safe, which can withstand heat up to 1700°F., and offers the added benefit of theft protection.

Q What are the best places to get street dope tested for quality? Where are they? And how do I use them?

L.T.
Tucson, Arizona

A Drug-analysis programs abound, but they can only report on drugs present in a sample; divulging purity or content percentage is a Federal crime. In general, you mail or take in a typical sample—a joint of pot, a line of coke, a complete pill or capsule of whatever—and note the general area it's

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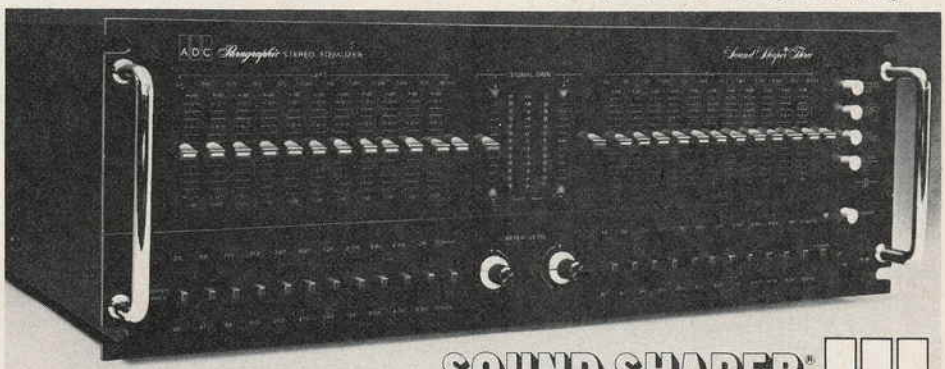

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D.O.M.
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from, the price, the alleged content and any known effects. You call for results in 5–12 days, referring to a prearranged code number. Fees range from free—mostly offered by programs serving *only* local or state residents—to $5–$10 at the big labs. Of which there are two:

PharmChem, 3925 Bohannon Drive, Menlo Park, CA 94025. Send drug sample, $10 and a random five-digit, one-letter code number. Street Pharmacologist, P.O. Box 610233, Miami, FL 33161. Send a sample, $5 and a five-digit number.

Of the many smaller labs, some don't offer by-mail service, others are purely local, and many are just barely in existence. For a free current list of active test programs, write the Do It Now Foundation, P.O. Box 5115, Phoenix, AZ 85010.

Q I've moved in with a new girlfriend who checks her breasts every month for any new lumps. Her ritual got me to thinking: Is there any way I can check my balls for genital cancer?

M.W.
Madison, Wisconsin

A Genital cancer constitutes less than 1 percent of all male malignancies and is most common among men in their 30s. Unless caught early on, it is almost certainly fatal. A once-a-month testes check is simple, advisable and couldn't hurt. (If it *does*, the sooner you find out, the better.) While standing, press down gently on the testicles from the top of the sac; there should be two of them, oval shaped, about as firm as gelatin. Feel for any lumps or painful spots with your eyes closed. Differences in firmness between the two should be looked into promptly. In the case of undescended testicles—30 times as cancer-prone as normal rigs—an annual check by an M.D. is prudent. By the way, testing each other can be a fun way to mix prevention with foreplay.

Q I've found a woman who appeals to me more than any I've met in years. I think I could really get involved with her. But she has two kids, aged six and eight, by a previous marriage. This is a new situation for me. How do I deal with a woman who has kids?

N.T.
Denver, Colorado

A Pretend she's a mother. The question you're *really* asking is, "How do I deal with kids?" And just the fact that you've asked it indicates that you're not prepared to relate to children in a fatherly way. If you want to know how to do right by these kids, you can obtain a number of good books on late-start parenting. But if you just want to find out how to cope with the kids, now is an excellent time to get lost. You, the lady *and* the kids will be poorly served by your continued presence. Children aren't to be dealt with; they're to be loved, cared for and raised. Try again.

Q I don't like to clean up my apartment. Neither does my lady. I figure it's her job. She figures it's mine. What's the answer?

G.S.
Gainesville, Florida

A Clean up—while you're arguing about it; 15 minutes a day does wonders. Grow up—determine how much of the overall mess each of you is responsible for creating, and take responsibility for eliminating it. Stand up—for what you believe to be your rights and her obligations, if the relationship falls into the breadwinner-and-housewife category. Ante up—split the cost of a house cleaner, if you fall into the breadwinner-and-more-breadwinner category. Give up—and clean the place yourself, to suit yourself. Screw up—live in squalor rather than maintaining an environment you can live with. Break up—and go find a woman who's into the classic shop-screw-and-dust housewifery.

The Doctor is in every month to answer your questions about sex, health, women, drugs, law and life in general. Write: *Dr. OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

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OPENERS

MAY

THE BOTTOM LINE

We're tired of beauty pageants in which girls are judged by their opinions of how we should have "fought to the death in Vietnam," their ability to sing *Oklahoma* on key and the length of time they've retained their virginity. But be bored no more. We've found the ultimate in alternative beauty contests—the Miss Tush Beauty Pageant, sponsored by the Tushery, a lingerie boutique in Hermosa Beach, California. The Miss Tush aspirants aren't judged on their political views, their intelligence (not that they're dumb) or their ability to kiss up to Bert Parks. No, these girls are judged along the same guidelines used by most men to rate women—how cute their asses are.

The pageant, the first of what promises to be an annual event, was a black-tie (and black-corset) affair, judged by such local luminaries as used-car tycoon Cal Worthington, producer Garry Marshall and members of the L.A. Dodgers. (We were told the Dodgers judges choked in the finals.)

Of the more than 300 original contestants, only 15 remained to promenade in the finals. The winner was 23-year-old Miss Lisa, an executive secretary from Rancho Palos Verdes, who spends eight hours a day on her prized posterior. Lisa was hoping the grand prize would be a new car. Instead, she was given a license plate that reads: MISTUSH.

Taxiing down the runway at the first annual Miss Tush Beauty Pageant

Lisa: top tush of 1980

Sexual Freedom in Wisconsin

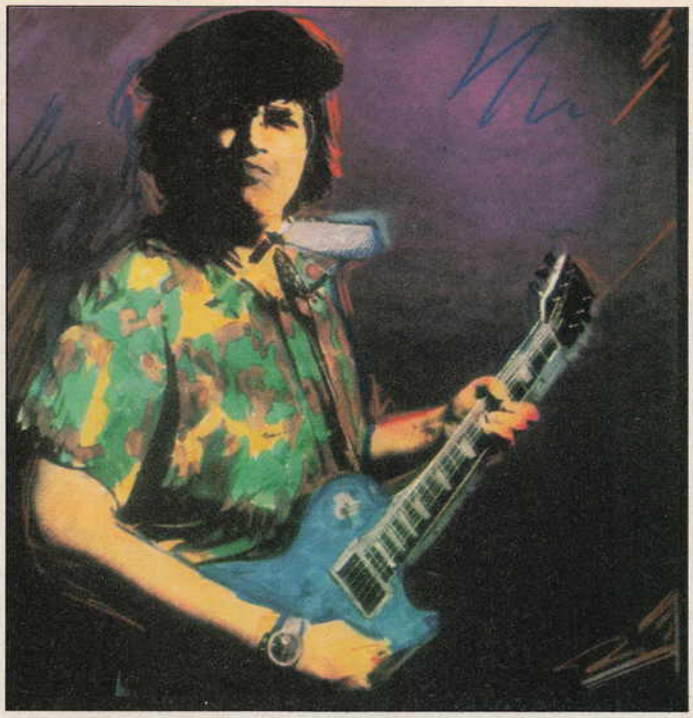
Looks like the sexual revolution is over in Wisconsin. The good guys lost.

Recently, a puritanical magistrate hauled eight couples before the bench for living together. It seems that Wisconsin still considers cohabitation illegal, immoral and un-Wisconsinian. The judge later dropped the charges after all of the couples agreed to get legally hitched. Evidently, when you break the law in Wisconsin, the penalty is marriage.

In a related case, the Madison A.C.L.U. is defending a couple's right to knock off a quick piece. After spending a long day redecorating a client's home, a man-and-woman house-painting team decided to spend the night in the vacant building. One thing led naturally to another, and they soon found themselves

entwined in each other's arms and legs. Well, in burst the Madison police, responding to a neighbor's complaint of strange noises coming from the deserted house. As if coitus interruptus weren't enough, the couple was charged with burglary and fornication. The burglary charges were dropped, but the copulating couple still got stuck with a $50 fine for fucking. Or a fucking $50 fine, depending on how you look at it.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE?



Madman of the morning airwaves, Steve Dahl

Steve Dahl is a 24-year-old high school dropout from California, who earned national notoriety last summer when his Disco Demolition Day at Chicago's Comiskey Park nearly turned into a riot and forced the cancellation of a White Sox game. Dahl's anti-disco ravings on Chicago's WLUP radio station led to his hit parody single *Do Ya Think I'm Disco?* Dahl followed that with *Ayatollah* (sung to the tune of *My Sharona*) in December. His morning radio show, *The Rude Awakening,* airs in more than 30 markets on his Alternative Radio Network.

OUI: Tell us about the Great Comiskey Park Riot.

DAHL: It was nothing. Too many people showed up. They got excited and too blasted. After we blew up all the disco records, they were so charged up, they ran out onto the field. They just got crazy. They were dancing around on the field. Nobody got hurt. They canceled the game, but the Sox would have lost anyway.

OUI: What did the Sox have to say about this?

DAHL: Jimmy Piersall, the ex-ballplayer, is now the Sox announcer. He was saying, "I'd rather be swimming than doing this. What are these kids doing? They should be swimming!" He's so far out. He was saying things like, "These aren't fans of baseball; I don't know what they are. These are fans of far out." Jimmy's great. He was running around there looking for me, saying he was going to beat me up.

OUI: So, fear didn't strike out that night in Comiskey Park?

DAHL: No, but he couldn't find me. He was pissed, though, because they knocked over his backstop. You know, he likes to climb up there after the game to unwind.

OUI: You've worked at twenty-four stations in ten years. Where was the worst place you ever worked?

DAHL: Bakersfield, California. Absolutely the worst. I had some weird times there. I used to make so little money that I had to steal the Burger King certificates we gave away on the air. I was also a birthday clown on weekends. I would go to kids' parties and stuff.

OUI: What was that like?

DAHL: Weird. I almost cut off a kid's finger once. You know that little guillotine magic trick for kids? You put in a carrot and cut it in two, then stick your finger in? Well, there is this latch that you have to hook; otherwise, you can cut somebody's finger off. Well, I was blasted at some party, and there was this kid who was just a little fucking asshole. This was the sickest I've ever been. I came this close to not latching it and cutting the kid's finger off, just to see what would happen.

OUI: Sounds like fun.

DAHL: I once got shot at in Bakersfield. One of the d.j.s was fucking this girl who was only fourteen. She was incredible—she looked twenty-five. So the girl's father finds out about it, and that it's one of the d.j.s at our station. And he came down in a pickup truck to shoot the d.j. on the air. I happened to be it. This jerk couldn't discern the difference in anybody's voice, so he thought I was the guy. He just came down and started shooting.

OUI: What happened?

DAHL: I dropped behind the

This Bud's for You

To the incurably unhip, this may look like any normal bottle of beer, but those who know recognize this as the best beverage since the folks took the coke out of cola. It's Hi-Brew Beer, and right now it's *the* chic drink on the San Francisco party circuit. It isn't the water that makes Hi-Brew so special; it's the all-natural ingredients: sugar, malt, citric acid, kelp extract and high-grade Northern California marijuana.

The brewmistress, a Berkeley lady who understandably wants to remain anonymous, told us, "It's the first beer to get you drunk and stoned at the same time."

With all the grass, kelp and moss, it's not surprising that Hi-Brew has a peculiar brown tint. Actually, it looks like a cross between Gatorade and Okefenokee Swamp water. The taste? Definitely acquired. But the beer does produce the characteristic marijuana high. And at $2 a bottle and $48 a case, it better do more than make you pee.

We don't have to mention that even out here in California this stuff is illegal, but our female entrepreneur has found a way around the law. She is going to market nationally a do-it-yourself Hi-Brew kit that includes everything but the dope.

booth. Fortunately, the general manager was an asshole who had a C.B. in his car so he could call up and yell at you while he was driving around. We had a C.B. on the floor, so I called for help.

OUI: Did they catch him?

DAHL: Yeah. They let him go. He apologized.

OUI: Being a media celeb, you must get besieged with offers from women. What kind of offers do you get?

DAHL: I get a lot of things in the mail. I get pictures. Nude women fondling themselves, with explanations of what they're doing on the back. There is a fascination with having this stuff thrown in your face all the time. I used to go meet these girls, but I got burned a few times; so I used to make them wait out in front of a Denny's or something, and I would drive by. If they were good-looking, I would turn around and go back; if they weren't, I would just keep on going. That was mean. There's probably some fat girl still waiting in front of a Denny's somewhere. The weirdest offer I ever got, though, was in Detroit. This girl came over to my car and offered to get me high. Then she attacked me. Raped me, right in the car. It was wonderful. Then, when I worked in Los Angeles, myself and another d.j. would line up ten women. It didn't matter who—just ten women. When we got off the air, we would go fuck all of them before we went home. We did that every day for about six months. It was pretty cool.

OUI: Did you catch any diseases?

DAHL: Yeah, twice. But it was worth it. I'd just go get a shot. It was before simplex II and all that.

OUI: Did you have ten stops?

DAHL: Yeah. Homes, trailer parks. We'd sneak into back doors, with parents there and stuff. It was bizarre. We thought we should take advantage of this wonderful thing that we had. Even if they were ugly, it didn't matter. It was great. It was the thrill of doing ten a night. Ten a night! I must admit, though, after the fifth one, it couldn't have been much fun for the girl. But it was the concept we were going for. Contemporary art. They were the canvases, we were the brushes. I was young. Only seventeen. It was my wild youth.

OUI: What about drugs? Do you experiment with drugs?

DAHL: I don't have to experiment. I know exactly what I'm doing.

OUI: What about personalities? Who do you think are the odious people around today?

DAHL: I'm real big on the Elvis impersonators. I hate 'em and I love 'em. They're real sick. I also watch TV a lot. I like Ernest Angely, the faith healer from Akron, Ohio. He's incredible.

OUI: Besides the network show and the comedy records, is there anything else you'd like to do with your life?

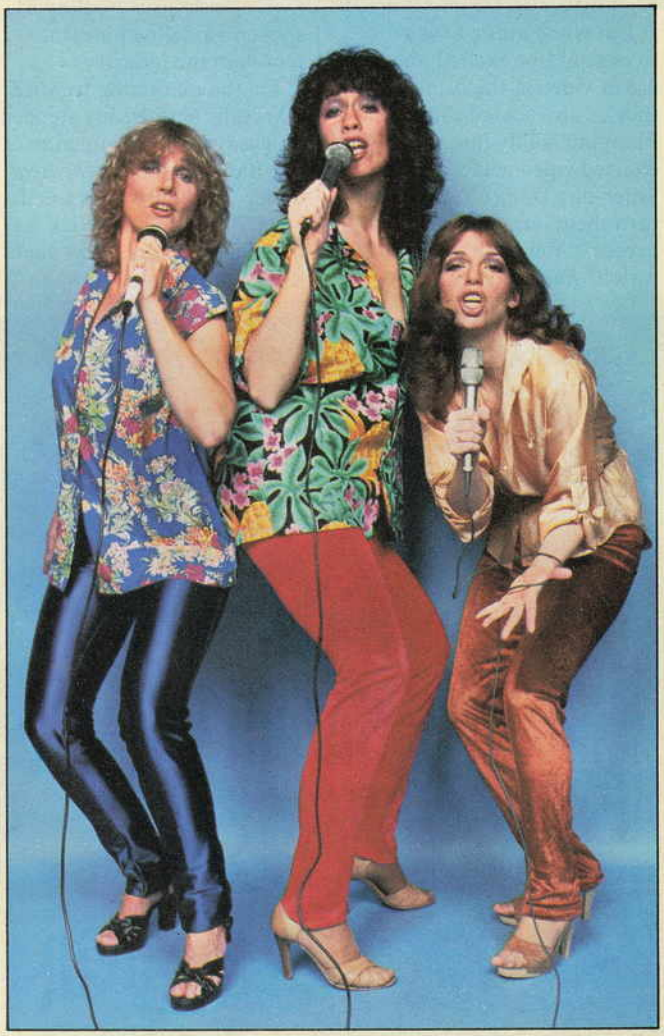
DAHL: No, not right now. I feel like I already blew my big chance, anyway.

OUI: How's that?

DAHL: Well, I used to have this great job. I used to make Wisk bottles for Owens-Illinois. I got fired for writing obscenities on the bottom of the bottles. I would take something sharp and write "fuck you." Secret messages for all the housewives. I could've ruled the world . . . now I have to settle for radio.

—PAUL ENGELMAN

Meet the Girl Groups



Still think kick-ass rock 'n' roll is a man's domain? We'd like to introduce you to Skirtz, unlike anything your mama ever wore. Skirtz are Gail Johnson, Carol Burleson and Curtis Phillips, who look like they might be more at home on disco floors than on rock-'n'-roll stages. Looks can lie. Their hard-driving rock and unabashed sexuality have been winning the hearts and minds of male groupies all over L.A. Describe Skirtz? "Hard rock, soft bodies."

PHOTO STRIP

Fame, fortune and $150 go to Karen L. of Eugene, Oregon, this month's "Photo Strip" winner. Send your entries to "Photo Strip," OUI, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. And don't forget your name and address.

MUSIC

Video Rock

Rock fans have been waiting for video albums ever since they started mixing dope with their music and taking ocular excursions through their favorite tunes. Devotees of cerebral cinema never questioned that rock groups would one day release visual interpretations of their music. Nobody needed a crystal ball to figure out that a generation raised by the tube and weaned on rock would get off on having their cultural staples packaged into the same fix.

A few months ago, Blondie finally made the first video rock album. As a result, the music biz is abuzz over the video future: Rec-execs recount sales statistics which already show video cassettes of live-concert footage outselling old movies. They're confident about future sales, because the million-plus Americans who already own video machines are also music buyers, guaranteeing that the marketing of commercial rock video will become "increasingly viable."

But while music executives might be excited about the use of video in the future, they're also scared shitless. Plunging boldly into the uncharted video wilderness like latter-day Davy Crocketts can turn them into fools or heroes. "You go first and I'll watch" has become the unspoken guideline for companies in the industry.

On the marketing frontier, Chrysalis has already stepped in quicksand. They wanted to put Blondie's *Eat to the Beat* under your Christmas tree last year. With luck, St. Nick may have a supply *next* year.

The project stalled when

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Chrysalis ran into an unexpected hassle with the American Federation of Musicians (AFM), which wanted a slice of the action. But it wasn't the dollars that stalled the project, as much as it was the fear of making a deal that the industry might have to live with for years to come. Careful study and consideration, as well as consultation with other labels was necessary.

"Everybody knows the cake is sitting there," says Paul Flattery of Jon Roseman Productions, the producers of *Eat to the Beat*. "They just don't know how to slice it up yet."

On the creative front, however, things are looking up. Artists know how to handle future shock—they ignore it. Video producers realize their art form is in its infancy. Once video discs and/or cassettes start going platinum, with cable and network shows like *Don Kirshner's Rock Concert* functioning for video the way radio does for albums, budgets could skyrocket.

The biggest creative dilemma faced by producers is choosing between the traditional concert footage and a more conceptual approach—or a balance of the two. While some acts are exciting enough to sustain interest, most producers agree that the strength of the medium lies with a more interpretive approach.

Rock artists know how to handle future shock—they ignore it

"I can't compete on the small screen with the impact of a live concert," says Jerry Kramer of Kramer/Rocklen Studios. "For one thing, you can't get sixteen thousand screaming kids, who are all smoking dope, into your living room. I have to give them something that will be powerful on a different level."

Anything seems possible—from theatrical enactments of the mini-stories told in each song to surrealistic collages. And when the big budgets arrive, there's no telling who might get into the act. Perhaps Ken Russell will decide to direct Beethoven's Fifth. John and Yoko might give us a new 40-minute sound track of a fly crawling around on someone's ass.

One concern video producers choose to ignore is the McLuhanesque impact of the rock-video medium. The beauty of music, some argue, is that it's intrinsically impressionistic—an art form that inspires personal images and subjective interpretations for each listener. Will providing the listener with prepackaged visuals erode this quality?

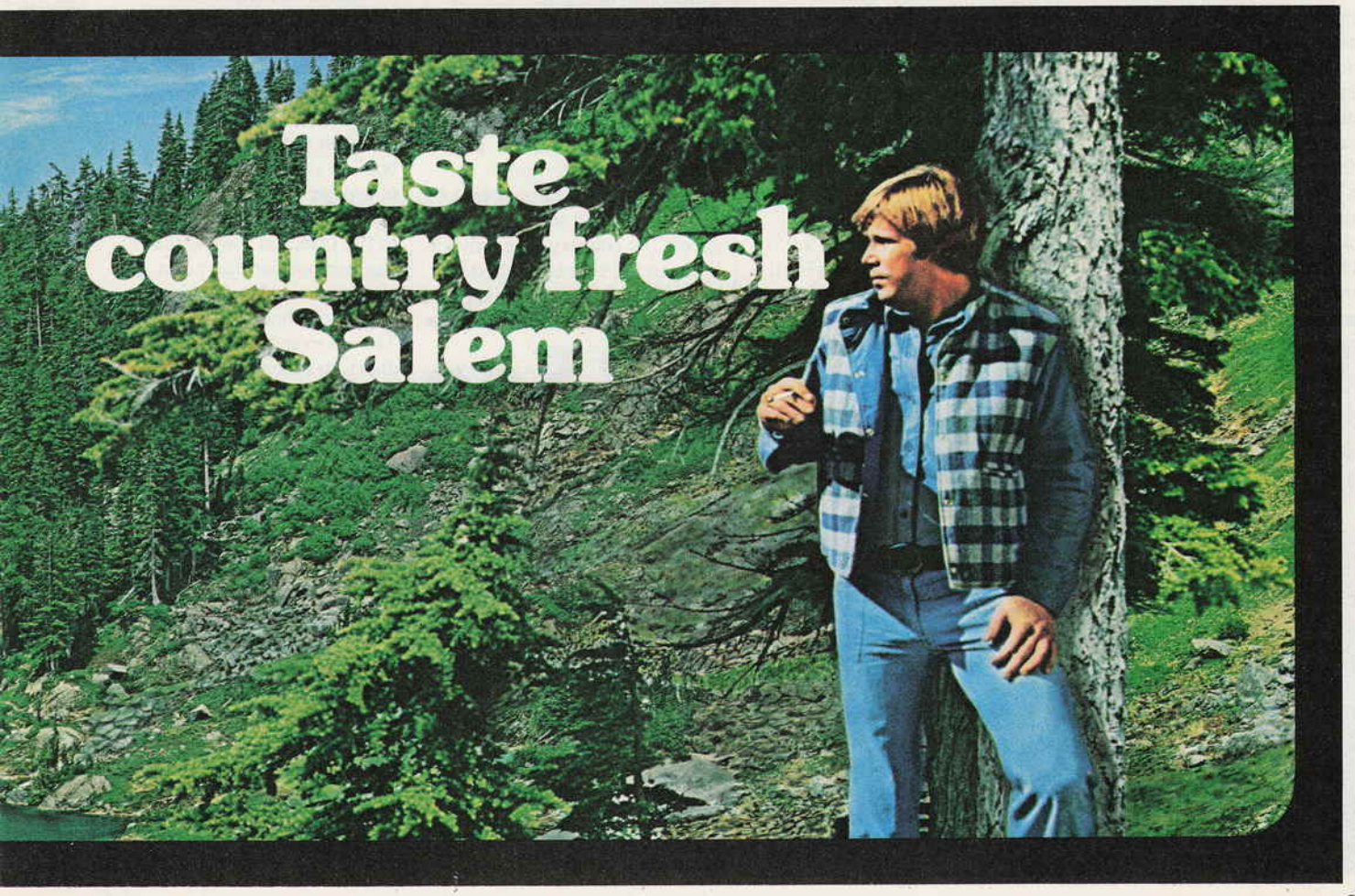
Francis Coppola's use of Jim Morrison's opus, *The End*, in *Apocalypse Now*, demonstrated the potential two-edged sword of mixing rock with visuals. Some viewers, especially those who had emotional attachments to images that the song had already created for them, felt disconcerted, even angry. Others felt that the old music had been instilled with new life.

Video producers insist their work can only enhance enjoyment of the music. "One interpretation of an album doesn't preclude the possiblity that someone else could do it another way," says Jerry Kramer, "or that the listener can see it altogether differently."

Perhaps John Weaver, who did the promo video for Paul McCartney's *Back to the Egg*, has the ultimate answer. "With the improvement of portable video cameras, people will eventually be able to shoot, edit and mix their own video for their favorite albums."

The future may be ours after all.

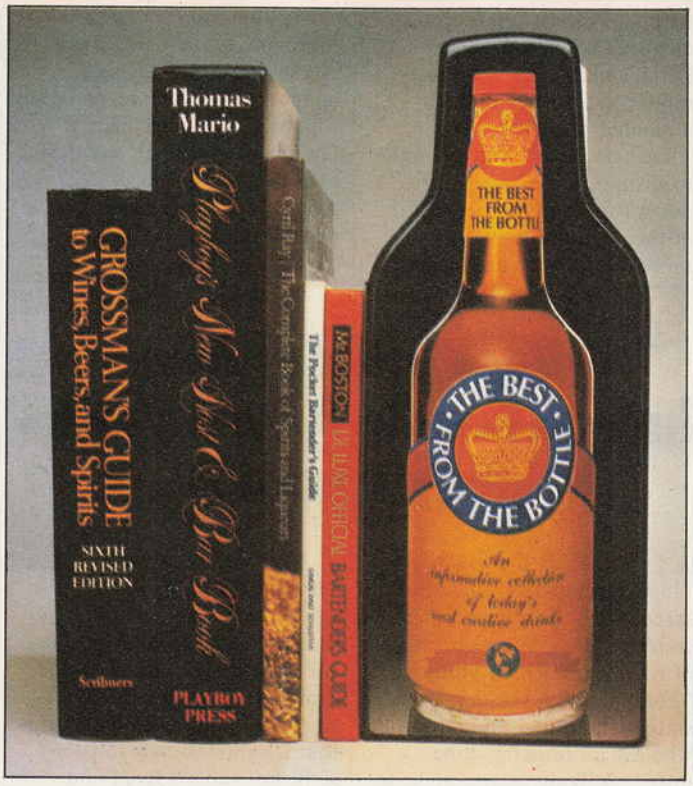
—Jan Golab



BOOKS

LIQUOR LIT

Bar guides are a lot like sex guides; they're more fun to apply than they are to read. But have you got the time to try every position in *The Joy of Sex* before you buy the book? Of course not. On the other hand, we've got nothing better to do. So, to save you time, money and hangovers, we've spent countless hours under some of the best bars in the country, researching these books. Of course, if you've been a bartender for 15 years, you probably don't need any help; but if you think that Skip and Go Naked is a request instead of a drink, or that a Tom Collins is a Cincinnati outfielder, you could probably use one of these.


Thomas Mario
Playboy's New Host & Bar Book
GROSSMAN'S GUIDE to Wines, Beers, and Spirits
SIXTH REVISED EDITION
PLAYBOY PRESS
THE BEST FROM THE BOTTLE
THE BEST FROM THE BOTTLE

The Best from the Bottle (Quick Fox, $12.95)

Distinctive for more reasons than the fact that it's gang written (Mark Schneider, Greg Sadofsky, Jeffrey Allan Wilson and Julio Deulofeu), this four-ring-binder guide is shaped like a booze bottle. Clever packaging aside, the 357 recipes range intelligently from traditional Prohibition-era cocktails (Sidecar, Between the Sheets) to the latest in contemporary chichi favorites (Dirty Mother, Tootsie Roll and the ever-popular Sloe Comfortable Screw). Clean, clear and comprehensive, it even contains a snap-out booklet ("Bar Notes" by Bob Abel, yet another author), offering hooch history, trenchant quotes, translated toasts from around the world and a blood-alcohol-percentage chart which proves, once and for all, that you're too drunk to read.

Playboy's New Host & Bar Book (Playboy Press, $19.95)

Thomas Mario covers it all in this 3½-pound state-of-the-art tome. *Everything*, like McMahon keeps telling Carson, *everything you've ever wanted to know . . .*

Worth every penny, as a guide and/or a gift.

Mr. Boston Deluxe Official Bartender's Guide (Mr. Boston Distiller Corp., $2.50)

It's ironic that this self-serving has-been, a compendium of misinformation, is still commonly found, if not used, behind the bars of cocktail lounges and saloons across the country. The only validity in the title is the first two words. It isn't "deluxe," unless you count the full-page, color illustrations of Mr. Boston products; it isn't "official," unless you're in a Mr. Boston–sponsored drink-making contest; it isn't a "bartender's" book, unless you've been on the job less than ten minutes; and it isn't a "guide," unless you're throwing a 1923-nostalgia party.

OK. In fairness, *all* distiller-published bar guides pitch their own products, as if no others existed. Watch for it, but don't go for it.

The Complete Book of Spirits and Liqueurs (Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc., $10.95)

Cyril Ray, an Englishman, is best known and most widely esteemed for his voluminous writings on the subject of wine. This is a beautifully produced book *about* booze, rather than a "how to" manual, and it'll probably tell you a little more than you really want to know about hard likker. Except for recipes, that is. There are none.

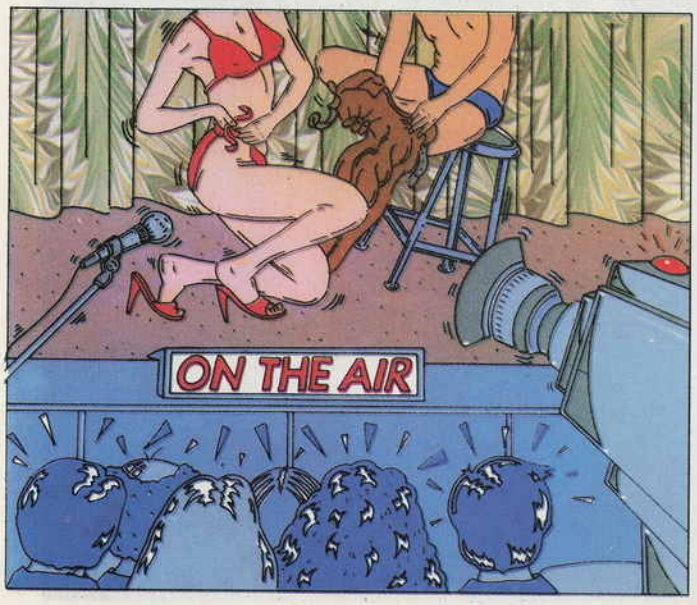
Grossman's Guide to Wines, Spirits and Beer (Scribners, $17.95)

Again, no recipes, but Harold J. Grossman certainly knows whereof he speaketh. And drinketh. If any book on the subject might be considered a bible, this is it. Probably the most definitive booze book available, the current 606-page volume deals not only with the subjects mentioned in the title, but also includes chapters on bar operation, purchasing, merchandising and regulatory bodies and laws. There's even a cost-and-profit chart, in case you're a volume drinker.

The Pocket Bartender's Guide (Simon & Schuster, $4.95)

There's more solid information in this slender pocket-size (3½" x 7½") guide than you have any right to expect, and it all works. The recipes are clear and correct, the side stuff (hangover cures, etc.) is valid and the research was done with obvious care and intelligence. It's one of those books that's just as useful to an amateur barman as to a professional. A toast of appreciation to author Michael Jackson. (No relation to the short singer.)

—MICHAEL PRICE



BBSee

In England, the customarily staid BBC has instituted a new method for warming up studio audiences. Preceding the satirical *Not the Nine O'Clock News*, a fully dressed man and woman come onstage and proceed to divest themselves of their apparel in an arousing bump-and-grind. The peeling partners climax the strip show in their respective underwear—she in panties, he in boxer shorts. Although the audience gobbles it up, complaints have been heard about the strippers' brevity . . . or was it their briefs?

AN OPENERS 60-SECOND INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

The Church of Jayne Mansfield

Salt Lake City has always been a haven for folks with peculiar religious beliefs. It is, after all, the mecca of some four million Mormons who believe God appeared in a dream to a poor dirt farmer named Joseph Smith and ordered him to start up a fresh church.

And now two visionary young men named Joe Judd and David Brothers have officially filed notice with the State of Utah that they have formed a *new* religion. Its name is the Church of Jayne Mansfield of the New Atomic Age—and its beliefs are as remarkable as the late bombshell's assets. In an attempt to mix church and statistics, OUI sent contributing editor and former seminarian Hank Nuwer to conduct the following interview with CJMNAA founder David Brothers.

OUI: Is it true that the name of your sect is the Church of Jayne Mansfield of the New Atomic Age?

BROTHERS: That's right.

OUI: What's it all about?

BROTHERS: Basically, it follows the teaching of a certain book. The book is entitled *Titty Monster*.

OUI: *Titty Monster*? Who wrote the book?

BROTHERS: It's by an anonymous character named Princess. Now, I don't usually get into the mythology of our religion, because people sometimes think it's a big joke.

OUI: How do you gain converts?

BROTHERS: We get into theology quite a bit, and we have our own radio program on a local AM gospel station here in Salt Lake City, KBBX.

OUI: How does Jayne Mansfield relate to your church?

BROTHERS: Jayne Mansfield died in 1967, of course, and this person named Princess wrote *Titty Monster*. I bought the book years ago, and we don't know if it's fictitious or not, but we don't really care because it's the theology we like. See, Princess had a mental, after-death encounter with Jayne Mansfield, either a hallucination of sorts or the product of a vivid imagination. It wasn't your *normal* psychic experience.

OUI: No . . .?

BROTHERS: Anyway, Jayne Mansfield told Princess that there's going to be a new atomic age and anything that can happen will happen. There's going to be a new discovery in physics that's going to be a mind-boggling experience. Now, this comes from the last part of the book, which is called "The Chihuahua Revelations." It deals with the coming of a new atomic age.

OUI: Chihuahua because it occurred in Mexico or something?

BROTHERS: Chihuahua like the tiny dog.

OUI: Wait a minute. Could you explain that further?

BROTHERS: Sure. In our mythology, Jayne visits Princess in the form of an image, but they cannot communicate. So, Jayne puts these little notes under chihuahua collars. Before, notes came with poodles, but in the new atomic age they all come under the collars of chihuahuas.

OUI: Oh, *now* we see. But why did you choose Jayne Mansfield? Did you follow her career?

BROTHERS: Yeah, somewhat, but I'm only 22. She died when I was ten years old, but I have all her biographies and the newspaper clippings.

OUI: Do you actually pray to Jayne?

BROTHERS: Oh, no. We're not quite *that* whacked-out. We don't conjure up an image of Jayne and chant ooey-oooey . . . This church has a good, solid basis in science.

OUI: Are you aware that all this sounds sort of unusual?

BROTHERS: Yeah.

OUI: How many members do you have?

BROTHERS: We call our members "junior gee men," as in "gee whiz" and "gee golly." We've passed out hundreds of junior-gee-men badges already.

OUI: Can our readers write you for one?

BROTHERS: Sure, I'll be glad to send anything they want. We have badges, information, pamphlets, you name it. We have a paper coming out soon. Our address is P.O. Box 6416, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106.

OUI: Any problems so far for the Church of Jayne Mansfield of the New Atomic Age?

BROTHERS: Yeah, well, my language is a little stiff for Utah. There's this group out here called the League of Decency who've turned into our archrivals. They don't like it when you say words like "tit" and "boner" and any suggestive words. Of course, we'll probably be sued by the Mansfield estate, but that's a legal problem to deal with in the future.

OUI: Do your religious beliefs have something to do with Jayne's enormous chest?

BROTHERS: Oh, yeah! It has a lot to do with what made Jayne big in the first place.

OUI: Let's talk about the new atomic age, OK?

BROTHERS: OK. In the new atomic age, anything that can happen, will happen. See, you have this subatomic level to be anything. You could sit there being Mr. Hank and then all of a sudden become a tractor. It's a physical reality for the future.

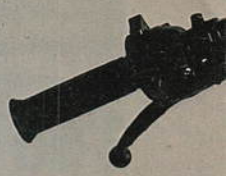
OUI: A tractor?

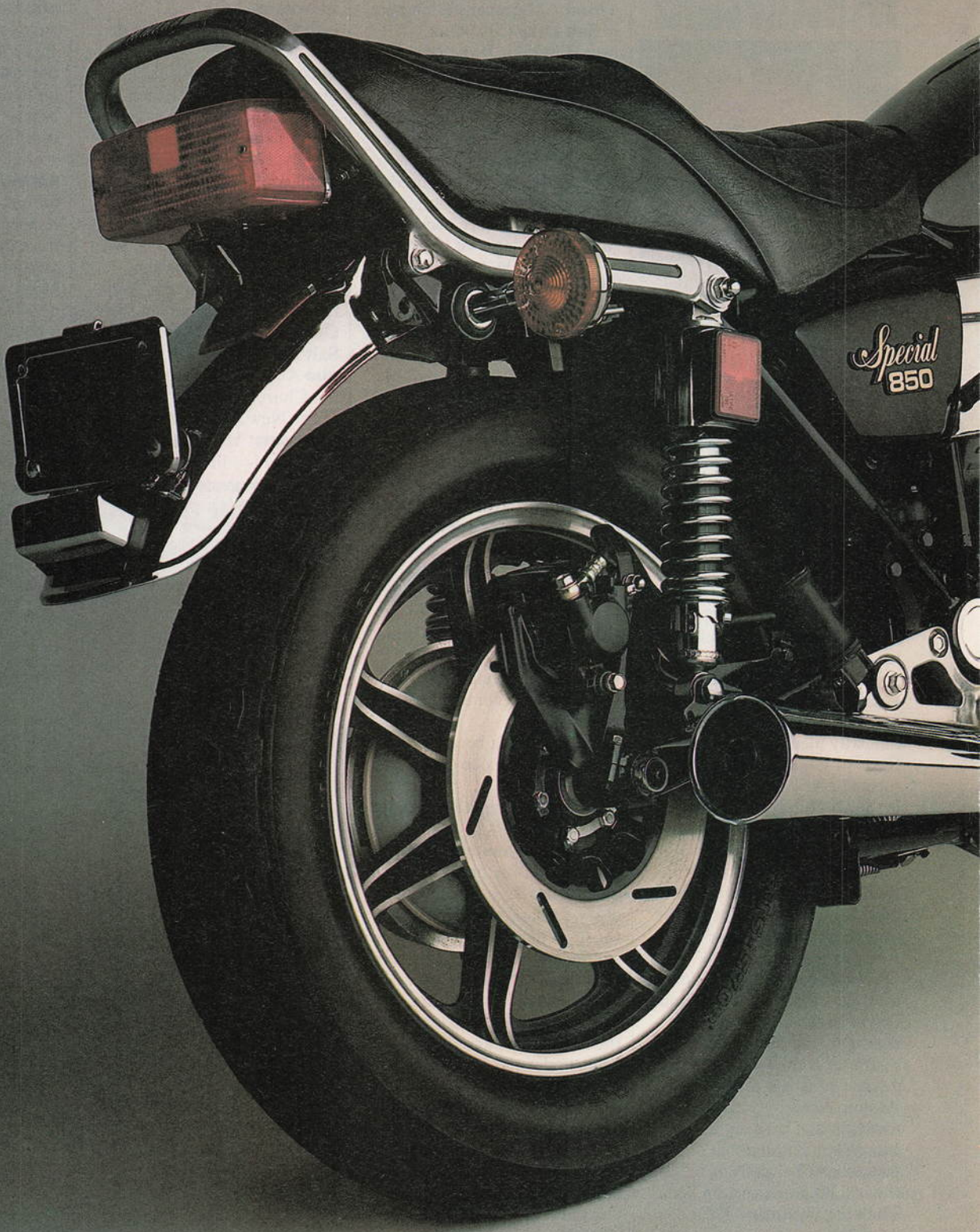
BROTHERS: Yeah. You know, being a tractor could make you give up your ideas about what's true and false. You could have a hard time dealing with that. ■

FLY HUNTING IN AMERICA

The average American is 5'6". The average American ceiling is 7'10". The challenge taken on by American technology? How to kill a fly you can't reach. Years of research have finally produced the Flyshooter—a spring-loaded plastic gun that shoots a flyswatter disc with deadly accuracy, at distances of up to four feet. It's great for surprising napping gnats or facing off squadrons of killer fruit flies. And you don't even have to get out of your chair. The Flyshooter is available from Martin Paul, Inc., P.O. Box D, Haywood, WI 54843.

NO OTHER MOTORCYCLE MANUFACTURER CAN MAKE THIS STATEMENT:





Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. Always wear a helmet and eye protection.

The 1980 Yamaha XS850 Special is a striking example of just how far Specials have come in three years.

And just how far the competition has to go to catch up.

The clean, fluid downlines formed by the classic teardrop tank and side covers reflect the years we've spent refining our original design.

This year, by cleverly restructuring the frame geometry and seat mounting system, we not only integrated the seat with the frame but lowered the seat height significantly. So at the stoplights, you get feet-on-the-ground stability, and on the road, a feeling of sitting "in" the seat instead of "on" it.

And that new cast alloy grab rail is not only an attractive accent, but allows the taillight to become an integral part of the tail configuration—with twin bulb lighting for insurance.

But perhaps the biggest news about this machine is the ferocious 826cc powerplant. It's a triple. Yet it puts out all the power of a four. And its narrow profile allows for remarkably nimble and responsive handling.

An ingeniously engineered direct-coupling shaft drive translates the enormous power into quiet silky smoothness. And an oil cooler means you'll roll for thousands of hassle-free miles.

Additional goodies include one-piece cast alloy wheels, tubeless tires front and rear, new drilled triple disc brakes, and a couple of delectable colors. Black Gold and Carmine Red.

The new XS850 Special. A statement of the art by the original artist.

YAMAHA

When you know how they're built.

HOW TO LOSE FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE

Bored with the same old obscenities you've been using since the second grade? Well, help is at hand, in the deceptively proper looking publication, *Maledicta: The International Journal of Verbal Aggression*. No longer must you rely on such childish quips as "fuck you" and "eat shit." Thanks to *Maledicta*, you can insult friends and foes with a dash of elegance. Try the classically clever "*puella defututa*" (Latin, circa 54 B.C.—literally, "you fucked-out whore").

Maledicta's 2000 subscribers have greatly increased their vocabularies with such gems as these transliterated Gypsy blasphemies: "My balls in your mouth" and "God's cock up your ass." They've learned that French Canadians refer to a good-looking woman as *une belle crotte* ("a lovely turd") or *un beau pétard* ("a fine fart"). A recent article on Italian profanity pointed out that our measly English *blow job* has at least five juicier-sounding equivalents in Italian: *bocchino*, *chinotto*, *pompino*, *rigatone* and *succhiotto*.

For winning enemies and alienating people, *Maledicta* (Latin for "bad words") is without peer. Since the summer of 1977, the journal has been publishing essays on curses, insults, blasphemy, scatology, taboo, verbal abuse, threats, slurs, boasts and more. But who wants to know this much about bad words? *Maledicta*'s publisher, Dr. Reinhold Aman, told *Openers*: "While *Maledicta*'s readers are from all walks of life—and from fifty-four countries—the main readership consists of professors of anthropology, English, sociology and psychology, and includes lawyers, judges, clergymen, lexicographers and librarians." But even we common folk stand to gain in wisdom by learning that the oldest known curse is from an Egyptian legal document, written in hieroglyphics 3000 years ago: "If you do not obey this decree, may a donkey copulate with you, may a donkey copulate with your wife, and may your child copulate with your wife."

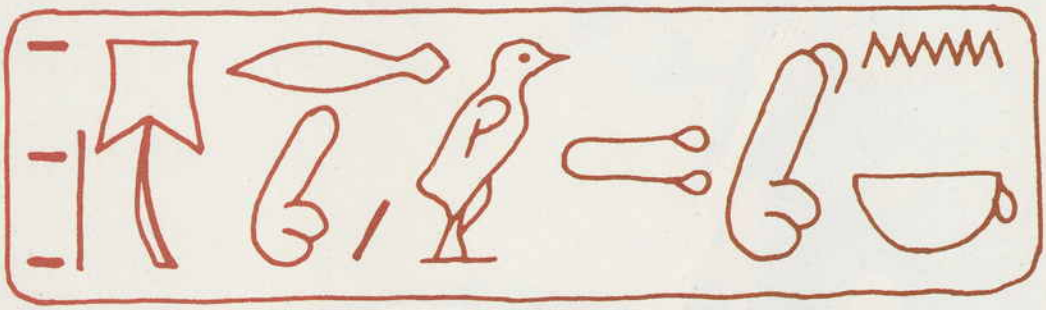
Dr. Aman, who holds a Ph.D. in linguistics and medieval literature, and who has taught at the University of Wisconsin, devotes himself entirely to the collecting and cataloguing of offensive language. His personal archive, amassed over 14 years, includes14,000 pages of research material and a collection of books and manuscripts in 200 languages spanning 3000 years.

Each issue of *Maledicta* (approximately 160 pages) is full of such provocative articles as "Ode to Four-Letter Words," "Insults from Ireland," "Participant Swearing in Australian Rules Football," "The Politics of Excrement" and "How to Hate Thy Neighbor."

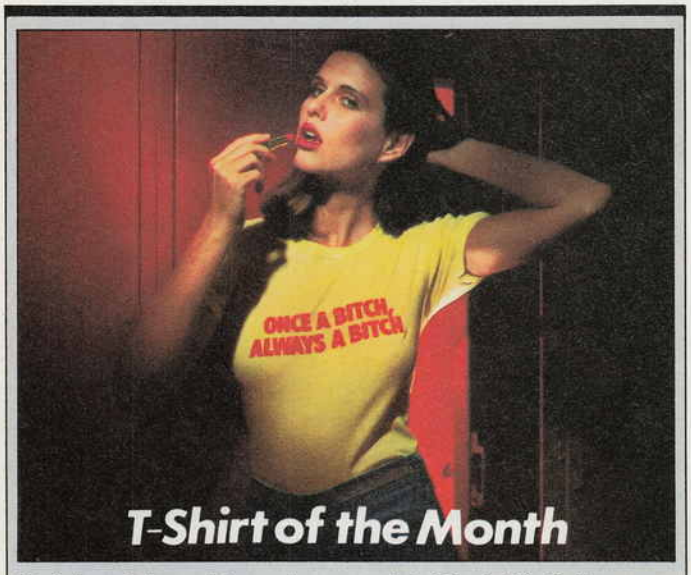
Dr. Aman takes a lot of flak from many of his fellow academics and the media. "But the subject fascinates me," he says, "since all cultures use verbal aggression." Sure. But perhaps if the professor himself weren't such a polite gentleman, he might be tempted to tell his critics, "I hope you get bald from syphilis and wither away." Or, better yet: "I hope your prick turns to ice, and you don't dare fuck, for fear it will melt!" (Greek curses, *Maledicta*, Vol. II, Nos. 1 and 2)

A subscription to the semi-annual journal is $15, from Maledicta Press, 331 South Greenfield Avenue, Waukesha, WI 53186.

—MICHELLE HERMAN



Insolence from ancient Egypt: May a donkey copulate with your . . .



T-Shirt of the Month

To help celebrate this year's centennial of Radcliffe College, the Cambridge Trust Bank printed up these commemorative T-shirts for their Harvard Square window display. A few days later, however, the bank was forced to remove them after receiving several shrill complaints. Doesn't surprise us. Who ever heard of a bitch with a sense of humor?

The Spy Who Drugged Me

Until recently, "national security" kept us in the dark about all the daring, fun stuff those cloak-and-dagger boys at the CIA were *really* up to. Sure, we've all heard of the LSD experiments, but that's high school stuff. Now, thanks to the Freedom of Information Act, we know about MKULTRA, the CIA's super-secret mind-control program that was more fun than an orgy with the Dallas Cowgirls.

• A partial list of drugs used by the agency in their various mind-control programs includes cannabis, cocaine, heroin, morphine, nitrous oxide, belladonna, adrenaline, amphetamine, procaine, sodium phenobarbital, yohimbine sulphate, sodium pentothal and 123 others. Enough stuff to last Elvis an entire weekend!

• The erotic needs of kings, presidents and defectors were handled by the CIA's office of security, which ran a "sex show" through its field offices. In liaison with local police, who allowed agency employees to photocopy relevant documents, agency station chiefs were required to compile dossiers on the sexual habits of male and female vice offenders. The offenders, whose habits ranged from pedophilia to S/M, were later approached to service visiting heads of state.

• The boys from Langley once produced a porn film purporting to show Yugoslavian leader Marshal Tito romping in the nude with "a large-bosomed lady of unusual appe-

PLAYBOY...
The Name of the Game
in Nassau!
Now there's one more reason to visit this island paradise.
The new Playboy Casino in the Ambassador Beach Hotel on Cable Beach.
Come for fun, for action, for blackjack, roulette, craps, baccarat, Wheel of Fortune or simply to try your hand at the slots.
You'll find them all at the newest Casino in the Bahamas... Playboy. And you'll find the lavish accommodations, the superb scenery, shopping, dining and sun fun for which Nassau has always been famous.
It's better in the Bahamas. Especially now that Playboy is there!
Ambassador beach
HOTEL & GOLF CLUB
The Playboy Casino
in the Ambassador Beach Hotel
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It's your best bet.
For Ambassador Beach Hotel reservations, call toll-free from anywhere in the U.S. In Florida, call 800-432-5594; elsewhere 800-327-0787.

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No compromise

Winston Lights didn't compromise on great taste to get low tar. Why should I?

Winston Lights taste good like a light cigarette should.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

tites." The woman was made up to resemble an attractive KGB agent with whom the big Red was reliably reported to have had an affair in Moscow. Nominated for "Best Short by an Intelligence Agency" award in the Bay of Pigs Film Festival.

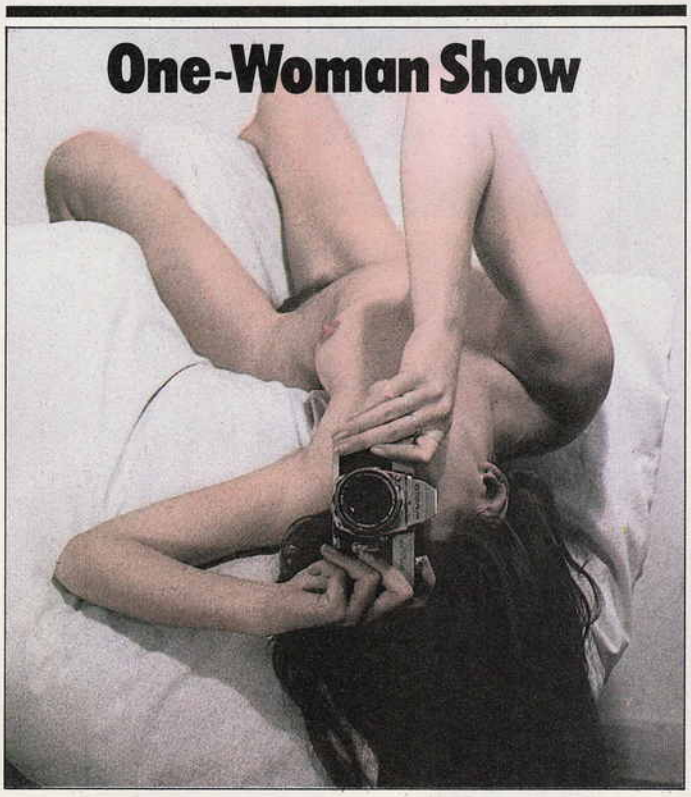
• Even CIA code words are sex oriented: *blowback* means exposure; a *wet job* refers to work involving bloodshed or assassination; *hot offices* are rooms to which entry is restricted. A typical spook might say, "That wet job could cause a blowback, so stick the rod in a hot office."

• Looking for the perfect "incapacitating agent," chemists developed a new superdrug called BZ. Ten times more powerful than acid, BZ has an initial hallucinogenic effect for 80 hours and causes long-term amnesia and violent behavior. For injecting the drug, the chemical corps also developed a "nondiscerning microbionoculator"—known to civilians as a dart gun.

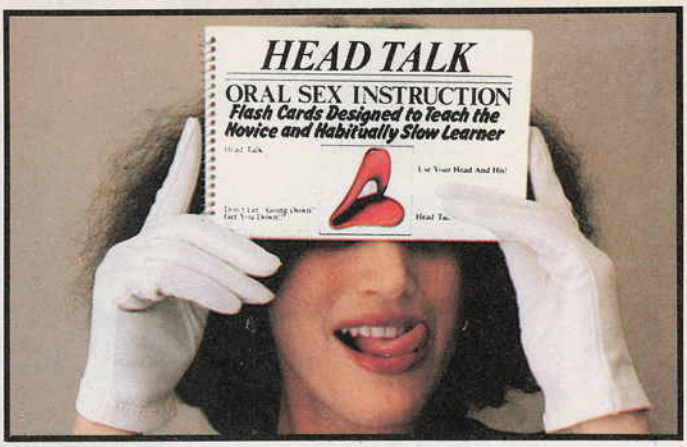
• A program known as "Operation Midnight Climax" utilized a bordello equipped with two-way mirrors, microphones and hidden cameras. CIA-paid prostitutes lured "individuals of all social levels, high and low, native American and foreign" to the whorehouses, where the johns would be slipped varieties of drugs without their knowledge. During the Fifties and Sixties, several of these "safehouses" in San Francisco, Marin County and New York City were used as training grounds for the CIA's carnal operations. "Midnight Climax" director George White later remarked, "Where else could a red-blooded American boy lie, kill, cheat, steal, rape and pillage with the sanction and blessing of the All-Highest?"

—JEFFREY RESSNER

One-Woman Show



At last, a positive side effect of inflation. When English photographer Janice Guy was learning her craft, she found the cost of nude models prohibitive. So, rather than spend her rent money on naked women, she set up a full-length mirror and began shooting herself. Well, now Ms. Guy is an established photographer, and her collection of self-portraits has become quite popular in Europe. We caught up with her at a recent gallery show in Cologne, where she gave us one of her favorite photos for *Openers*. Then we discovered the other advantage of being your own model: We had to pay her a photographer's fee *and* a model's fee.



ORAL HISTORY

"Don't let 'going down' get you down!" say two enterprising young women who've just come out with *Head Talk*, a spiral-bound set of flash cards "designed to teach the novice and habitually slow learner" the fun-filled art of fellatio.

"There's still an aura of unrespectability about giving head," explains one of the women, a bouncy, 33-year-old brunette. Both girls are full-time flight attendants and fear they'd lose their jobs if their employer learned of their oral-sex undertaking. But the anonymous duo may not have to worry about their day jobs much longer. Over 300 copies of *Head Talk* were sold in the first two days of its shelf life in three San Francisco stores. For the reluctant lover in your life, this is the perfect gift.

"I think that many women still don't like to give head," notes the 34-year-old, blonde co-author, "because they don't know how to approach it! Not everyone wants to dig into Masters and Johnson—that's too clinical. Our book is humorous, so you can relax and learn."

There's even a popquiz and a glossary of terms. For example, the ladies' definition of "weenagagaphobia: fear of gagging on peckers when engaged in oral sex." "A lot of women have it, and that's why they don't do it," adds the brunette. "Plus, they're victimized by the whole Linda Lovelace, *Deep Throat* trip, which is really not a good way of arousing someone—at least that's what our man-on-the-street survey shows." To illustrate such vital points as hand and lip placement, endearing depictions of smiling schlongs are included on almost every page.

Is there anything this duo doesn't like about fellatio? "Head-pushers!" they cry in unison. It's indulged in by "eager beavers and power mongers" who take things into their own hands.

"Some men receive head more than others," explains the brunette, "because of the way they respond. It's a two-way street."

Head Talk is available for $6.95, plus 50¢ postage and handling, from Bella Maydele, 55 Sutter St., Suite 414, San Francisco, CA 94104.

—SPENCER RUMSEY

Merci

In spring, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of getting paid. So does a young woman's. Many thanks and fancy checks to the following friends. Editorial: bottom line, Alan Garner; wisconsin, Ted Newsom; this bud, Mark Powelson; girl groups, Anthony Mora; bb see, Steven X. Rea. Art: bb see, Jeff Lancaster; jayne mansfield, Bill Plympton. Photo: bottom line, A. Ace Burgess; this bud, fly hunting, liquor lit, Richard Arrindell; girl groups, Glen LaFerman; t-shirt, Sharon Inahara/Hot to Shoot; oral history, Dave Patrick.

This month PLAYBOY takes you on a flight of fancy with some women you always wanted to meet out of uniform: those high-flying stewardesses. With crew members like Christine Gibson aboard, it's easy to see why getting there is half the fun. Also this month, you'll read a penetrating review of Gay Talese's lively opus on sexuality, *Thy Neighbor's Wife*. Then read a candid interview with the author himself. You'll also get, at long last, the answer to the question: What's the toughest job in sports? Become an instant expert on the year in movies, etiquette for the Eighties, sex in Boston, and a whole lot more. May PLAYBOY. At your newsstand now.
PLAYBOY
Stewardesses!
A GLORIOUS PICTORIAL
on sale now
Don't Miss
May

Speak Easy

PICKUP TECHNIQUES

From the singles' bars of Washington, D.C., to the wateringholes of Dallas, Texas, and Ann Arbor, Michigan, we've drawn the following interviews about picking up members of the opposite sex.

Our interviewees in those hotbeds of heterosexual hoopla insisted, for the most part, that they never used a particular pickup technique; indeed, the very idea was beneath them. Then they would tell us of a particular "approach" that worked very well for them.

What OUI *learned from all of this is simple. In these sexually aware times, no one wants to admit that they put the make on anybody. No, what we have here are "encounters," "meetings of the mind" and "socially relevant rendezvous." We still call them pickup techniques.*

(Alex is 24, single and an automobile salesman. He lives in a singles' complex in Dallas, Texas.)

OUI: You told us that picking up women is a lot like selling cars. Just what did you mean by that?

ALEX: I could just have easily have said that picking up women is a lot like selling soap, or shoes—or encyclopedias, for that matter. I think that any kind of sales experience is an invaluable tool for teaching a guy self-confidence and how to approach people in a nonthreatening manner, which is the key to picking up women.

OUI: Most of the women we know think that salesmen are generally obnoxious.

ALEX: Then they haven't been meeting *successful* salesmen. The point I'm making here is that, in order to sell anybody anything, you first have to sell yourself.

OUI: Give us an example.

ALEX: OK. Look at me. I don't exactly look like Robert Redford, right?

OUI: Well, you're not the hunchback of Notre Dame, either.

ALEX: I used to feel as if I were. I had terrible luck with women, up until a couple of years ago. I'd go to parties or bars or wherever, and I'd look at the prettiest girls and I'd just know that they'd never talk to me. So, I'd go over to one of the plainer girls, and when she'd put me down—as most of them did—I'd really get depressed.

OUI: So what happened?

ALEX: I finally decided to throw all my energies into making money, on the theory that if I were rich, girls wouldn't care whether I looked like Robert Redford or not. It worked, but not for the reasons I thought.

OUI: What do you mean?

ALEX: I discovered that the thing that really began attracting women to me was my new self-confidence—the money was secondary. Let me get down to specifics. Suppose you want to meet a lady in a singles' bar. The first mistake everybody makes is avoiding the most beautiful women. Do you know that beautiful women actually get hit on a lot less than their plainer sisters? Most men are intimidated by beautiful women; so when they finally do strike up a conversation, it tends to have defensive overtones. It's as if the guy's thinking, "OK, I know you probably think you're hot shit, but just try to put *me* down." And, of course, she does. Beautiful women are just dying to talk to someone who's friendly and open.

OUI: So what do you actually say?

ALEX: Directness is the most effective technique. Not "Hey, baby, let's ball," but something that shows your positive self-confidence. You just walk up to a woman, introduce yourself and tell her that you'd like to talk for a while. It's important, you see, not to *ask* her: "Do you mind if I sit down?" Instead, say: "I'd like to talk to you." Then she either invites you to sit down or she doesn't. If she does, you're ahead. Then, if you get along and she shares your interests in, say, B-52s or underwater archery, you ask her if she'd like to go

someplace else with you—someplace noisier or quieter or whatever the place you're in isn't. If she's willing to go anywhere else with you, you're home free. A little flattery doesn't hurt, either.

OUI: For example?

ALEX: The idea is to be surprising. Never tell a plump girl that she has a pretty face; she hears that from everyone. Tell her she has great eyebrows or earlobes, or something equally arcane. In fact, tell her she has something "arcane." Girls love it when you use words they don't understand in a complimentary manner.

OUI: What happens when you finally get into the bedroom?

ALEX: More of the same. Keep up the compliments, especially if she's absolutely beautiful. Go on about her belly button or her toes. And always, always compliment a girl on her breasts. There isn't a woman alive who doesn't think there is something wrong with her breasts—they're too big or too small; they sag or the nipples look funny—it's amazing the hangups that women have about their breasts. If you can get her to feel good about them, she'll think you're the best lover she's ever had.

OUI: You really think so?

ALEX: I know so. And I have another secret.

OUI: We thought you might.

ALEX: When you finally get undressed and under the covers—or on top of the covers, for that matter—be sure to compliment her vagina. Make her feel like it's the Taj Mahal—you've never seen anything so terrific, so awe inspiring. Let your eyes fill with wonder at her magnificence. Women's hangups about their breasts are nothing compared with their hangups about their vaginas. So look at it, and praise it to the skies. The girl will probably try to stop you, but she'll love you for it. And the next thing you know, you'll have convinced yourself that her vagina *is* the Taj Mahal, and then everybody is happy.

(Bill, 24, and Anna, 22, are both grad students who work part time as teaching assistants. They have been living together for two years in Ann Arbor, Michigan.)

OUI: So, who picked up whom?

ANNA: Well, I think the term *pickup* sort of implies a temporary gig—like somebody is going to pull some b.s. to get another person into bed.

BILL: Yeah, if you "pick up" something, then "put down" usually follows.

OUI: Semantics aside, how'd the two of you meet?

BILL: She picked me up.

ANNA: [laughing] Yeah, I did, I guess. But you'd done your share of scoring before that.

BILL: The truth is, the only successful pickup technique I ever used was cocaine, and that was so expensive that I didn't use it very often.

OUI: So you were out of cocaine when you met Anna?

ANNA: As I recall, he was on brandy and hot chocolate. It was at a football game. Bill was sitting behind me and a girlfriend of mine. He was with a bunch of his rowdy drinking buddies, and . . .

BILL: We were just having a good time, but I guess we were a little obnoxious.

ANNA: You said it. In fact, the thing that attracted me to Bill was how he kept apologizing for the behavior of his friends. I don't think Bill would disagree that most people at college football games act like assholes.

BILL: We talked back and forth during the game, and as everyone was leaving, she told me she'd lost her ring and asked me to help her look for it.

ANNA: At least I was inventive.

BILL: I found out later she'd used that technique to meet other guys.

ANNA: It really is the perfect line, even if you aren't at a game. I think it would work very well at a disco or a singles' bar. While the two of us were looking for the ring, I had time to find out what kind of guy he was.

OUI: So, then what happened?

BILL: We couldn't find the ring, of course, because there wasn't one. But after a few minutes, we were really communicating, finding lots of things we had in common. It was nice. Then, Anna decided that the ring must have fallen under the bleachers, so . . .

ANNA: You forgot to mention I'd had a few slugs of your brandy and hot chocolate.

BILL: Right. We were both getting a little looped by that time, and just about everyone had left the stadium. So, we went downstairs, found a way under the bleachers and started looking for the ring there.

ANNA: It was really exciting. Even though I'd used the approach before, I'd never gone this far with it. I just knew Bill was the kind of guy I was looking for. And the truth is, I was getting a little horny. I hadn't had any sexual relationships in nearly a year and a half. It was just good timing.

BILL: That's when it happened, under the bleachers. She was on her hands and knees, crawling around in the dirt. I was striking matches for light, and I got some good views of her thighs. It made me horny as hell.

ANNA: Well, I really wanted to screw, right then and there. I was hot, period. But Bill kept holding back, saying how we ought to go someplace else. He just kept holding back and holding back. And that's the greatest turn-on there is. I think it's the best pickup technique in the world, to make the girl ask for it. And that's just what Bill did. It was so exciting crawling around down there with somebody new—somebody who wasn't going to jump on me just for the hell of it. So, I had to convince him that I meant it.

BILL: God, did you ever convince me.

ANNA: I got really nasty. I took a mouthful of the hot chocolate and brandy, unzipped his fly, took out his penis and slipped it into my mouth full of warm booze.

BILL: I thought I was going to die. And go to heaven.

ANNA: The janitors were in the bleachers, cleaning up after the game; so we had to be real quiet. I swallowed the chocolate and booze and kept sucking on him. He was so nervous that he kept trying to pull away, but I just stayed with him, and . . .

BILL: They don't have to know everything.

ANNA: But I'm enjoying this. It's making me horny.

BILL: OK, OK. I never want to put a stop to that.

ANNA: Finally, I sort of wrestled Bill to the ground, pulled his pants all the way down and just sucked until he came. I had scooted around so that he could get his hand under my dress, and he was playing with me. I clenched my thighs around his hand, and he kept playing with me after his orgasm, until I came, too. Then we just took a rest and held each other. We've been together ever since.

I was hot, period. But Bill kept holding back, saying how we ought to go someplace else. He just kept holding back and holding back. I think it's the best pickup technique in the world, to make the girl ask for it.

(Teri and Rona are two young women—both 22—who attend dental-tech school and share an apartment in Washington, D.C. Rona is short, dark haired and large chested; Teri is a tall, thin blonde. They've recently experimented with bringing one guy home for the two of them to share.)

OUI: How long have the two of you been going to singles' bars together?

TERI: Only a few months. It isn't something we do all the time, either.

RONA: Neither of us is interested in a steady man right now, which is why we hit the bar scene from time to time.

TERI: We found that we both tend to be interested in the same kind of guy, so we started, uh, double-teaming to avoid jealousy. Besides, it's safer.

OUI: Watching out for Mr. Goodbar?

RONA: That's part of it. I'd like to tell every single girl I know that if you're going to meet men at discos or bars, do it with another girlfriend. Ever since Teri and I began going out together, instead of alone, we've been a lot happier with the results.

OUI: Why is that?

RONA: Between the two of us, we seem to attract a variety of men, so we don't get stuck in the same patterns all the time.

TERI: And it's easier to fend off the jerks when there are two of you.

OUI: Let's get right into it. What happens, specifically?

TERI: I'll tell you about the night we met Art—he was the first guy we took home and shared. As usual, a lot of guys had been hitting on us that night, but they were mostly nerds. Then I noticed this fellow standing off to the side. He'd been there awhile, but he hadn't said anything. I knew he'd been listening to us, though. Rona had just fended off a guy who was making tit jokes, and this new guy leaned over and whispered in my ear, "You should have asked him how big *his* is." In two seconds, he'd managed to align himself with us and against the crowd.

RONA: I liked his sense of humor right off.

TERI: So we took him home.

OUI: Just like that?

RONA: Pretty close. There was some more banter, and then Teri jokingly suggested he come home with the two of us. It wasn't the first time she'd said such a thing . . .

TERI: But Art turned the tables on us and actually did it.

OUI: Did what?

RONA: He insisted on making love to each of us separately, before he got it on with both of us together. Said he wanted to know us as individuals, first. So, Teri sat next to the bed while Art and I balled. While we were getting it on, she told him what I liked; he followed her advice and did some incredible things.

OUI: Like what?

TERI: Rona and I have talked a lot about what we like in sex. I knew she was really into oral sex, both ways. So I told him to eat her until she came and then to let her go down on him. I even told him that she liked a guy to lie on his back and not move while she sucked him off.

RONA: It was great. He did just what Teri told him to do; I didn't have to say anything.

OUI: And then?

RONA: After he came in my mouth, I told him that Teri liked to play sex games in the shower before she actually screwed—it turns her on more than anything.

TERI: Yeah—the water, the sound, the feeling. I love it.

RONA: So, we all went into the bathroom and got into the shower. I told Art how to wash Teri's tits. She really gets turned on by a guy playing with her wet tits—soaping them up and pinching the slippery nipples. That sort of thing. I even showed him how. It was the first time Teri and I got sexual with each other. Having a man there made it easier. ■

SPEAK EASY QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Speak Easy, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be discussed on the *Speak Easy Letters* pages in a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know what you think about pickup techniques.

1. First name or initials: _____
2. Age: _____ Sex (M or F): _____
3. Occupation: _____
4. Marital status: _____
5. City and state: _____

FOR MEN:

6. I've gained most of my knowledge of pickup techniques from . . .
   a. the experiences of my male friends.
   b. listening to women talk to one another about men.
   c. reading books and magazines.
   d. trying out various approaches on my own.
7. The pickup technique I find most effective is to . . .
   a. act funny and get her to laugh.
   b. offer to get her high.
   c. be as romantic as I can be.
   d. give a her sincere compliments.
8. I think that some kind of pickup approach is . . .
   a. necessary for getting to know someone.
   b. usually a waste of time—a woman either likes me or she doesn't.
   c. OK, if all you want is casual sex.
   d. part of the game—enjoyable for its own sake.
9. The best place to pick women up is . . .
   a. at singles' bars or discos.
   b. on the street.
   c. at work.
   d. at parties.
10. I like a woman to pick me up by . . .
    a. giving me the eye.
    b. coming on strong and sexy.
    c. letting me make the first move.
    d. appealing to my sense of humor.

FOR WOMEN:

11. The best way for a man to get my interest is to . . .
    a. say complimentary things to me.
    b. act mysterious and romantic.
    c. ask me questions about myself.
    d. make it obvious to me that he has money.
12. The worst thing a man ever did when trying to pick me up was to . . .
    a. offer me money.
    b. try to impress me with his job or position.
    c. make a big effort to get me high.
    d. lie to me about being married.
13. When I want to pick up a man, I . . .
    a. make the first move to strike up a conversation.
    b. flirt outrageously and act sexy.
    c. tell him how attractive he is.
    d. put myself in a position where I need his help.

FOR BOTH SEXES:

14. The most effective pickup technique I've ever used is as follows (use separate page to explain):

Letters

We asked our readers of the January "Sex Tapes" to answer the question "What Turns You On?" More than half of the men wrote that a woman's face is the first thing that attracts them, followed closely by her legs and derrière. The size of a woman's breasts was deemed her least important attribute. On the subject of personality, our readers were split just about fifty-fifty as to whether they prefer a woman with brains or one with a sense of humor. Since we figure that it takes brains to have a sense of humor, it probably doesn't make much difference which was marked. Almost all of our female respondents agreed that it is more important for their lovers to be romantic and loving than it is for them to have terrific bodies. Of the women who are interested in men's bodies, 60 percent prefer that their lovers have larger penises. And some of our readers who sent in letters seem to be turned on by the strangest things. . . .

Anything having to do with moisture and women turns me on. I love to see bare female skin dripping with fresh perspiration—like, just after a woman plays tennis or otherwise exerts herself physically. I also like to cuddle up with a girl who's been lying in the sun for a couple of hours. That squishy sound and the feel of hot, wet, female skin against mine turns me on immensely.

To look at a woman who's fully dressed and soaking wet arouses me as much as if she were nude. My biggest fantasy—yet to be realized—is to make love to a woman in a bathtub full of water, or in a swimming pool—or, better yet, on the beach, with the surf swirling around us. We would start out clothed, get soaking wet, remove some of our clothes and end up making love passionately.

MARIO M.
Nevada City, California

I am a secretary who really enjoys turning men on everywhere I go. Let's face it—men love to look at women, and I love giving them something to look at. I never wear a bra. I don't really need one, because my breasts are small and firm. I know that men become very aroused when they see my nipples through my sheer blouses. I also leave the top three buttons open to give the men in my office a clearer view. I have nothing to hide; my body is my prized possession.

I don't know who was happier when string bikinis and slit skirts came into fashion—me or the men. I like showing off my body just as much as they like looking at it. At the beach, my swimsuit "accidentally" comes off from time to time; and while sunning, I remove my top. There is never much material there to start with, anyway. I love it when the same young guys walk past again and again.

At work, my colleagues are always sneaking a look at my legs or peering down the front of my blouse. I love to catch them at it.

At work, my colleagues are always sneaking a look at my legs or peering down the front of my blouse. I love to catch them at it, because it turns me on so much. When clients come calling, I always have their undivided attention. I hope you publish my letter, because seeing it in print would then become my new turn-on.

RITA B.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I travel cross-country for weeks at a time, and I always eat at diners or truck stops. There's one thing that never fails to turn me on—the waitresses in those tight uniforms. I don't care how gorgeous a woman is—if she's not wearing a waitress uniform, she doesn't turn me on.

My favorite uniforms are those form-fitting polyester jobs, because you can practically see right through them. There's something about a bra strap or bikini line showing through a uniform that makes my pecker sit right up and take notice.

I spend almost every meal fantasizing about grabbing those rounded, plump buns or tits—I'm always wondering what they would be like for dessert. I never actually touch the waitresses. I admit it's just a fantasy trip, but it makes the long haul interesting, because I never know what kind of uniform I'll come across next. And I know I'm not alone in being turned on by women in uniforms; my buddies talk about them all the time, too.

DAVID D.
Orange City, Iowa

My work at an architectural firm is not the most exciting in the world. I have to concentrate so hard that when I get off work, it takes a while before my libido perks up.

A lot of guys think that I'm going to be turned on immediately just because they have a big penis. It doesn't work like that for me. I mean, I like big ones as much as the next girl, but they really are secondary to a man's ability to make me feel appreciated and loved.

(Continued on page 98)

Alive with pleasure!

Newport

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1980

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978.

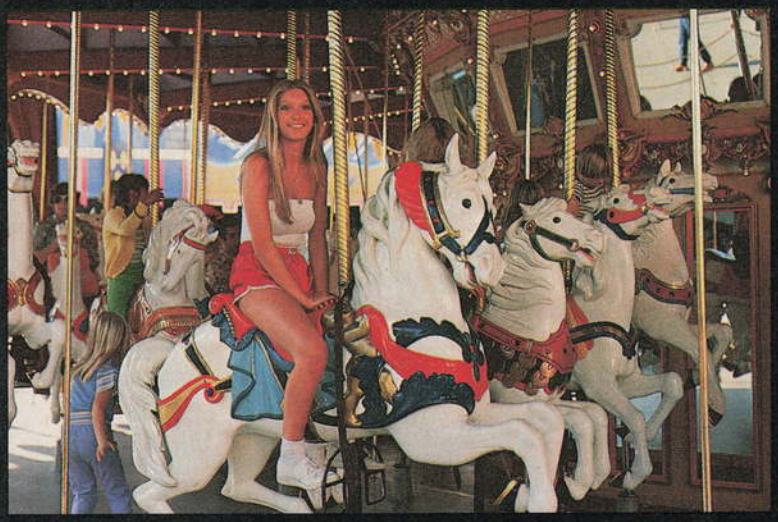
BRIGETTE FRY

Photography by Brian Anderson

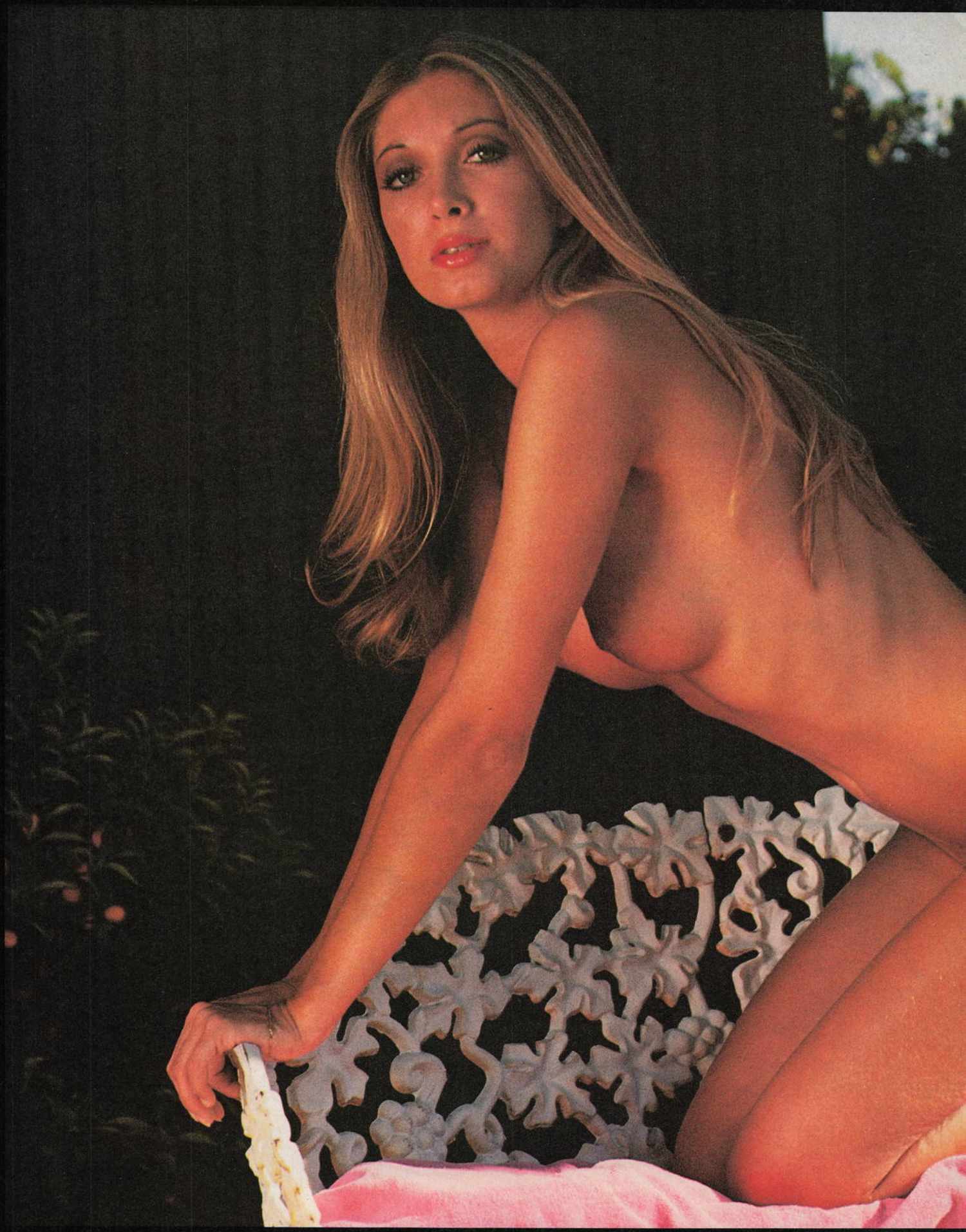
She's All Fun and Games

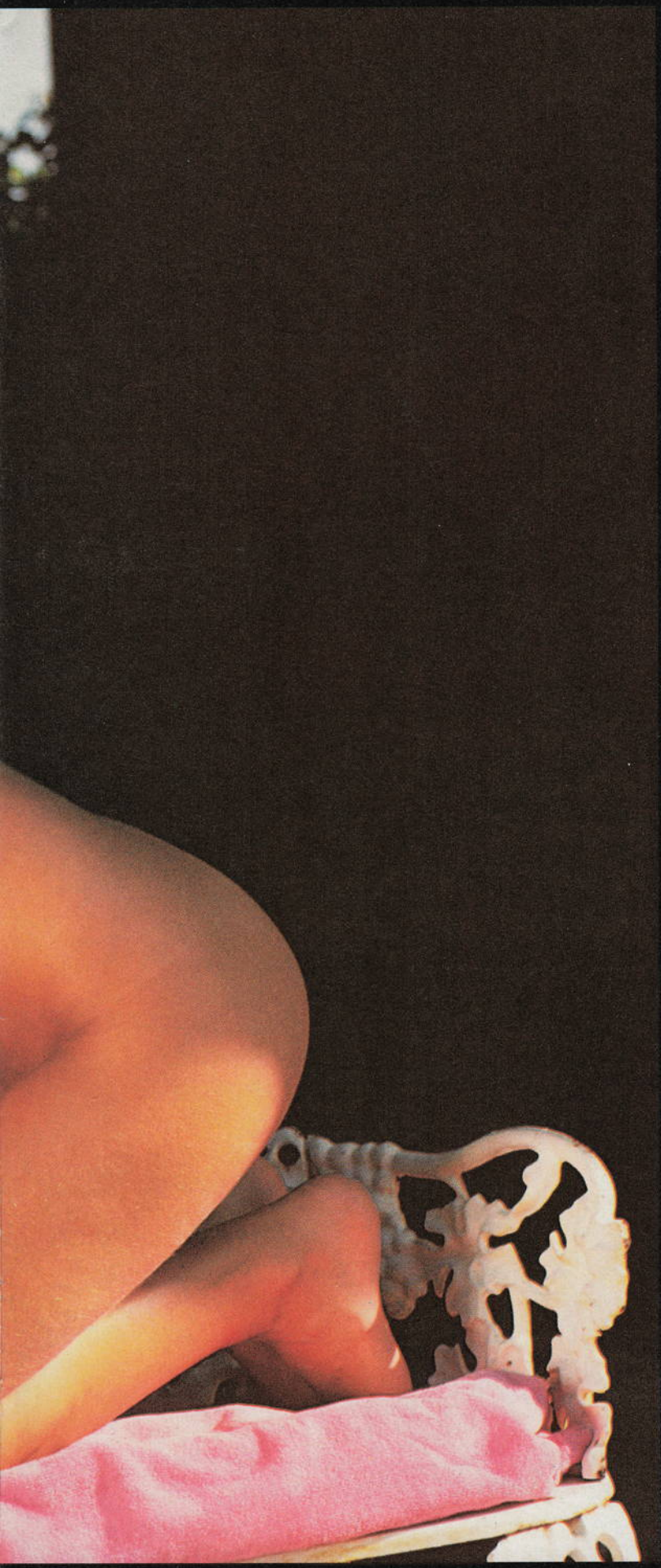
Twenty-year-old Brigette Fry from Newport Beach, California, describes herself as "young, sweet, innocent and homely—sounds boring, doesn't it?" Boring, no. Surprising, yes. It does boggle the mind to think that Brigette views herself as homely. "Well, when I compare myself to other women, I just don't measure up. Maybe I live in a dreamworld. Yes, that could be it. I feel like a child who wants to grow up and be beautiful and sexy and mysterious, but who, in reality, likes to laugh, play and be unconcerned with grown-up things. Hey, I still love to hang out in Disneyland . . . really! Now, that's hardly a sophisticated and mature thing to do."

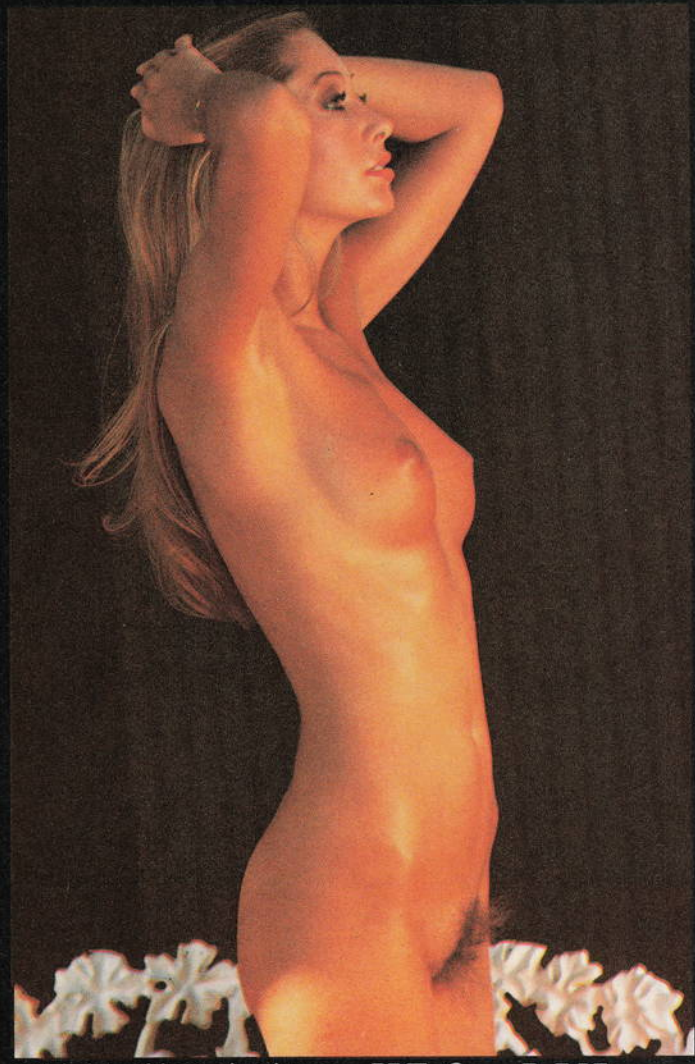
Ever since graduating from high school, Brigette has been a



fashion model, working mainly for European publications, which seem to appreciate her 34–22–34 figure more than Americans at this point in her career. But Brigette is undaunted by that fact. "I love California the most. I know that I'll get tired of traveling, though, so my future plans are to settle here, study acting and do TV commercials. You want to know what my real ambition is? To be a rock-'n'-roll star . . . really! I want to be a Bette Midler. I thought she was wonderful in *The Rose*. I

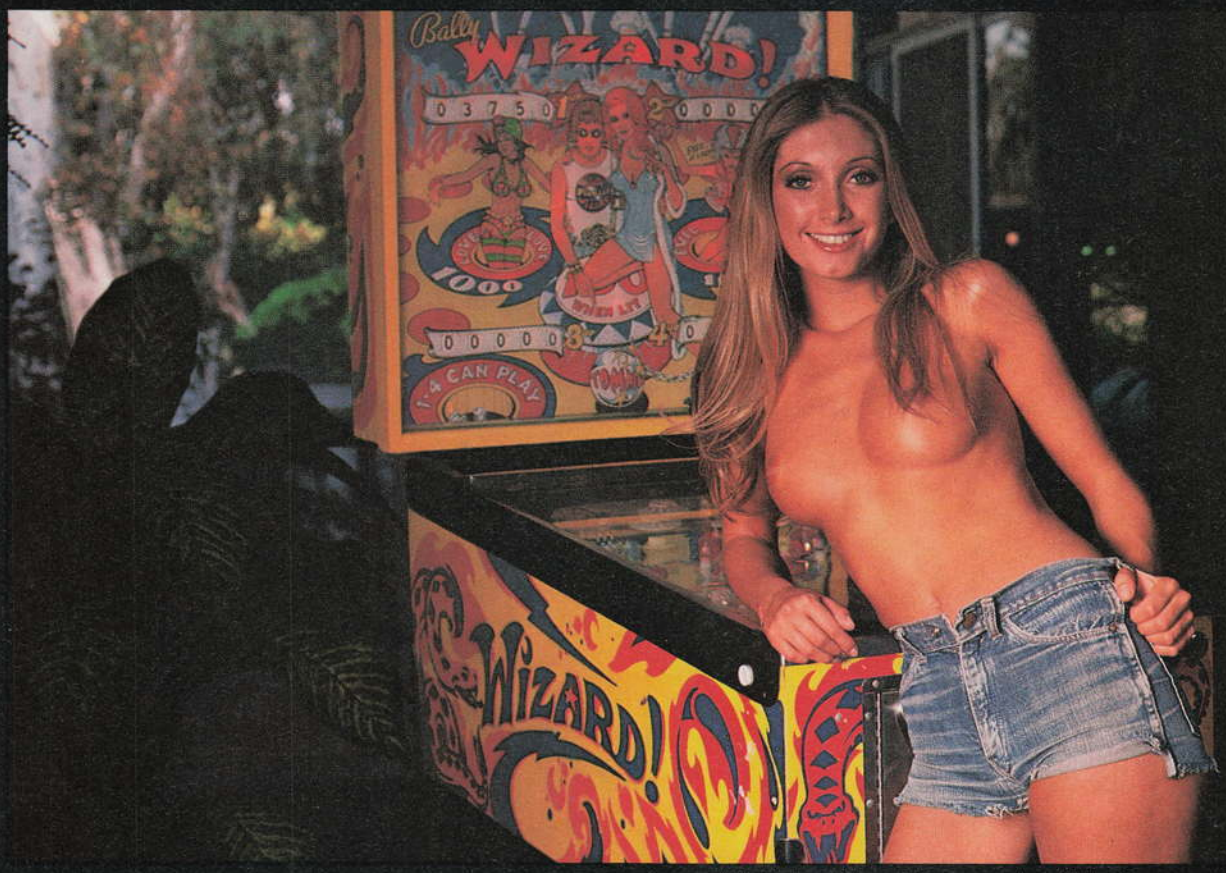






wish I had her charisma and outrageousness. I'm really very modest and shy . . . except when I'm around funny people or in amusing situations. I love to laugh. But when it comes to things like men or sex or my career, I'm much too introverted.'' Introverted? Brigette certainly wasn't modest about posing for us. ''That's because I can be someone else when I'm modeling. It's like acting. I can pretend I'm gorgeous and seductive, but that's not how I really feel.

"I feel like a child who wants to be sexy"



"Modeling lets me pretend to be seductive"

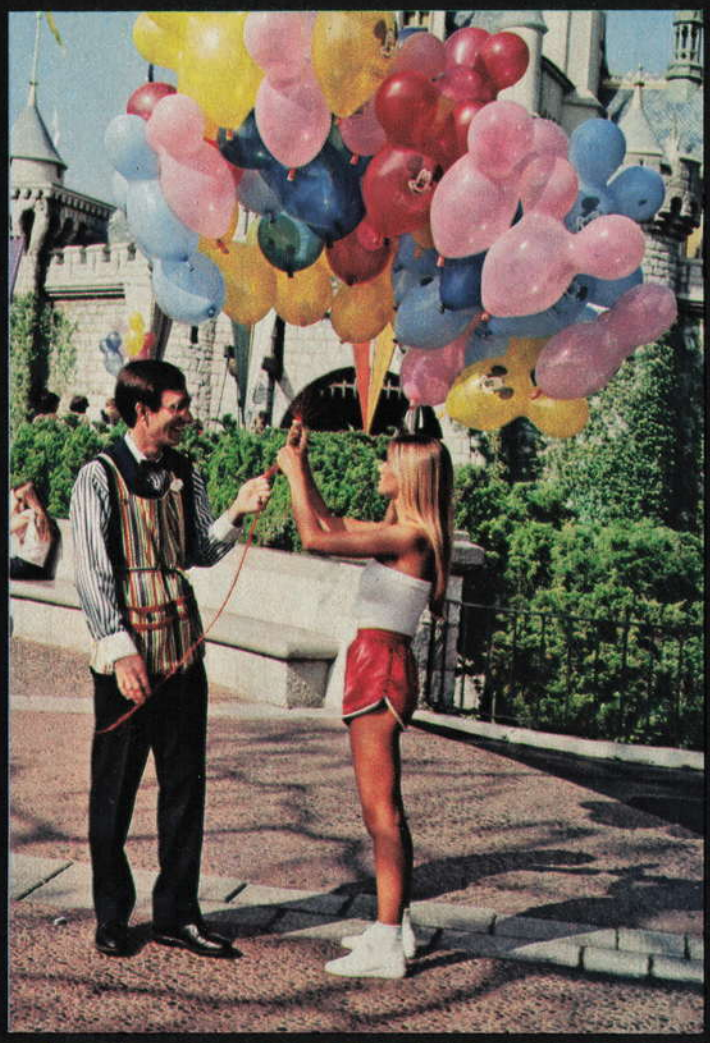
What goes on in my mind while posing is, 'Gee, isn't it nice that they think I'm pretty.' I'm really flattered by the attention, so I make sure I act as sexy as you think I am."

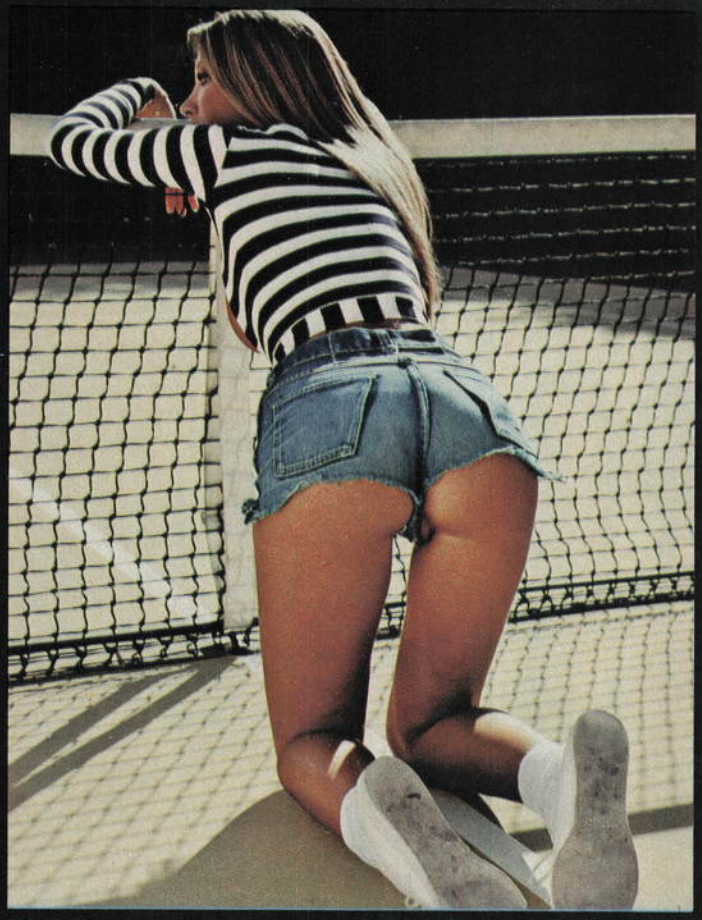
Do you do the same thing when you're around a man you're attracted to? "Yes, I guess I do. I've never really thought about it before, but you've hit the nail on the head. I do act differently around attractive men. And it's frustrating, because while I'm acting coy or sexy on the surface, I really want to say, 'Hey! Let's go have some fun! I don't want to eat at this fancy restaurant. I want to ride a roller coaster.' Of

course, I never ever say that. I don't say a lot of things I should. I guess I'm afraid to let my real self show. I must do something about that, you know?"

Besides hanging out at amusement parks, Brigette says she also attempts to play tennis. "I say 'attempt' because I really haven't got the hang of it yet, but it's a lot of fun. And in Newport, *everybody* plays tennis, so I must learn. One thing about tennis, though . . ." What's that? "The outfits. I *hate* those little tennis outfits—white knickers and little skirts, the socks with the balls on the back. I think they're horrendous. So I always show

"I live in a dream-world—that's why I like Disneyland"





"I'm interested in men who know how to play"

up on the courts in cut-off jeans and a leotard. The women hate it, but the men don't seem to mind. I think I dress differently from everybody else just to be rebellious and to assert myself in some small way. . . . Boy, I didn't know I could talk so much about myself. What else would you like to know about me?"

Your favorite erotic fantasy? "Oh, that's an easy question," she says with a grin. "I don't have any." *None?* "Nope. See, what happens is that I start thinking about fantasizing, and then I get hung up on what type of fantasy to have; so I

never actually get into the fantasy itself. Really sorry to disappoint you."

OK, then, what type of man do you like? "Silly ones." Silly? That's all? "Well," she says, "it helps if they're tall, dark and handsome. Oh, yeah. I also like men who like cats. Cats are my favorite animal—I have three of them; so if a man doesn't like my cats, I don't like him. But my main preference is that a man be able to be silly. Real cool guys who think they're God's gift don't interest me. They're no fun at all. Give me a Richard Dreyfuss type any day." We never considered Richard Dreyfuss silly. . . . "Oh, but he can be. Just watch his movies. He's not only a good dramatic actor, but he can also do comedy roles really well. And that says to me that he's a man who's capable of many moods, which is very interesting and a super turn-on." Brigette sighs and says, "Now, if only I could find a fantasy that fits Richard. Oh, well, maybe he'll read this and call me up. In the meantime, do you know anybody like him?" Is that an invitation? "Sure. But remember, I'm only interested in men who know how to play."

Her Old Boy-friends

Love is like politics: Unless he does something stupid, the incumbent almost always wins

Article by Eric Goodman

Rumor has it that the last American virgin was sighted just outside Omaha in 1969. Therefore, every time you fall passionately for a new woman, the odds are very high that you will not be the first man seduced by her charms. At some point you will have to deal with the potentially deadly situation of meeting the "old" boyfriend.

Trust me: Even if she's just moved into town from Outer Mongolia, as soon as you begin to really care about her, an old boyfriend will turn up—popping to the surface like a dead fish to disturb the lily pond of your love.

The most important thing to remember when dealing with old boyfriends is not to give in to the latent Neanderthal consciousness that may still lurk in your blood. Anyone who still sees women as property without a sexual past had better move to Tehran, for he will most definitely become upset real fast in this country. Let's face it—in 1980 it is undignified and uncool to howl at the green moon of jealousy like some second-rate Bela Lugosi. Such behavior guarantees

 ILLUSTRATION BY MARA McAFEE

RIDA'S
restorante

Even if she's just moved into town from Outer Mongolia, as soon as you begin to really care about her, an old boyfriend will turn up.

that you will be relegated immediately to the ranks of her other exes.

Besides, the sad truth is, you understand. There are leading ladies on your own backlot whom you sometimes like to see and talk with. A sense of continuity is important to everyone. So it's a good idea that you be rather accepting and encourage her to visit with her ex-boyfriend—asshole maniac that he probably is. Remember, *you* have the upper hand. He's past; you're present.

Every one of your girl's former boyfriends shares certain characteristics you should be aware of, if you want to handle this thing properly. First, the guy almost always turns out to live nearby. Second, an old boyfriend is invariably down on his luck. He's a lunatic, a drunk or a thumbsucker, just out of jail or out of work since the day after your girl broke up with him. Twenty pounds heavier and balding since she last saw him. He's developed a stutter, or taken to sporting a baby-blue security blanket wedged behind his zipper like a pair of Mick Jagger's socks. The point is, he's hurting.

Which leads us to the third, and most important, consideration. Her old boyfriend always needs her. God, how he needs her. Just to talk to, of course, because he used to love her and she still means so much to him. She feels guilty because the poor bastard is such a basket case and, for a while at least, she loved him; maybe still does, distantly—you hope.

So what do you do? During my senior year in college, my girlfriend's ex-lover, the guy she was engaged to before I met her, had a couple of loose bolts rattling around. He was ten years older than we were, brilliant and bonkers. He used to hide in the bushes or call late at night whenever we were making love.

I attempted to be cool and dignified. I believed, and still do, that people should respect their lovers' past lives. So we had a few meals together, the three of us, punctuated with polite intellectual conversation. I was as tolerant as I knew how to be and pretended that no matter how much she saw him, it didn't bother me. She said she loved me, and I believed her. Besides, he was really on the edge—stoned all day, every day, just to get by, and out of work, although he had several professional degrees.

In retrospect, I was too tolerant. I began to get as crazy as he was. Whenever she was out or her phone was busy, I assumed it had something to do with him. I began to "see" the fucker on the street all the time, although it was usually someone who only resembled him. I knew, because she'd told me, that he sometimes made passes at her in crazy, inappropriate ways, as props for his battered, overblown ego, afloat in a lunatic sea. I knew she wasn't sleeping with him, but I began to think that, well, maybe she was.

Finally, even though I pitied the son of a bitch, I told her that she was seeing too much of him and it bothered me. Well, I didn't exactly tell her . . . I more or less screamed that the entire arrangement stunk. "Why didn't you say something sooner?" she asked. Then I was pissed that she hadn't understood how I felt in the first place. Ah, yes, the familiar and useless logic of love.

Being in love doesn't make anyone a mind reader; so, if you think that she's being too considerate of the other guy's feelings, speak up before something green and ugly starts to ooze around inside you, growling to get out. I know one guy whose girlfriend was talking on the phone to some old lover for what he considered too long a time. He threw a glass at her. Lots more than glass smashed when the thing hit the wall.

Another reaction to avoid is cutting her old boyfriend down. Elementary laws of physics and thermodynamics state that for every action there's an equal reaction. If you criticize him, she'll stick up for him. The last thing you want to do is make her so defensive that

You may actually like one of her old boyfriends. It's simpler if he's with a new lady, but even if he's not, stranger things have happened.

she goes back to him to prove she was right in the first place. It may not mean losing her, but if you're nasty to one of her old boyfriends, or even to her memory of him, then ultimately you'll end up looking like a cretin.

I once had lunch with my girlfriend Kathy and an ex of hers. They'd only slept together a few times, but they still had lunch once a week. I knew that they'd never meant that much to each other, never shared a life. He didn't know who I was—that is, he didn't know that Kathy and I were lovers—but I knew about him, because she'd told me. I was insulted, because she hadn't filled him in on exactly how important I was to her.

To make a short story even shorter, I creamed him. I wasn't overtly unkind, but by the time we'd finished coffee, he not only knew that she and I were lovers, but that I was wittier and more interesting than he was. It was unfair and it was idiotic. Because I knew about him and the fact that he was out of a job, the odds were stacked in my favor. Therefore, it wasn't hard to score points, meaningless as they were. Worse, the entire event was counterproductive. Forcing a competition with Kathy's ex-lover put me in a position I didn't want or need: My status was now equal to his, in her eyes, and I had to re-woo her. I would have fared much better if I had spent my time praising my girlfriend—making her good taste in choosing me evident but unsaid.

Let me give you an example of what I *don't* mean. I know one woman whose old boyfriend calls about once a month. Her present lover acts incredibly sweet to her after those calls: "Lambkins, can I wash out your dirty socks for you? Your underwear? Hold my breath until I turn blue, just to show how truly devoted I am . . . unlike that creep you were just talking with on the phone? Can I, dear? Huh?"

Clearly, that approach is about as effective as throwing things, and a good deal less satisfying. No, what I'm talking about is being your sweet, charming self. Your girlfriend is already with you. You want to remind her of the many reasons why. One, in particular. Calmly, without compulsion, suggest doing something you know she enjoys—something you're very good at—which shows how perfectly suited the two of you are.

Remember: In many ways, love is like politics; unless he does something stupid, the incumbent almost always wins.

There is one last frightening but very real possibility to consider. You may actually like one of her old boyfriends. It's simpler if he's happy with a new lady, but even if he's not, stranger things have happened. After all, if her present taste in men is so good, one of her exes may be a nice guy, or even a prospective friend.

I know a household in northwest Virginia made up of a man, his wife and her old boyfriend. The former lovers remain partners in a sheep-breeding business, and they need to live in the same place. All three admit that their arrangement is a bit weird, but until either the couple or the old boyfriend can afford to build another house nearby, they plan to make do under one roof.

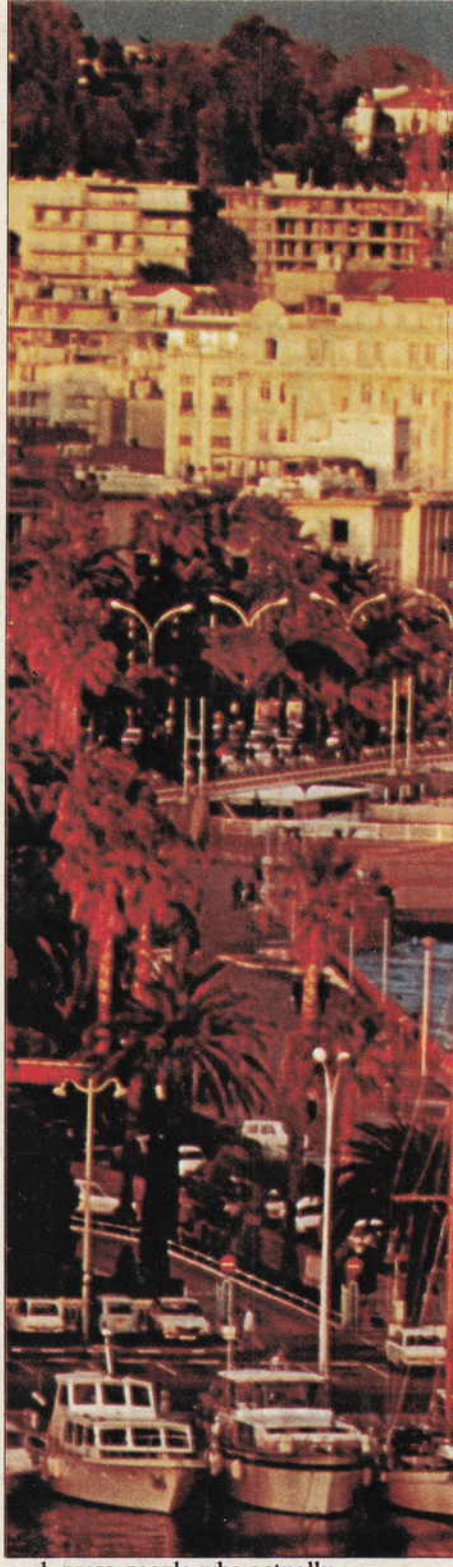
The husband says that the hardest part isn't coping with jealousy—the old lovers were "just friends" months before he moved in—it's having to stand by while they fight, with the intensity of lovers, about issues that don't concern him, be they old emotional bones or the sheep business. Listening to the husband tell me this story, I had an important realization that all would-be lovers should focus on clearly: Your girlfriend has an existence that not only predates you but is outside your ability to understand fully or to control.

Incidently, the old lover and the new husband are good friends, as are my ex-girlfriend's last boyfriend and myself. Yes, I've learned a few lessons from all these old boyfriends . . . not the least of which is how to be one myself. ■

THE CANNES CON

How to bluff your way through the world's most famous film festival

ARTICLE BY DORIS TOUMARKINE



The question is just why anyone would actually want to *go* to the Cannes Film Festival. Isn't Cannes (perhaps not by accident pronounced "con") that decadent seaside town in the south of France where the hotels and beaches are so crowded that it actually costs money to use the sun for tanning purposes? Yes, it is. It is also the place where the bikini was invented—so scandalous in the early Fifties—and where literally hundreds of topless young starlets gather to sun their lithe bodies, dine on truffles and snuggle up to movie moguls, in hopes of landing a film contract.

It is not a place for people who find the sight of bare breasts obscene. Or for anyone who takes a vacation to "get away from it all." Cannes is, however, exactly the right place for an enterprising young American who likes buffet food, yacht parties, nonstop movies, excessive use of mind-altering substances and the company of brazen young actresses.

What's that you say? You don't speak French, you have little money and the closest you've ever been to the biz is the third row at the Cine II in the mall? All the more reason to pay attention to this, the definitive "Film Bluffer's Guide to Cannes." Not only do you have an inalienable right to attend the world's most celebrated film festival, you practically have a duty to do so. Besides, if you follow these simple directions, you'll end up with a great tax write-off and a chance to make out like a bandit.

Derio Productions hoped that if you got the hots for their girls, you'd be inspired to take a look at their movie "H.O.T.S." We preferred looking at the girls.

First, a few words about the event. Now entering its 33rd year, the Cannes Film Festival is a brilliantly organized marketplace, where a lot of serious film business is transacted. Every year, for two weeks in mid-May, festival administrators direct a prodigious schedule of over 1000 screenings of hundreds of films in various categories: the official entries up for awards, the films shown in the "Directors' Fortnight" and "Critics' Week" series, and the hundreds of films in the "Film Market" that producers and distributors from all over the world are trying to unload.

The organizers also have the awesome task of accrediting festivalgoers. Last year, about 40,000 film-industry people participated (swelling the local population by one-half), and nearly 5000 photographers and TV and print journalists were accredited. The good news for fans, crashers, film buffs and freeloaders is that the festival's accrediting policies are too fair, too democratic and too lenient. This may be bad news for the bona-fide industry and press people who actually work the festival, but it is good news for you.

The keys to a successful Cannes jaunt are early preparation and a familiarity with the scene. The "new kid in town" is a nice romantic notion, but it doesn't cut the Dijon mustard here. Travel and lodging arrangements should be made early. You might query three different travel agents to see who comes up with the best deal—it is possible to swing the entire two-week trip (including air-

Every year for two weeks in mid-May, Cannes' quaint Old Port turns into movieland's Club Med

fare) for well under $1000.

You should next attend to securing credentials as either an industry person (producer, distributor, director, producer's rep, exporter, etc.) or a journalist. The film bluffer who is after industry credentials should make up phony business cards and stationery. Use your own name for your company—e.g., Marvin Jones Films—so you can receive mail at your home address and easily set up a special checking account for your company. You may want to print up handbills advertising your "film"—include such information as the title, credits (naming you as producer, director, whatever), running time, film gauge (16mm or 35mm) and catch line ("The funniest picture since *Once Is Not Enough*!").

If you want to get accredited as a journalist, you'll need a letter of assignment from the editor of the publication you'll be representing. If you have a friend who's an editor, you're in luck. All accreditation requests should be sent to the French Film Office in New York City.

Bluffers who do not want to go the accreditation route must bring a "project" to Cannes. A project gives you entrée, status, purpose, self-confidence and a good chance at deceiving even the most skeptical. It can be anything from a film ready to go into production (the work of established bluffers), to an original, 120-page script (for serious bluffers), to one line on a piece of paper (for lazy bluffers, who often get away with it). By devising a provocative title and a story line to go with it, you can think up a viable project in five minutes. Anyone—even your spinster great-aunt in Toledo—can bring a project to Cannes. Important hint: Be aware of trends. At the 1980 festival, that means anything on skates. Here

The center of festival action is the palm-lined Boulevard Croisette, starting (from left) with the elegant and quiet Hotel Majestic. The Grand Hotel has the best pool for doing business; the Palais contains the official theater and press headquarters; the Hotel Carlton is classy but zoolike; the new Montfleury is a ten-minute walk away; the Martinez has the prettiest hookers.

are some examples of possible projects:

Camp Amazon. A youth yocker starring Ann-Margret, or someone of her proportions, as director of a girls' camp that attacks its brother camp on roller skates, conquers and pillages it. (Has bankable name; appeals to "youth market.")

Saliva. Man-eating toy poodles terrorize an affluent Orange County community, before they are routed by a SWAT team on roller skates. (The horror genre is always hot.)

Burnin' Rubber—The heart-wrenching, hair-raising tale of Bob "Burnin' Rubber" Fisher, the world's first quadriplegic to race in the Firecracker 400 at Daytona, and the first to learn to roller disco. (A story idea for the first woman, black, Hispanic, geriatric or physically or mentally disabled person who ever did anything will raise mogul eyebrows. Action plots are always good.)

Don't worry about the fact that your film may never see celluloid. Neither do the majority of anybody else's projects, including those of bona-fide producers.

If you arrive in Cannes without credentials or a project, all is not lost. For a nominal fee of about $25, you can secure a card from the Film Market, an ad-hoc organization of producers and distributors, which will allow you to see any of the hundreds of films on the selling block. Be sure to have a business card or handbill to flash.

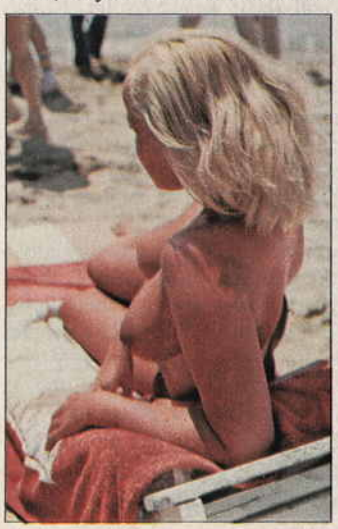
Once in town, search out the Palais des Festivals, which is located on the Croisette, the beautiful, palm-lined boulevard that separates the stylish seafront hotels from the Mediterranean. The Palais is really two buildings. The "old" Palais fronts on the Croisette and the sea and includes the 2400-seat auditorium where the important, official entries are shown and the famous glamorati are seen. Behind the "old" Palais and annexed to it is the newer building, which comprises the press headquarters, where journalists convene for conferences, mail and other services. Lists of which celebrities are in town and where they are staying are posted here every day. Party-crashing bluffers should note that the press headquarters is a good place to hear about parties. Budget-conscious bluffers will appreciate the reasonably priced menu at the snack bar on the fourth floor—also a good place for horny bluffers to hang out.

A block east of the Palais is the Hotel Carlton, an equally important focal point of fest action. Though usually splendid and regal, the Carlton suffers a severe loss of dignity at fest time. Its lobby, festooned with posters and placards and crammed with crowds searching for freebies, stars and contacts, is like Macy's

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE CARVER

toy department two days before Christmas. But this is the place to pick up the indispensable Cannes daily papers, which give complete schedules of screenings, tell which parties will happen where, and point out who's who and staying where.

Hotel accommodations can run $400 a night for a suite at the elegantly understated Hotel du Cap at Cap d'Antibes—40 minutes east of Cannes—to $10 a night, sans private toilet or bath, if you share a room in a hotel near the train station. Although there are cheaper hotels elsewhere, it is important to be within walking distance of the Palais and the Carlton. Taxi fares are exorbitant, and short-distance buses are inconvenient.



Once you've decided on a place to stay, your next concern is eats. Gourmet bluffers should know about the superposh restaurants in the area, most of which are outside Cannes. Both the Moulin de Mougins, above Cannes, and L'Oasis in nearby La Napoule are three-star establishments. Tetou in Golfe-Juan, to the west of Cannes, has the best, and perhaps most expensive, bouillabaisse around. The Colombe d'Or in St.-Paul-de-Vence and the Eden Roc at the Hotel du Cap are, as they say, worth a detour. Those of you on a budget should be aware that there are several excellent restaurants on the Rue du 24-Août, where a complete dinner with wine can be had for under $10. Cafés, pizzerias and brasseries on the other back streets are even cheaper. These places are unknown to many comfort-conscious *festivaliers* who get dizzy if they wander more than two blocks from the Carlton.

If you're really interested in attending some screenings, walk one block away from the beachfront to the Rue d'Antibes, which runs parallel to the Croisette. Along this street and just off it are the ten theaters that show films almost around the clock. Also, in and around the nearby Rue d'Antibes, female and transvestite hookers daintily pound the pavements.

Speaking of hookers, you might want to check out the Martinez bar, where hookers take coffee breaks. Both male and female prostitutes do biz at the festival bar, just across the street from the Palais. If you want to find someone who doesn't charge, you might wander over to the very crowded Petit Carlton restaurant-bar behind the Palais. This is the journalists' hangout.

Before you actually talk to journalists—or producers or starlets, for that matter—refresh your memory with a few facts about the legit film business. It is imperative for any bluffer to know the six major American film companies and the five or six mini-majors. Remember, the target audience that producers are out to reach consists of males and females between the ages of 12 and 24; anyone else is taking his chances buying a ticket. If the names Clint Eastwood, Charles Bronson or Sam Peckinpah come up in conversation, you should know that fake blood on the screen is usually a concoction of catsup, fruit syrup and glucose.

Another way to ingratiate yourself with the Cannes regulars is to be an able gossip. But don't dish out tired tales. For instance, if you try to impress the big shots with the rumor that Brando used cotton balls in his mouth for his *Godfather* role, you'll be out of circulation faster than *1941*. But if you allude to Dean-Paul Martin's bout with hepatitis, which delayed filming of *Players*, or to the young assistant on a major production who was dismissed when the gay porn film he was starring in opened, you'll be immediately aware of curious eavesdroppers. And if you can drop a remark about the two major motion pic-

The regal Hotel Carlton is right next door to fest headquarters. Its private terrace is the place to be seen if you're looking for showbiz contacts. While drinks are expensive— $5 for a glass of orange juice—the free olives are about the best around.

tures from the same studio—one a sci-fi blockbuster, the other about a nervous fashion photographer—which used up more of their budgets on cocaine than on film stock, you may indeed impress Cannes regulars with your inside knowledge.

Some knowledge of film-biz terminology wouldn't hurt, either. Here are some examples:

Hot tub—a place where film plots and marketing plans are devised.

Script—a bound manuscript for a film which, however bulky, is especially susceptible to loss.

Story department—Devil's Island for scripts.

Screenplay—a script that has beaten the odds.

Money—it talks without saying anything.

Deal maker—the preparatory chef of the biz, who mixes three parts money, two parts bluff and one part half-baked ideas, and then shoves it in the oven to see if it will rise.

Real estate—the best way to get into the biz.

Reeltor (as opposed to *realtor*)—someone who does the above.

Mover and shaker—a highly energized biz whiz who's getting things done, making things happen and developing ulcers (his and other people's).

Points—a share of profits, whereby the participant gets a percentage of a film's gross revenues; if he has points in the net revenues, he may never see his money.

Bankable—a name that impresses financiers and elicits their bucks (e.g., Benji).

To green light—to give the go-ahead to make a picture, or to go without a hooker for the night.

A final word about artful articulation. Brush up on your French—*not* the vocabulary, the accent. Even if all you know is *oo-la-la*, the French will love you if you pronounce it correctly. For the right rhythms and inflections, study Edith Piaf and Maurice Chevalier records. It's axiomatic that zee French, zhey are not so cra-zee for zee Americans. The sorry truth is that most of the Yanks at Cannes never even bother to learn the French for "receipt, please." But many natives work the festival and its parties. If you can charm them with a terrific accent, they'll treat you as if you're not an American. Indeed, having the French on your side is like walking into a big meeting at Paramount with Barry Diller on your arm.

Even in English, of course, there are a few words and phrases to avoid. Never say *movie* or *flick*. Instead, substitute the words *feature*, *picture*, *product*, *package*, *property* or, if talking to Germans or Canadians, *tax shelter*. And never say, "Trust me." This, too, will give you away as a phony. Substitute a manly pat on the shoulder or, for Europeans, a pinch or pat on the cheek.

You may sound right, but you won't get past the Carlton driveway unless you look right. If you're old (over 24), dress young. If you're young, dress Western. Cowboys in boots with wheels should get in anywhere at Cannes this year.

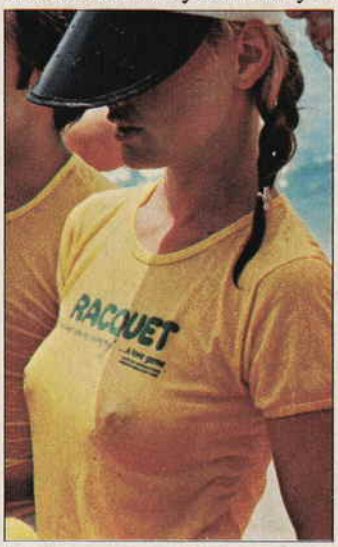
Rule one for all bluffers who are into copping freebies and crashing parties: Get to know the important public-relations people working the festival. To learn who they are and where they can be reached, simply read the Cannes dailies. Show up at their offices and snow them with a blizzard of charm and wit. Flash your press or business accreditation or Film Market card and tell them what they want to hear. Stroke shamelessly. Say you're excited about their film, will talk it up, write it up, go to bed with it. Say anything that will put you in their good graces and on their lists, and say it quickly—P.R. people

Film stars who have clout at Cannes: Redford, Newman, Benji. Benji even has his own P.R. flack; here, he gets the usual star treatment.

have short attention spans.

If all else fails, you can always try crashing a party at the door. Move with confidence and poise; assume a detached air that screams, "I belong!" Turn your head constantly, as if you're looking for the hundreds of people you'll want the keeper of the door to think you know. Move quickly through the door without giving him a glance, unless you can work up an ineffably pleasant smile, exude the assurance of Gloria Vanderbilt and project the personality of a TV weatherman.

In case your "I forgot my invitation" presumptive air and suave manner don't work, you should be armed with the real names of people connected with the party or with the film the party is honoring. Successful crashers do their homework. An important hint is that parties are easier to crash after 11 P.M., when the security staff is pretty sloshed and a lot more accommodating. And never take no for an answer. If they don't let you



in, threaten to go to the very top of the festival hierarchy or beyond—the French premier himself!

It is quite possible that your biggest problem will be making the choice between parties and films. You can't do both. If you're running around seeing four or five films a day, you won't have time to track down parties, let alone attend them. If you're charming P.R. people and trying to cop invites and hear which party is where, you'll never have time for films. Even at Cannes, the day only has 24 hours.

Which brings us to the subject of women. There are specific types of women in Cannes (with or without price tags) to look for. Aspiring actresses are prone to fall for lines before you ever get a chance to deliver them. Others, known as call-girls, hookers or shrewd opportunists, can be found in lobbies, bars or on the beaches. If you're extremely myopic or shy, helpful hotel employees can deliver them to you.

Female journalists, of all nationalities, also abound. A good pickup line for them is anything *not* related to film.

The young festival functionaries and hawkers who hand out promotional material are often starry-eyed *jeunes filles*, thrilled to get close to the biz even for two short weeks in May. Usually hospitable, they're especially impressed if they think you're from Hollywood—or anywhere in California.

For obvious reasons, the wives of busy businessmen might be persuaded to put down their *Vogues* and Perriers for a friendly chat with a horny bluffer. Final tip: Cannes hookers can look pretty classy, so don't be fooled.

A final few do's and don'ts for all would-be bluffers. If you want to try some discreet name-dropping, such as "I've been talking to Paul Newman for the role in *Burnin' Rubber*," you must make sure that Paul Newman is not due at Cannes. The press office will have this kind of information. In restaurants, do not send back wine, even if it tastes like vinegar and looks like watery tea. Both your wine steward and guests will be offended. Just give the steward a look, so he'll know you're not another American who's been taken.

Don't panic if you are handed a huge bill at the Carlton Terrace. Simply ask to sign the bill and make up a phony room number. If the waiter asks to see your key, tell him in your impeccable French accent that you left it at the desk.

And do carry lots of small change. Several French coins are worth just fractions of a penny but sound impressive when dropped into plates or hats or onto tables. In Cannes, you are often asked to pay for what, back home, is free. Peeing costs, tanning on the Croisette costs, and listening to street musicians

you'd rather not listen to costs.

As if all the glamour, excitement and debauchery weren't enough, bluffers will be happy to learn that they have a rich uncle who will help them pay for the trip. Yes, old Uncle Sam. For years, he's been helping moguls pay for cars, private screening rooms, hair transplants, cap and nose jobs, video systems, custom clothes, mistresses' wardrobes . . . Now it's your turn.

Because your Marvin Jones Films company (MJF) must have the trappings of a real business, your business cards, stationery, MJF checking account, project and handbills that advertise your "film" are all important evidence for the IRS. The longer the period of business activity before and after the trip, the better your case looks. Keep a diary of everything you do in connection with MJF. Jot down names, meetings, contacts, etc. Keep every receipt, no matter how remotely it may relate to MJF. It's easier to throw away useless receipts than to make up bogus ones.

If you need a script as evidence—and not as something to actually peddle—you could plagiarize a script from the library and simply change the names on the title page to suit your needs. One factor that could really help your case would be for MJF to show even the tiniest profit. Have a friend make out a check ($200–$500) to MJF as payment for your "repping" him at Cannes, or as payment for his "optioning" your project.

You can write off the whole amount of your trip. But your actual savings in taxes (anywhere from $500 to $1500 or more) depends on the cleverness of your accountant.

All that is left now is to wish you *bonne chance*. Who knows? If you've mastered your bluffer skills and if you have a lotta nerve, imagination and a gift for hype and seduction, you may even leave Cannes with four million dollars to produce *Camp Amazon*. Stranger things have happened at Cannes, and it's the bluffers who have made them happen. ■

Corinne

looking for adventure

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS

"Paris is the perfect city for a girl like me," says 20-year-old Corinne. "There is so much energy and youth, yet such strong ties to the past, a sense of history, of timelessness. It really helps one have a better perspective on life." Even at such a young age, Corinne already seems to have a good perspective on life. Born and raised just 20 minutes outside of Paris, she used to spend every spare moment exploring the streets of the French capital. "I would take the Metro into the heart of the city; then I would wander all day along the boulevards and the backstreets. Now I know every part of the city. In fact, I'll bet I know Paris better than anyone."

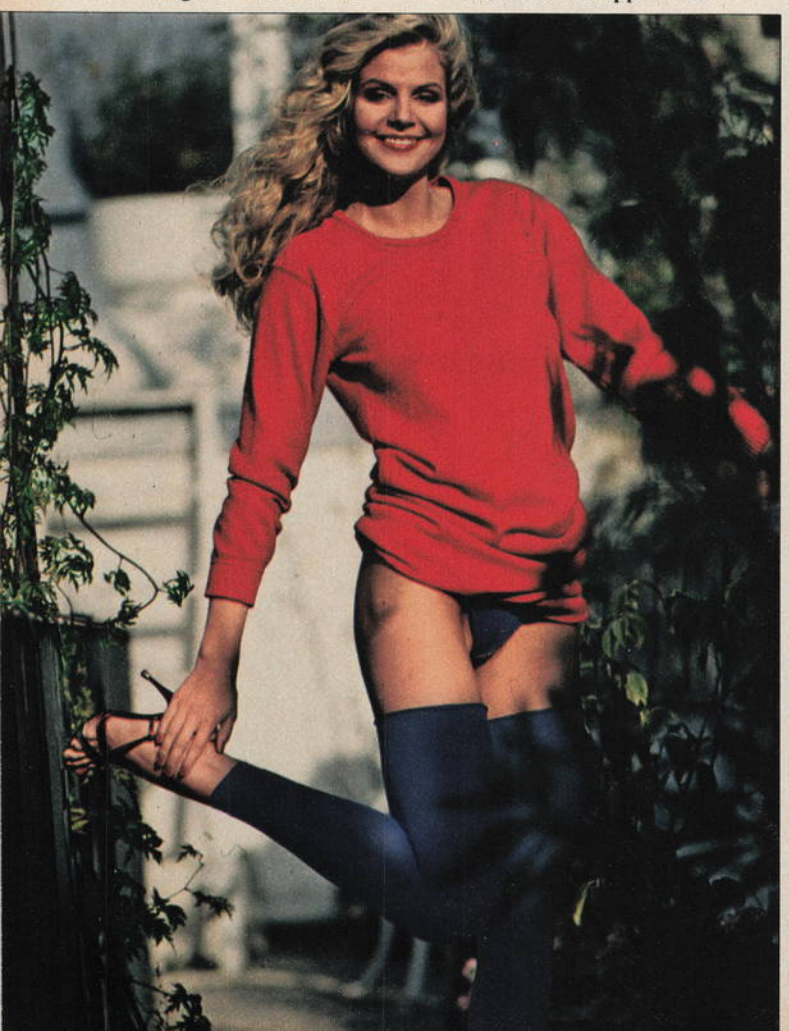
When asked which period of French history intrigues her the most, Corinne answers quickly. "Definitely the beginning of the Twentieth Century. What was going on in the streets of Paris was changing the world. The poets, the artists and the great thinkers seemed to converge on the same place at the same time. Also, it was very decadent. I love to imagine myself in the salons and cafés, spending late nights with the geniuses of the time."

Growing up in such a stimulating environment certainly seems to have matured Corinne at an early age. "Well, not really. Of course,

when I was younger, I thought I was very mature. But now that I'm older, I realize that I was still just a child. So, maturity is very relative, I have discovered. Right now I *feel* very mature, and I know I look very mature; yet I have little doubt that two years from now I'll look back at this and I'll seem so young. I do believe, however, that growing up in Paris has given me a kind of worldliness. I'm not bragging, but I think Paris *does* bless its children with a certain sophistication that others probably don't share."

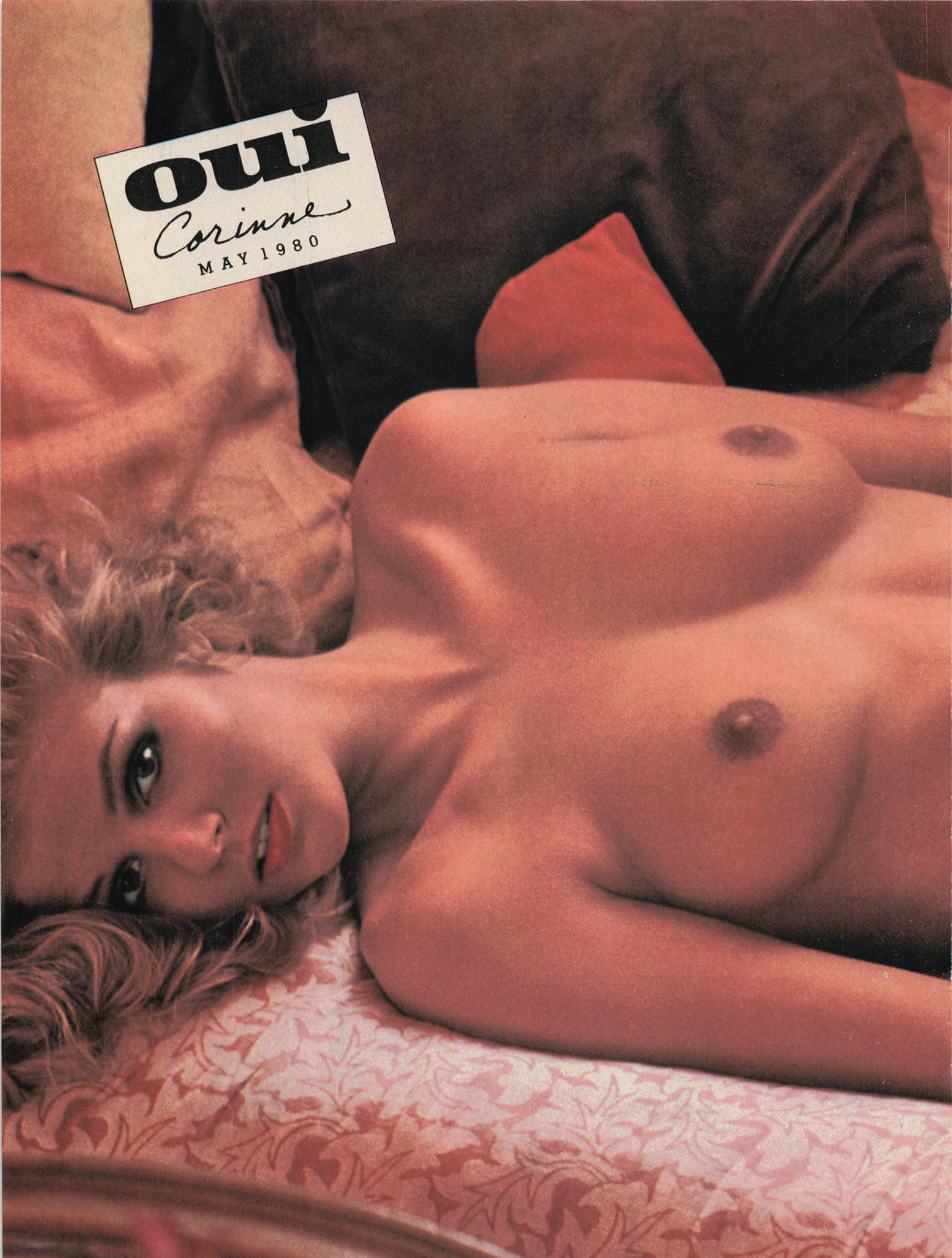
Thinking that Corinne might give us the benefit of this sophistication, we ask her what it is that she looks for in men. "That's very difficult to say," she muses. "I suppose at this point in my life, I haven't quite made up my mind about any particular type I like best. Besides, I think tying myself down to only one type rather limits my choices. There has been something different that has intrigued me in each of my lovers." Have there been many men in her life? "Well, I suppose this isn't the sort of thing a girl should go around admitting, but when I first discovered sex—I was fifteen at the time—I went a bit crazy. Don't get me wrong; I didn't sleep with just anyone—only with boys I liked. It just so happened that I liked a lot of boys. But I've really settled down since then. Now I only have one boyfriend at a time, and I'm usually very loyal to him. But with the right person at the right time, I can still be talked into something adventurous."

So what is the most adventurous thing that she has ever done? "Well," she says coyly, "I've had *several* adventures. But one that happened last



summer stands out the most. A girlfriend and I were taking a train down to Costa del Sol for a holiday. See, I do leave my beloved Paris occasionally. Anyway, we ended up sharing our compartment with two young men. One was English and the other American, and they were very attractive. Being away from home, I guess we were feeling rather daring. One of the fellows had a bottle of good wine, and the other had a little hashish. So it wasn't too long before we were pulling down the shades and unfolding the bunk beds. What was funny about the entire thing, though, was when the conductor came to collect our tickets. I must admit I was a little embarrassed when this man, who was old enough to be my grandfather, opened the cabin and saw us all naked. But he didn't even blink. He just stamped our tickets and left. I guess he must see that sort of thing every day.

"It's funny, but I assume that I've seen and done so much. Then something like that happens, and I realize I still have a little innocence left."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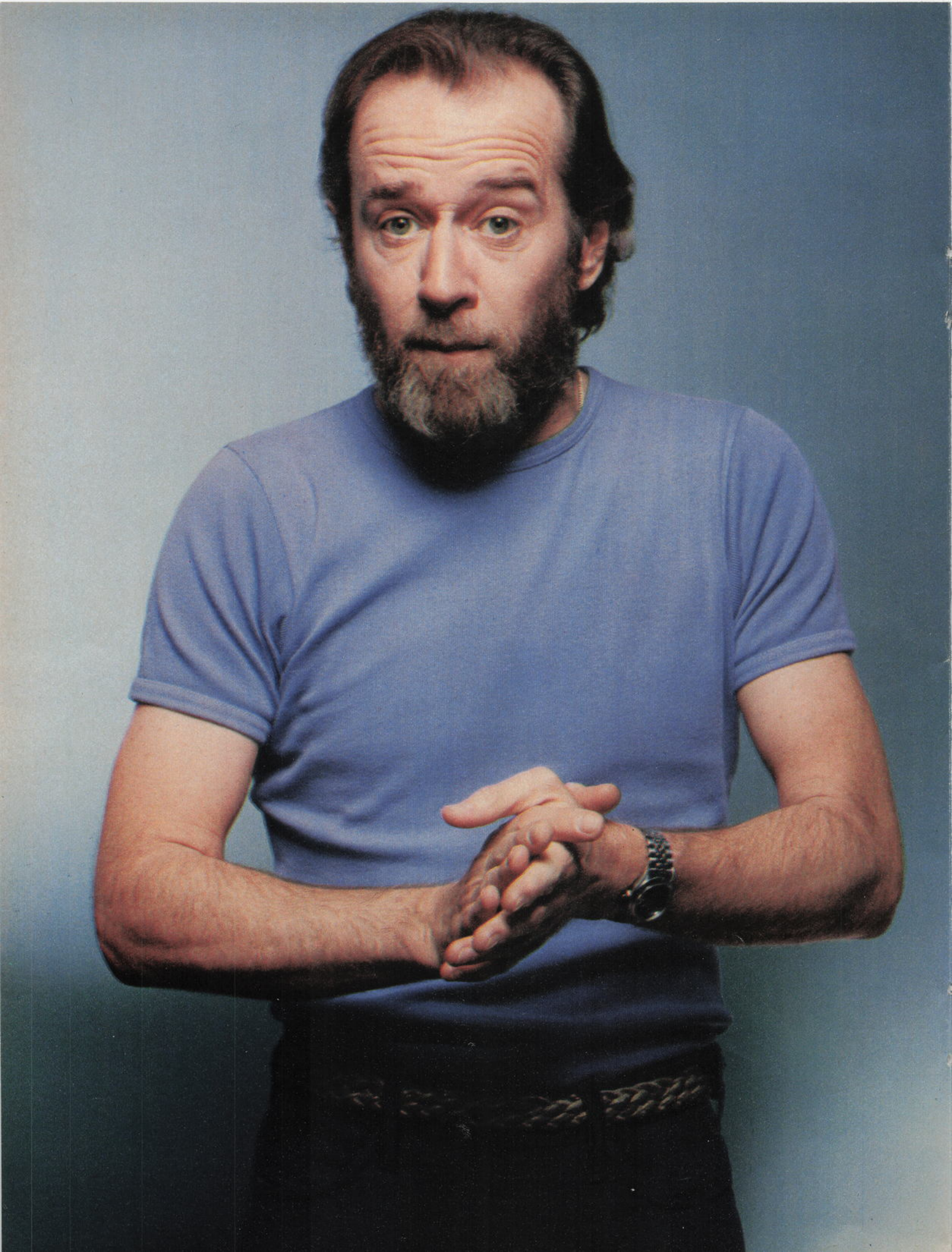


A CONVERSATION WITH

GEORGE CARLIN

An extraordinarily candid Carlin talks about recent additions to his dirty-word collection, teen sex, a near-tragic battle with cocaine, polar-bear lust and making his first movie

George Carlin is one of those guys you either love or hate. And it's usually for the same reason: He's a smartass. Of course, he's not just any smartass; he happens to be a very smart smartass. That part of his personality has held true, despite the changes he's gone through since his early days as the spaced-out jock on Radio-WINO in the mid-Sixties.

In 1970, after working his way up to a three-year contract in Las Vegas, Carlin abruptly changed his style. He grew long hair and a beard, traded in his three-piece suit for a T-shirt and emerged the darling of the counterculture—not to mention the over-the-counter culture. He smoked pot, snorted cocaine and swore a lot. A New York radio station aired his famous "Seven Words You Can Never Say on Television" bit, and the FCC took the station to court. The incident mushroomed into a landmark Supreme Court decision supporting the FCC's power of censorship. As the Seventies progressed, Carlin's humor became less angry and more ironic. He made seven comedy albums, of which four went gold. Only recently has he returned to Las Vegas, after seven years on the college circuit.

Some see his move from dirty words to easy talk on *The Tonight Show* as a sellout; others say it's just the mainstream catching up to his act. In either case, Carlin has developed into an absurdist, Talmudic-scholar comic with a distinctly Catholic perspective. His first film, *The Illustrated George Carlin*, is due out later this year. It's loosely based on several of his key monologues.

George and Brenda, his wife of 18 years, almost lost it a few years back, when both became, in her words, "paranoid cokeheads." In fact, one of the reasons that Carlin agreed to be interviewed by screenwriter David Brandes was his desire to be honest about that particular period of his life. Reports Brandes: "I've rarely met a man as famous as George Carlin who is so devastatingly candid about who he is and what he's done. Most people start out rebellious and become more conservative as their careers go along. George did the reverse. I was really curious about that transition."

OUI: Everyone knows your funny rap on dirty words. Have you added any new ones to your act?

CARLIN: I've got ten now, you know, on that little list I use at the end of the show: *shit*, *piss*, *fuck*, *cunt*, *cocksucker*, *motherfucker* and *tits* were the first seven; then *fart*, *turd* and *twat* were added. There are a lot I could add, a lot that would really qualify, but it satisfies me that I have the core of the ones that you can never, never say on TV. There are some I've overlooked; I do want to give some hope to the folks out there who might be backing a word that isn't on the list right now. There will be another balloting this year, and perhaps one of your favorites will come onto the list: *scumbag*, *asshole*, *ballbag*, *pisshard*, *blue-balls*, *nookie*, *snatch*, *pussy*, *poontang*, *pecker*, *peckerhead*, *jism*, *ball-buster*, *cuntlapper*. There are a lot of words that could make it onto that list, and certainly some of them belong.

OUI: Which are your favorites?

CARLIN: I don't know that I'd want to work the word *favorite* into an answer like that. Some of them say more than others. *Shit*, for example, is an all-purpose word. It can be used in a lot of situations. It got me fired once, you know.

OUI: When was that?

CARLIN: In 1970, when I was going through a lot of changes. I had my beard then, and I was doing more things in my act that were somewhat irreverent and aimed at social conditions. I was the opening act at the Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas, and I only had twenty-two minutes. I had a very quick thing about the word *shit*—it was the only word like that in the show. I'd say, "Shit, I don't say shit—shit is a word I don't say. Redd Foxx will say shit; you'll hear him. And Buddy Hackett says shit, but I won't say that. I'll smoke a little of it, but I don't say that." I'd been doing that bit for over a week, and one night the place was packed with guys who had won awards as the best salesmen for companies like Lipton Tea and Chrysler. My worst kind of audience—worse than golfers, even—and when I did this thing about shit, a couple of them groaned and hissed, and somebody yelled, "That's not funny." And I just said to them, "What would you assholes know, anyway?" I got mad, finished the set, and I got a call between shows. Fired. I didn't come back for seven years. And then I came back on my own terms. I wasn't an opening act anymore, and I was able to use the language I wanted, because people's feelings had shifted a lot. There is nothing like success to these mentalities. It doesn't matter what you do—you could kill grandmothers—but as long as everyone thinks it's fine, they'll let you do it in Vegas.

OUI: Has your show changed a lot?

CARLIN: I'm really just a reflection of the things around me. I'm mellower now. I used to go out and scream and holler and talk about myself a lot. I'm able to bounce back now and be more of a comic about small, human things that don't have a lot of import. But they are the things that make us

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY HEERY

all the same. Those big things that I was hollering about are the things that make us all different.

OUI: Is it easy for you to create material? How do you think up a joke?

CARLIN: There is a certain formula to it. It's a skill that you sort of develop by doing it a lot. Seeing the incongruity in things has a lot to do with it. You take two things that are normal and not related to each other. They're not automatically going to make a joke when you put them together, but in a lot of cases they really sit together well. There is a line in the dirty-word routine where I say: "*Prick* is not dirty all the time, because *prick* has some clean meanings. On television you can say, for instance, 'You can prick your finger, but you better not finger your prick.' " That's a wonderful accident of language.

OUI: Do you actually sit down and write your material, or does most of it come out onstage ad-lib?

CARLIN: It's a combination. One of the things I do is keep extensive files on ideas that occur to me throughout the day. Some of the things I write down in that manner become whole routines. Others find their way into existing pieces of material. Let's say I have five or six separate thoughts floating around about dogs; so I decide to put them all together and say them onstage, one right after the other. Out of the five of them, two or three—because of the laughter on the line—will grow a hundred percent the very first night. Another line will come to me, and then suddenly, on the third or fourth night, I'll see how two thoughts—the beginning and the end—go together, but in reverse order. And by putting them together one night, *they* open up a whole new avenue for finishing the piece. That's really how "Dogs" began.

OUI: Do you remember the initial lines?

CARLIN: It was more an attitude. I first thought of trying to get your dog to look at a dog on television. We tried to do that one night with our own dog, and then I saw a piece coming out of it. So now I have a husband and wife trying to turn the dog's head around, and talking about the fact that when you point, dogs look at your hand. Or the look in their eye says, "What is he pushing my head like *this* for?" And the guy says [in character voice], "Well, first of all, you didn't look; you missed the dog. Cutest little thing. Damn chuckwagon goes right through the wall, and nobody knows how it happens. The cat's seen it three times. The damn dog hasn't seen it." The piece has about sixty lines in it now, but it started out as three or four.

In the Sixties Carlin rocketed to early fame as a Las Vegas stand-up comic

OUI: Speaking of starting out, how did you make that change from establishment stand-up to counterculture comedian?

CARLIN: Through the music of the Sixties. The Mamas and the Papas. Although the real start of the revolution, as far as I'm concerned, happened when the Dodgers left Brooklyn, because that's the first time people thought the unthinkable might happen. And *that's* what the rest of the revolution was about. That four guys with haircuts could change one-half the world's minds about things, that a Muhammad Ali could emerge. We could only have accepted and accommodated those changes after getting used to that crucial trauma: *The Dodgers left Brooklyn!*

OUI: Going back further—how did you get to be a comic in the first place?

CARLIN: I started in radio when I was eighteen, as a disc jockey, and I became a comic four years later.

OUI: Did you ever regret not having gone to college?

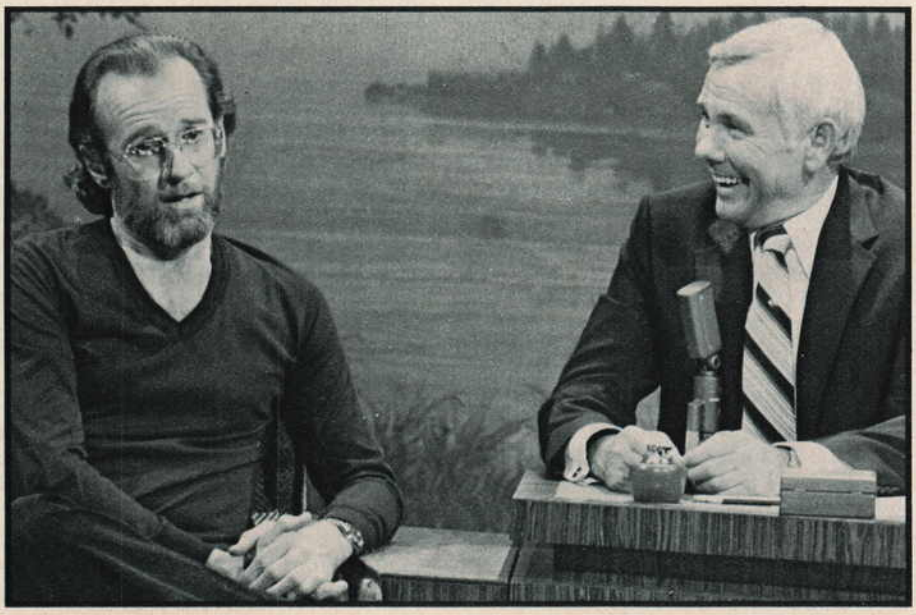
CARLIN: I never even got past the first year of high school. I didn't regret it from a career standpoint, but I'd really like to know more about certain subjects that really fascinate me, like anthropology, archaeology and astronomy. I've always had this ability to rap, and I was funny on the street corner. I could mimic voices, and my body was flexible—those things came to me without having to try. I didn't want to waste time in school, learning things that required a lot of work. It was very self-indulgent.

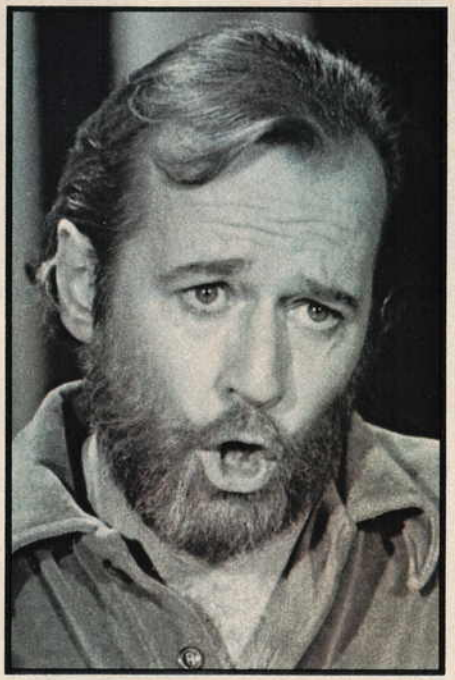
OUI: So you hung out on the street. This was in New York?

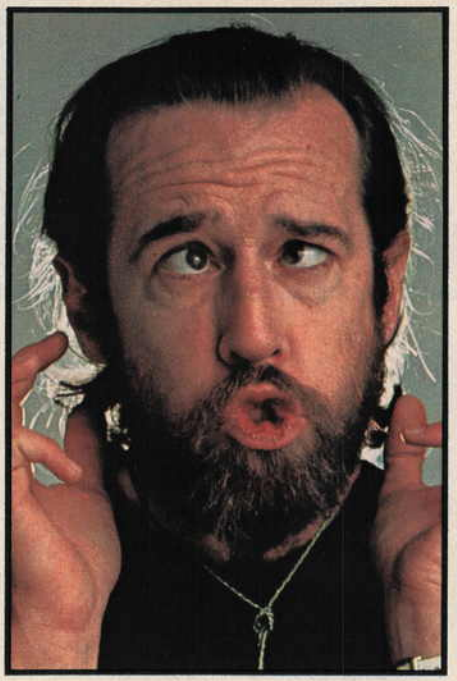
CARLIN: Yeah. We had a rowdy group, the ten or twelve guys I hung out with.

OUI: Were you a gang? Did you carry a blade or anything?

"I don't want my own talk show, but I like doing Carson's; it's a fantasy world"







In the Seventies he got fired for saying "shit" but not for smoking it

CARLIN: No, no. We did have a phrase: "Shit's on, shit's on with the villains; they're comin' up tomorrow night." We'd go and make zip guns, and guys would bring around chains and stuff, but it was mostly to look at. I didn't use any of that stuff; I was too afraid. If things got really hot, we called in other gangs. They had names like Dragons, Tomahawks and Tigers. We were the Gripers. That's how tough we were.

OUI: What did you do, complain or something?

CARLIN: Yeah. The lady who gave us the name ran the candy store and soda fountain on the corner; her name was Stella. John was her husband. And we used to pull all sorts of bad-news pranks on them—like we'd sneak in, turn the jukebox up real loud, put a quarter in, sneak out and let it go on. And we would call Moscow. They'd call back and ask John who was calling Moscow, ya know? And he would say [in Russian accent]: "No, not here. Nobody call Moscow." And we used to complain a lot to Stella—anything she sold us, we complained about. So she called us the Gripers.

OUI: Were you the funny guy of the group?

CARLIN: Yes. A lot of prestige was involved in how fast you had a comeback, how funny you could be at making an insult on the spur of the moment. A lot of times you'd get into a scrape of some sort, and the guys would say, "Hey, George, *you* talk to the cop." So I'd entertain him. Vocal art is a great Irish tradition, handed down over the ages and all. I probably inherited it from my father—he was a salesman. He sold newspaper space to national advertisers in the *New York Post* and the *New York Sun*. My mother told me lots of stories about him, but I never knew him. My grandmother was also fascinated by the power of words. Having that tradition sure helped out on the street corner, where you have to be on your toes to stay alive.

OUI: What was sex like for the Gripers?

CARLIN: Well, we had our debs—that's what gangs called their girls—but there weren't as many of them as there were guys. So, I think an awful lot of guys were involved in autoeroticism—jacking off in cars. With the girls, what you did was try to get feels and stuff. I remember the very first sex experience I had, outside of playing doctor and nurse as a kid. By the way, I was a little retarded. When I played doctor, I usually found something wrong, like an aneurysm, and I'd say, "You've got an aneurysm; we've got to get you to St. Luke's!"

OUI: You *were* weird.

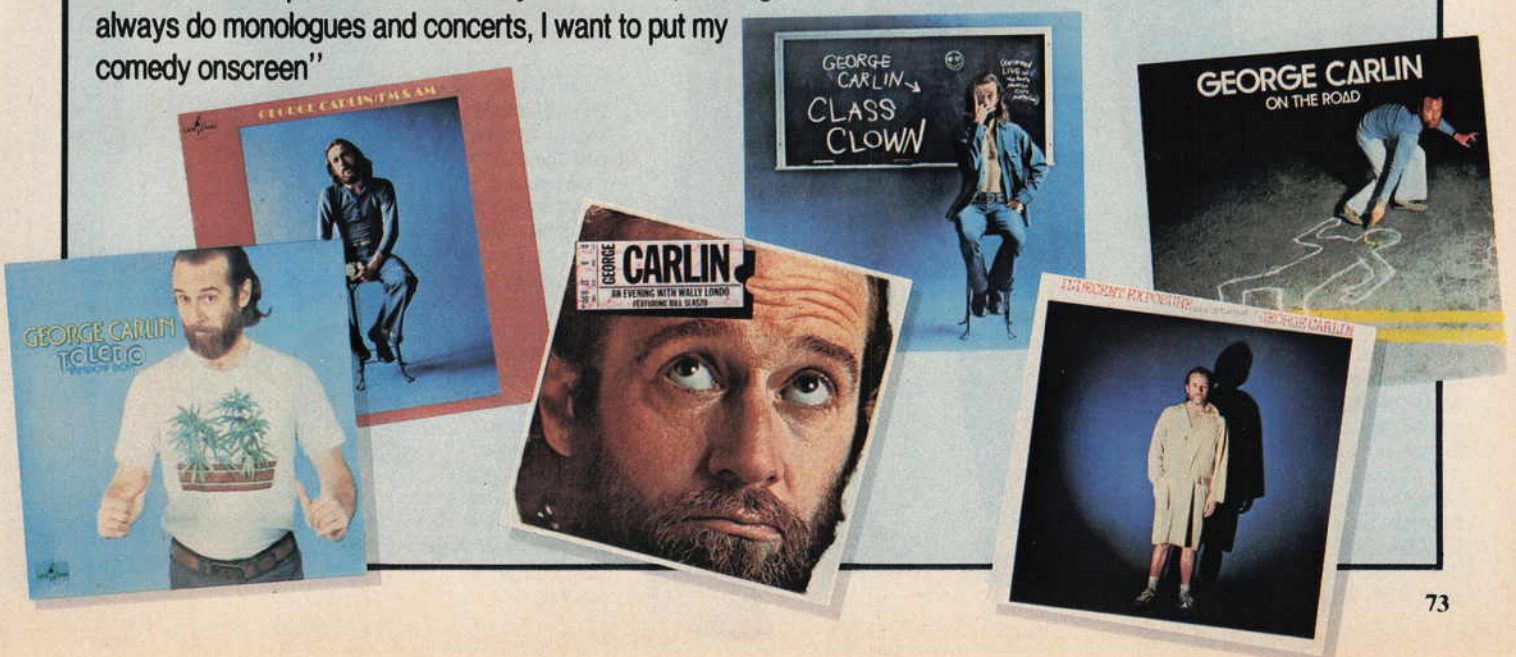
CARLIN: Then, when I was in the seventh or eighth grade, I started hanging out with some rowdy guys—my mother called them "garms"—and one day, about eight of us ganged up on a girl. I won't say her name, because she might read the magazine, you know, and then her friends would say, "Was that you?" But we grabbed her in the hall, and everybody put their hands inside her blouse. That's all we did. She didn't struggle that hard, and she hung around with us a lot after that. It was just something we did.

OUI: Did anybody ever get laid?

CARLIN: If they did, they sure weren't talking about it a lot. Some of the older guys had stories to tell, but you always wondered if they were telling the truth. There were girls who were known for different things they would do to you. Each girl had a dif-

(Continued on page 110)

Carlin's "album phase" is essentially over: "Now, although I'll always do monologues and concerts, I want to put my comedy onscreen"



CLASS OF '8

1

Watch that old black-tie magic put her under your spell, when you appear in this Tropical wool, double-breasted tux with satin lapels and besom pockets. It's worn with a traditional all-cotton, wing-collar dinner shirt and a satin bow tie that she'll love to straighten. All by Stephen St. Clair for After Six Formals. Suit, $250; shirt, $30; tie, $5.

2

When the invitation reads JACKET REQUIRED, merely skip the formalities and combine your dinner jacket with a wool-blend, sleeveless V-neck from Jantzen, $20; a cotton, button-down shirt by Bert Pulitzer, $35; a tweedy tie by Resilio, $13.50; and wool-worsted, pleated trousers from Barry I. Bricken, $85. And don't forget to R.S.V.P.

ONCE YOU OWN A TUXEDO, THERE'S NO END TO THE WAYS YOU CAN WEAR IT

3

Ain't no flat-land soiree? Laid-back elegance is a snap, when you mix your dinner jacket with a favorite pair of jeans and cowboy boots. This time we've added a pleated cotton dinner shirt, with point collar and French cuffs by After Six Formals, $20. And to make them see spots, a silk, polka-dot bow tie from Vicky Davis, $8.50.

4

Planning a poolside cocktail party, or an intimate *aperitif a deux*? Match the formal trousers with a cotton-and-rayon, cable-knit-and-crochet cardigan sweater by Lord Jeff, $37.50. The multi-colored, table-cloth-check shirt is from Equipment by Henry Grethel, $32. The patent-leather pumps are by Jeffrey Banks for Light-house Footwear, $85.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS CALLIS

The Gentleman's Guide to BAR-FIGHT ETIQUETTE

Someday, somewhere, somebody will want to punch your lights out. Here's what to do before it's too late.

You duck! And the mirror behind you explodes, as the fat, iron beer mug thrown at your head strikes it with a crash. Felonious Monk, president of Satan's Dagos motorcycle club, faces you from across the table at the Club Vietnam. A cruel smile plays across your face as you gaze at his 340-pound bulk. He's just insulted your date, the divine Ms. Juana Leigh Moore—she of the tawny skin, perfect water-balloon breasts and deluxe little butt. He's made light of her brand-new, multimillion-dollar movie contract with Universal Studios. "Monk," you say, "you look like three scoops of cafeteria mashed potatoes in those dipshit leathers of yours, and right now I'm gonna have to pop your head like a great big zit." You stride forward. Whiz, crash, bang, ooof, aaargh . . . Your little golf-ball fists lace into Monk and rip him mucho asunder,

Article by Mark Christensen

ILLUSTRATION BY LESLIE CABARGA

Cabarga

right there in front of God and everybody.

Unhand your crank, Kemo Sabe, and come back from dreamland.

You duck! And the mirror behind you explodes, as the fat, iron beer mug thrown at your head strikes it with a crash. Felonious Monk, president of Satan's Dagos motorcycle club, faces you from across the table at the Club Vietnam. A look of absolutely petrified horror plays across your face as you gaze at his 340-pound bulk. He's insulted your date—your boss's scuzzy little sister, Fistula—and the stupid little geek has just told him to go fuck his mom in the mouth, or her date will kick his nuggies into the next county.

What to do? Oh, God. Oh, God in heaven, what to do now?

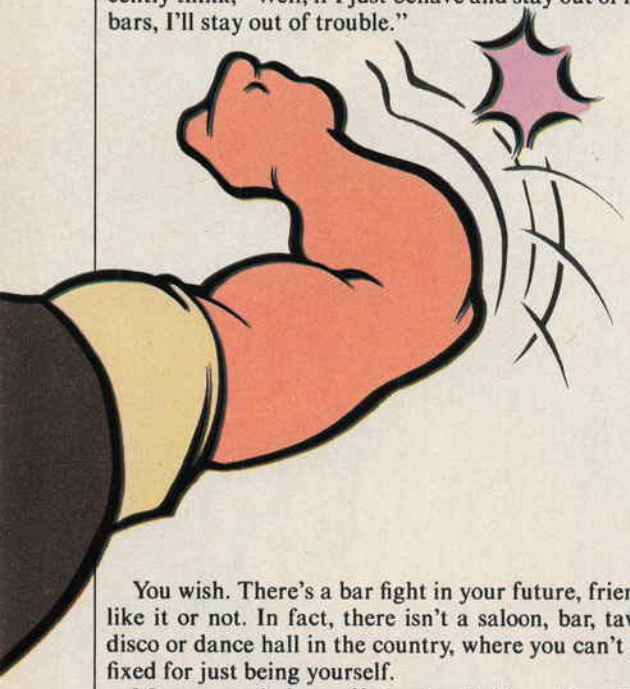
All right, all right. Calm down. Sooner or later it happens to all of us. You're in a bar, tavern or disco, and some clown wants to get heavy. We live in that kind of cowboy universe. You get these muscle-bound feebs who are all whacked out on booze and reruns of *Starsky and Hutch*, and they can't get laid, and nobody wants to dance with them and . . . next thing you know, you're just standing there minding your own business, and somebody's suddenly leaning all over you.

Nobody wants their face spread like butter across the wall of some cheesy dive-and-dance, right? Well, not to worry. You've come to the right guy. Before my sentence was commuted and I was packed off to Famous Writer's School, I used to get weird in bars all the time. I've learned the hard way that, with the possible exceptions of jazz and living high on credit, bar fighting is *the* indigenous American art. What's more, a healthy knowledge of bar fighting is essential to both surviving and enjoying life in these here United States. Therefore, *The Gentleman's Guide to Bar-Fight Etiquette* is proudly presented for your protection and to save you from future embarrassment.

THE BASICS

OK, let's assume you're a normal guy—for starters, anyway. When you go into a strange place, you're not primed to run a number on anybody. Then again, you don't want your lady raped in the parking lot by long-haired 'necks, coked-out spades or lesbian bikers, zonked to the nines on MD 20/20. Whatever.

You're aware that it's not a pastel world out there, but you innocently think, "Well, if I just behave and stay out of redneck-cowboy bars, I'll stay out of trouble."



You wish. There's a bar fight in your future, friend, whether you like it or not. In fact, there isn't a saloon, bar, tavern, nightclub, disco or dance hall in the country, where you can't get your wagon fixed for just being yourself.

Money won't buy off the inevitable, either. It won't matter whether you're bankrolling Near Beer at a buck-fifty a pitcher or Grand Marnier at $5 a snort. Bar fighting knows no class. History abounds with great upper-crust bar fighters: Woodrow Wilson, Percy Bysshe Shelley and Nick Charles (*The Thin Man*), were all secret terrors with their fists. Bar fighters are everywhere; there's no safety in location. Step into the tidy upstairs room at the Rainbow Bar & Grill in West Hollywood for an evening snifter—19 fingers of Stoly and a shot of grapefruit juice—and look out! There at your elbow . . . Elvis Costello. With your luck, he's still gassed about Bonnie Bramlett decking him with a roundhouse right, and he's gonna be for putting your Yank beezer flush to your cheeks at the drop of a name.

Or go to New York and run into Mick Jagger, still pissed over the news that some groupie is gonna skin him for an extra hundred thou for child support. That feverish bantamweight might drop-kick you right through the window of One Fifth Avenue, if your commiseration is just one-half inch off the button.

Or stop by the Hotel Jerome bar in Aspen and . . . enough. You get the picture, I'm sure. You might be just another nice guy who wants to go out in the evening, have a few drinks, meet the local winner of the Charlene Tilton look-alike contest and get her to toot your root in the parking lot. That's all. But the barroom dangers are many and manifest. You no sooner get your hooks into some young lovely, than her ex-boyfriend, ex-husband or some pain-in-the-ass competitor steps up and wants to treat you to a little of the old ultra-violence just for talking to her.

Maybe you don't even get that far. You've just walked into the john to take a peaceful leak, and some nearsighted clone of "Too Tall" Jones accuses you of peeing all over his shoes. Or some boozed-out bruiser in a three-piece . . .

Again, enough. The horror of it all. But there is hope. Keep reading.

As a rule, a lot of unnecessary, non-tournament bar fighting can be avoided simply by steering clear of:

- Establishments whose parking lots are filled with elderly, elongated or "chopped" products of a certain British motorcycle manufacturer.
- Establishments whose bartenders have the words *love* and *hate* tattooed across their knuckles.
- Establishments whose long-haired patrons are inclined to call you brother and want to play eight ball for five bucks.
- Establishments in the Western United States frequented by both cowboys *and* Indians.
- Establishments in the Eastern United States where English is, at best, a second language.
- Establishments whose walls are papered with pinups cut out of this and similar magazines, and whose *real* female patrons are outnumbered by the *real* male patrons by more than ten to one.
- Establishments whose jukeboxes are filled with melodies created by Black Sabbath, Deep Purple or Grand Funk Railroad.
- Establishments whose bars are emblazoned with the sign: WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO KILL ANYONE.

Do's and don'ts aside, it's impossible—even by hanging out in really wimpy-type bars—to avoid confrontation forever. Eventually somebody, somewhere, somehow, is going to jump all over your shit. Our motto, or mantra, or whatever, is "Be Prepared." Confidence is the key. You're in control. You don't take any barroom guff from the peanut gallery. Anybody who isn't exactly like you deserves the back of your hand. They aren't—none of them—fit to lick the nose gorp off your Kleenex. If you get the idea that somebody is looking at you from clear across the dance floor, walk over and tell him to cut it the fuck out or you're gonna call the cops. Remember, a good offense is always the best defense.

GETTING IN CONDITION

Thinking tough isn't enough. Like it or not, you've got to get in shape, in order to be really prepared. As in all sports, training pays off. A gentleman bar-fight aficionado and/or survivor always works out a little beforehand. Meaning he goes to a museum or church or library and boxes the ears off a weak person. Unpleasant? Yes. Necessary? Yes. Unless you prefer to spend the rest of your nights in craven fear, you *have* to get the kinks out. So loosen up. Go to your nearest city park and pick on some people who are a whole lot smaller than you. But take it easy. Don't make anybody cry, and be sure to buy the guy a drink afterward and explain—or when you

die, God will have to send you to the hot place.

Be extra careful, also. While the chances of some poor shrimp knowing karate and ripping your mug off are next to nil, other targets are much more dangerous. Winos, transvestites and diesel dykes are often capable of summoning surprising amounts of hostile energy on a moment's notice.

A word now about grooming. Generally speaking, less is more. Your clothing should not encumber. Sturdy fabrics are best. A leather jacket, jeans, a pair of shitkicking logger boots and about a half-dozen of those big, thick, high school graduation rings on your fingers provide a simple, elegant ensemble that's understated but effective.

And listen, handsome, unless the invitation says so, never wear a tie when the evening could involve Duke City; you don't want to sponsor your own lynching. Some guy could get ahold of the end of it, yank, and your head would swell up like a big red balloon. And that's curtains, pronto.

As for hair . . . wear it short. Yes, yes, I know. What kind of *real* man wears his hair short these days? You don't want to look like some kind of New Wave fruitcake or something. But when it comes down to the nitty-gritty, the short coif pays off; otherwise, your esteemed opponent gets two free handles on either side of your head. He grabs you by the locks and, quick as a whistle, your schnoz meets his knee. Finally, if you've just recently been stomped on, it would be better if you simply drank at home for a while. In bar fighting, as in life, image counts for a lot. A face covered with healing scar tissue doesn't cut it among the fistfighting public.

OPENING MOVES

OK, you're dressed aggressively, you're thinking aggressively, and you've manhandled a couple of little folk in the park this afternoon, just for drill. Now you're on the way to that toney place you've been avoiding ever since you moved into the neighborhood. Ain't no stopping you now, brother. But you still don't feel quite right. In fact, you feel downright . . . Don't say it! Never admit it, even to yourself. No, instead, if you must, take some reds or get really drunk; it'll settle your nerves. Then rent a limo, because there's no way you'll be able to walk or drive in a half-hour, and it's dynamite for the old image.

You want to look sharp when you make your barroom/disco/tavern/roadhouse entrée. Lean and mean. If you're still queasy, travel in packs. Or develop tight, near-homosexual friendships with refrigerator-sized ex-cons. Learn how to authoritatively order up "free drinks for every asshole in this dump!" Likewise, if you still need that extra inner edge, eat a whole shitload of belladonna. Talk about floating like a butterfly!

As much as I hate to say it, we're gonna have to get you into a barroom bust-'em-up, just to break your bar-fight cherry. Which means we can't wait for some lame-o to aggravate you enough to cause deadly mayhem on his face and head. There's no choice: *You* have to start a fight.

Anyway, by now you've probably spotted a real son of a bitch who needs cutting down to size; so what's holding you up? You're a little shy? You're thinking that he's maybe not such a bad guy after all, just a minor asshole? If you dare to think that way, *you're* the asshole, bub.

Use your imagination. What the hell? You're probably stoned enough to imagine *anything*. Like he's the guy who sold you a car that launched a rod through the valve assembly three days later. Or you caught him with your girlfriend at a drive-in movie—she with her lipstick all smeary and one leg of her panty hose ripped. Hell, the list of fist-worthy grievances is almost endless.

But what to say? What if he says no?

Allow me to suggest three attractive openers: "Mind if I fuck your date?" "Tongue my shitter." "Gee, *really* love your hair." That last one does it just about every time.

If all else fails, just walk up to the guy, stick your index finger in your mouth and then stick it in his ear. That's called a Wet Willy, and it should provoke an aggressive response from the intended. Remember a very important point: Never strike the first blow. Our

motto number two is: "The fin is in the fighting, but the cash is in the courts." You want to have your cake and eat it, too. Get duked; filet the s.o.b.; then sue him crazy for assault.

At any rate, now you're ready for five great opening blows.

After you've taken your first obligatory lump, it's time for your riposte. Though the bar fighters' gambits are many and myriad, for our limited purposes, we've narrowed them down to five:

Le Jab. Strictly for purists. A strike meant to wound, not to kill.

Haymaker to the Snotlocker. Many in the biz consider this the Pearl Harbor of opening blows. Not especially sporting, but effective.

Head Butt to the Solar Plexus. This is one of those all-or-nothing moves favored largely by samurai and stumpos under 5'6"

Toes to the Kisser. This is a classic, but you gotta be either nuts or Rudolf Nureyev to pull it off. Very dangerous if you miss.

Rabbit Punch to the Kidneys. Since the implications of this one are obvious, you have to be a real dirtbag to attempt it. Nevertheless, if it's delivered smoothly, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that your opponent will remember you every time he takes a leak for the next three months.

WAYS AND MEANS

Now we're down to the real nitty-gritty, and to be on the safe side, I've got a piece of advice for most young bar fighters: Learn to fight like a girl. Sure, sure . . . I know that isn't something you'd hear from Clint Eastwood or Sergeant Rock in a thousand years, but believe me, for you it's best. Learn to kick, scratch, choke and bite.

The thing is (and I hate to be the one to have to tell you this), 99 percent of all bar fights are nothing at all like you see on TV or in the movies. There are very few roundhouse rights; hardly anybody ever gets a chair broken over his head; and the good guys almost never win. Bar fights are generally brief, slashing, disorganized melees, sparked by scared, violent, aggressively stupid people who understand only two things: pain and incapacitating punishment—and often, only the latter. That's why you want to be red-hot in the kick, bite and scratch departments. Attach your grinders to some cat's nose, and he'll call you sir until hell freezes. Know how to stick your thumbnails right in a fellow's eyes, and even King Kong will kiss your ass and give it a hickey.

And if that don't do it, there's always . . .

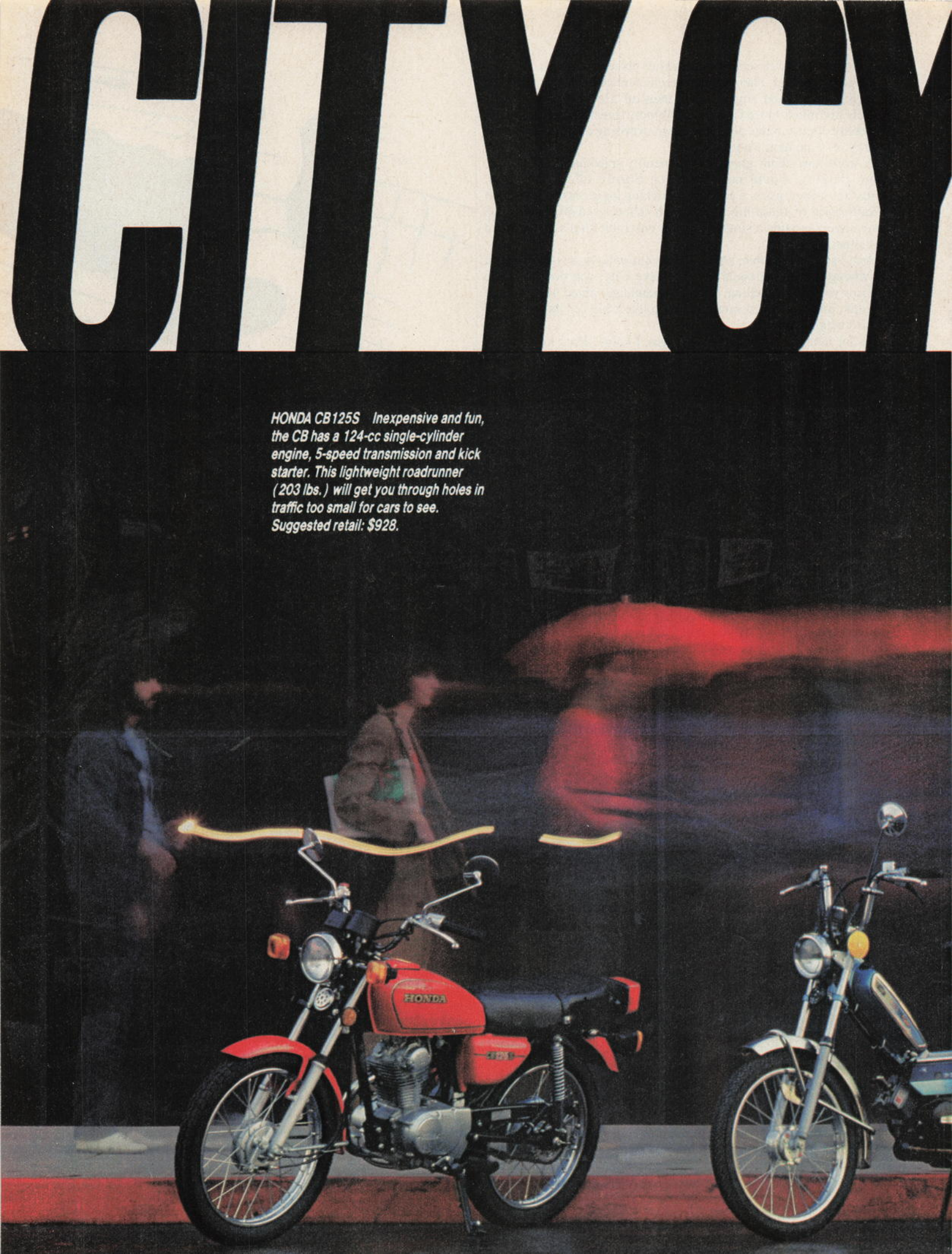
Filet of pool cue, beer-pitcher sandwich, eight ball between the front pockets . . . the world of bar-fight weaponry is a heady and fascinating one. Such sports aids can be invaluable confidence builders, especially for the faint of bar-fight heart.

First, a word about pool balls. As instruments of defense, these spherical little numbers have long been underrated. These weighty little babies could intimidate the bloody bejesus out of the ghost of Sonny Liston if handled right. Tipping the scales at about a pound and a half, the billiard orb can serve as a regular rock baseball,

(Continued on page 118)

CITY CY

HONDA CB125S Inexpensive and fun, the CB has a 124-cc single-cylinder engine, 5-speed transmission and kick starter. This lightweight roadrunner (203 lbs.) will get you through holes in traffic too small for cars to see. Suggested retail: $928.



CLES

WELL-BRED BIKES THAT KNOW THEIR WAY AROUND TOWN

By David Barry

PEUGEOT 103 SPORT Made by the world's largest producer of mopeds, the 103 has a 49-cc engine that gets 130 mpg with a top speed of 30 mph. It's as easy to ride as a bicycle and almost as quiet. Suggested retail: $670.

YAMAHOPPER A 95-lb. cycle with a 49-cc engine, automatic clutch and shaft drive. Not a moped because it doesn't have pedals, the Yamahopper is a 100-mpg machine designed for short hauls around campus or across town. Suggested retail: $429.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

Shrewd city folks are discovering that two wheels can often be better than four—and a lot cheaper. Mopeds, scooters and small motorcycles not only get 60 to 100 mpg, they can also zip through long lanes of bogged-down, four-wheeled traffic. Most economical of the new city cycles are the mopeds. By definition, mopeds are limited to a top speed of 30 mph, and in many states motor-vehicle registration is not required. Built like women's bicycles, with step-through frames, they rely on pedal power to start the tiny 50-cc motor and to lend extra pull when climbing steep hills. Peugeot, the world's largest moped manufacturer, claims that accident statistics show mopeds are safer than automobiles and six times safer than motorcycles. Mini-cycles, such as the Yamahopper and the Honda Express, have shorter frames and smaller wheels; but, like mopeds, they have automatic clutches, which means no shifting. One big plus of these little fellows is their simplicity. The engines require very little maintenance, and anyone agile enough to ride a bicycle can operate a moped or mini-cycle. In addition, these two-wheeled buzzers get 100 mpg or better, and they're light enough to pick up and carry. That means you can easily wheel one into an elevator for safekeeping in your office or apartment.

Next up the ladder is the Vespa motor scooter, a blast from the past which, like so many other golden oldies from the Fifties and Sixties, is coming back again. Made only in Italy, the scooters look and handle differently than any other two-wheeled vehicle. The small wheels and unique suspension geometry don't provide the stability of mopeds and motorcycles, but the front shield helps to keep your trousers and shoes dry in wet weather. They also have the appeal of motorized cocker spaniels: They may not look mean, but they sure are cute. The P200E has a kick starter, a 4-speed foot shift and a 198-cc engine, which means it's freeway

KAWASAKI 250 Ltd. Has the macho look of big bikes, but only weighs 275 lbs. With a 246-cc single-cylinder engine, 5-speed transmission and electric starter, this cycle is a super-practical city bike that's also freeway legal. Suggested retail: $1249.

legal (most states require that any two-wheeler have at least a 175-cc engine for freeway or turnpike operation).

The Honda CB125S and the Kawasaki 250 Ltd. are genuine motorcycles. Although they are almost ignored in a market that concentrates all the advertising glamour on heavyweights and superbikes, these lightweights have a great deal to offer. The Honda has a slightly bigger brother, a CB200, which is freeway legal, and Yamaha makes a 250 called the Exciter, tailor-made for city riding. These cycles have surprising power for their size, and they're agile enough to slip through tight spots in traffic. Another plus: They have much lower operating costs than their larger competitors. Some experienced riders prefer lightweights to bigger bikes because of the ease with which they can be flung about. At less than one-fifth the cost of a new economy car, lightweight cycles are easily five times as cheap to operate. With five gears to play with and plenty of horsepower for their weight, the Honda 125 and the Kawasaki 250 can deliver plenty of city-driving thrills without mugging your bank account.

The Yamaha XS400, like the Suzuki 450, the Honda 400 and the Kawasaki 440, is a welterweight with the same macho styling as its bigger, huskier brothers and enough power to light up the rear tire. If you're interested in zip and a reasonable price tag, a 400 will do nicely. Don't be fooled by the small displacement; the XS400 will beat out most sporty V8s in the quarter-mile. Any of these welterweights is equally happy, either punching holes through city traffic or burning up country roads. They also easily accommodate a rider in back, which the smaller machines aren't designed for.

There are two things you should know before buying a city cycle. First thing: Smart riders always wear helmets, even for running to the deli. The other thing? Always put your foot down when you stop. ■

VESPA P200E An updated remake of the classic Sixties scooter, with a 198-cc engine, 4-speed transmission, kick starter and a top speed of 62 mph. Suggested retail: $1399. Vespa also makes a 125-cc scooter that's less expensive, but not freeway legal.

YAMAHA XS400 This welterweight (373 lbs.) has a 391-cc twin-cylinder engine, 6-speed transmission and electric starter. It's got enough power to beat most cars off the line and carry a passenger on long-distance cruises. Suggested retail: $1749.

Cheap Trips

Traveling doesn't have to cost a fortune. In fact, if you're smart, it doesn't have to cost anything.

By Chris Barnett

Every night, a young man whose identity must remain secret picks up a package from Sonic Air Courier, boards a jetliner in Los Angeles and heads toward New York City. He leans back, orders a drink, has dinner and takes a snooze. The next morning, he lands at Kennedy Airport where he deplanes and goes forth to deliver his package. He then has two days of free time in Manhattan before flying home.

Every night, five to seven other young people, packages tucked firmly under their arms, fan out from Sonic's headquarters to London, Mexico City, Washington, D.C. Once in their destination cities, they make the drop, and then kick back and unwind before returning to Los Angeles.

By the time you read this, Sonic's squadron of couriers will be servicing other world capitals—Paris, Tokyo, Hong Kong—and they'll be flying free. Better yet, once their missions are accomplished, they'll be free to hit the town.

BE A TOUR CONDUCTOR

Courier outfits like Sonic give their plum jobs to loyal employees or to friends of friends. But there are drawbacks. Although the messengers get a free ride, they aren't salaried. Besides, the couriers have only a couple of days to rip and run at the other end, and they have to foot their own bills. So, if you want to spend two weeks in Tangier or 18 days in Rio, why not lead a tour? That way, your tab is picked up by the tour packager, and you get to fly in the same plane, stay in the same hotels and eat in the same restaurants as your tour group.

But remember—you earn it. As a tour conductor, you've got to be a 24-hour nanny to two or three dozen vacationers. And even though most of them will want to split and go their own way, you've still got to make sure they're all loaded on the bus by 9 A.M., seated for dinner by 6 P.M. and having the time of their lives every minute of the way. Plus, you should know the territory. If you're an Australia buff, check with Qantas and find out who packages their tours. Likewise, before you try to wangle a tour-conductor post for a 21-day "Adventure in Spain," you'd better know how to speak Spanish, and you should also bone up on the history and lore of Madrid. Chances are there'll be a local person to help you conduct the tour—but even then, you'd better be able to answer questions.

ORGANIZE YOUR OWN TOUR

On the other hand, why schlep three dozen strangers across a strange land, when you can take 15 of your own friends on a

two-week party and exploration? Most airlines that belong to the International Air Transport Association (I.A.T.A.) offer what's called a group-inclusive tour (G.I.T.), on which you get a free seat for every 15 seats that you sell. You organize a tour, and you go free.

Douglas A.J. Mockett of Manhattan Beach, California—a one-time bartender, adman, concert promoter and Grand Prix groupie, as well as the author of *How to Travel for Free* (Phoenix Press, $6.95)—suggests that you team up with your local travel agent and sell the tour jointly. If you love fine wines, zero in on the oenophiles around you and organize a tour of French châteaus. Do you scuba dive? Get 15 fellow divers and spend ten days in the turquoise waters of Micronesia; as tour leader, you go free and get a free hotel room and ground transportation.

And you don't even need to know a travel agent. Just distribute flyers throughout your dorm, host an "Evening in Mexico" (or wherever you plan to go), show a movie (the government tourist office or an airline will most likely lend you one) and sell like hell.

You'll *have* to. I.A.T.A. regulations require that the first 15 travelers pay full-coach fare before you get the freebie. Some smart guy will undoubtedly point out that he can get discount or standby fares to the same destination—so you'll have to convince your friends that they'll have much more fun traveling together as a group, with a charming, brilliant bon vivant like yourself as their personal guide.

Some U. S. airlines even have do-it-yourself tour deals set up, and they're just waiting to hear from entrepreneurial freeloaders. United Airlines, for example, has a small-tour scheme that can save your group $100 off the regular-coach round-trip fare to Hawaii. You get 15 people who will either shell out their cash or lay down their plastic, and you've got a free seat on the plane and a room in the hotel. There are a couple of minor hitches, though—like the $50-per-person charge for ground accommodations (hotel, transfers), plus the fact that you have to stay for at least seven days. But who wants to go to Hawaii for less than a week, anyway? What's more, 50 bucks for a week's worth of lodging is still a bargain.

The secret to free travel is to shop around for the deals and then bargain hard. Travel experts say that some non-I.A.T.A. airlines flying with empty seats might give you a free ride for every *ten* full-fare passengers you deliver.

It helps if you're a member of some organization—like a Porsche-owners' club, your company's tennis team, a food-and-wine society, a big ski club. If you are, volunteer to be the travel chairman of your group. Now you've got the clout. Hotels, resorts, airlines and tour operators will want to book your group's convention or retreat. And you, of course, as travel chairman, will have to inspect personally the destination site before you decide to take along 100 or 1000 of your group's members. Is Las Hadas, the majestic Moorish resort in Manzanillo, ideal for a week-long brainstorming session? Sure, Bo Derek had fun romping on its talcum-powdered beach, but it could be a zero for your group. Someone will just have to let you scout the place out before you can recommend it to your executive committee.

It might be a pain in the ass spending your weekends checking out resorts in the Virgin Islands, but as travel chairman, you'll make those sacrifices to ensure that your colleagues have a helluva trip.

GET ON A GAMBLING JUNKET

This is going to take some sweet talking, but it can be done. Most of the big Las Vegas hotels fly in junketeers from Eastern cities and even from foreign countries. These people are high rollers, flush with cash, who are "comped" RFB (room, food and beverage) because the hotel hopes they'll drop lots of money at the gaming tables. How do you get on a junket? Check with the hotel's junket coordinator (sometimes called a casino promoter), and find out the names of the junket operators they use. Many of these coordinators are tight-lipped, but you can usually coax a name out of them. Let the operator know that you want to do some gaming and that you've got cash to spend (put $5000 in your checking account, and let the operator verify it). Pretend you just can't wait to wrap your hands around those dice.

After you arrive in Las Vegas, cash a check for a grand (your credit will have been checked); then cash another thousand, and then another. Just don't spend it at the tables. Go home after a weekend in Las Vegas (or Atlantic City or the Bahamas) and redeposit the cash. A one-time rip-off? Not really. Several junketeers claim they've been scamming their way to Glitter City for years. You've got to be smooth, though.

THE "COMPED" CRUISE

Anxious to board a slow boat to nowhere? Ever since *The Love Boat* hit the tube, people have been flocking to the high seas. Cruise lines are sold out—and not just with blue-hairs lashed to the deck chairs. Younger couples and singles are also galloping up the gangplank. Entire families are

Fly

free of charge by organizing a group-inclusive tour of 15 friends

Sail

away with all expenses paid by working as a lecturer on a cruise ship

Drive

across country for free in a car that needs to be delivered to your destination

cruising, too. And they all want to be entertained.

Lee Edwards found that his sleight-of-hand skills were prized by Princess Cruises, who gave him a stateroom, a cabin for his assistants and accommodations for his rabbits—all in exchange for two shows a night. Sitmar Cruises has children's counselors, whose sole job is to keep the little monsters occupied while Mommy and Daddy play shuffleboard or slip away for a quickie after the buffet brunch. And naturally, once the kids are tucked in, the counselors are free to party hearty. (Don't bother to call Sitmar, though; their entertainment is booked by Bramson Entertainment Bureau, New York).

If you want to cruise gratis, just use your imagination. Find out who is promoting or packaging seminar cruises, and wangle yourself a free ride as a lecturer. Are you a disco superstar? Check with a cruise line and see if they need an instructor on one of their summer voyages. But you'd better know how to fox-trot, mambo, samba and otherwise shake it—because the longer the cruise, the older the passengers and the more diverse your dance repertoire will have to be. (And while you didn't read it here, don't think there isn't a lot of shipboard sex as a side benefit to the job.)

SELL IT ON THE SIDE

Wealthy women have used this gambit for years to get away from their husbands and meet their lovers. They simply act as "outside salespeople" for a travel agency, taking their commissions in trips rather than in cash. No reason you can't do the same. This differs from organizing a group tour. Here, you approach an agency with this type of offer: "I'll either arrange travel bookings for you or funnel them to you, and I'll take one of the 'fam' [familiarization] trips that you get as my compensation." Believe me, if you've got juice with your company—or if you have a clutch of friends who travel regularly and go first cabin—your travel agent will leap at this offer. You may have to become licensed, but you can usually serve as more of a "finder" while the travel agent books the transportation and plans the itinerary.

CREW THE MIGHTY OCEANS

No, we're *not* suggesting that you enlist for four years just to get a free trip to Yokohama. It's far more pleasurable to do a one-month stint as a deckhand on a $300,000 luxury yacht than to serve as an indentured bilge rat on some navy tender. And there are plenty of yacht owners looking for strong men and women who love the sea enough to share the helm, help out with the cooking

MONEY

The secret to free travel is to shop around for the best deals and then bargain hard.

chores and polish the brass in exchange for passage, food and, possibly, a minimal salary.

These jobs are usually posted on marina bulletin boards or in the classified-ad sections of throwaways in seaside towns. If you're landlocked in Fargo or Wichita, check the advertisements in *Yachting*, *Sail*, *Cruising World* or *Sea*. Doug Mockett swears that every issue of these magazines is packed with ads for "Crews Available" or "Positions." Some yacht owners want couples, so if you and your lady yearn for some free adventure, follow up on these ads.

But make sure they're really free. Mockett says you should beware of any crew advertisement that even hints at "shared expenses." Can you imagine how badly you could be soaked trying to keep a yacht financially afloat?

Some summertime seamen get in their sailing by delivering yachts to new owners. Most vessels are made in the Northeastern United States, so a delivery crew can be assured of a good voyage if the buyer is in San Diego or Newport Beach, California. About the most reputable of the yacht-delivery services is Patrick Ellam, Inc., of Westport, Connecticut. Pat has left, but Bernard Fisher is now the owner. Call or write him, but don't expect to sign on overnight. Says Fisher: "We move a hundred boats a year, but we get thousands of requests." Still, if you've got navigational skills, you've got a good shot at a crew berth, in addition to expenses or a small salary.

TRIPPING OUT

There are countless other ways to travel cheaply. Here are a few tips:

• Check for standby fares. Airlines offer a mind-boggling maze of discount air fares, but pure standby is still the cheapest. Pan Am will sell you a standby round-trip ticket from New York to London for $370; regular coach is $668.

• Deliberately misconnect on cheap excursion fares, and you get a legal 24-hour stopover in a city. Example: Swissair's cheapest New York–Athens ticket is point to point; it doesn't allow a stopover in Zurich or Geneva. But if you get off while the plane is refueling and don't reboard in time, you've got an evening on the town—and you don't lose your discount.

• Stay in bed-and-breakfast hotels or *pensions* when you're in Europe. Arthur Frommer, author of *Europe on $15 a Day*, tells us that you can get a good, clean room and a full English breakfast for $14 in London—even today, when most of the big hotels are charging $80–100 a day for the room alone.

• Bargain for a hotel room. Frommer claims that Europeans always try to get the cheapest room, while Americans never haggle. Try this approach, he advises: "I only want to pay twenty-four dollars for a room. Do you have such a room for tonight?" Hotel rooms are a perishable commodity, he insists, and if there is indeed a room, you'll get it before it goes to waste.

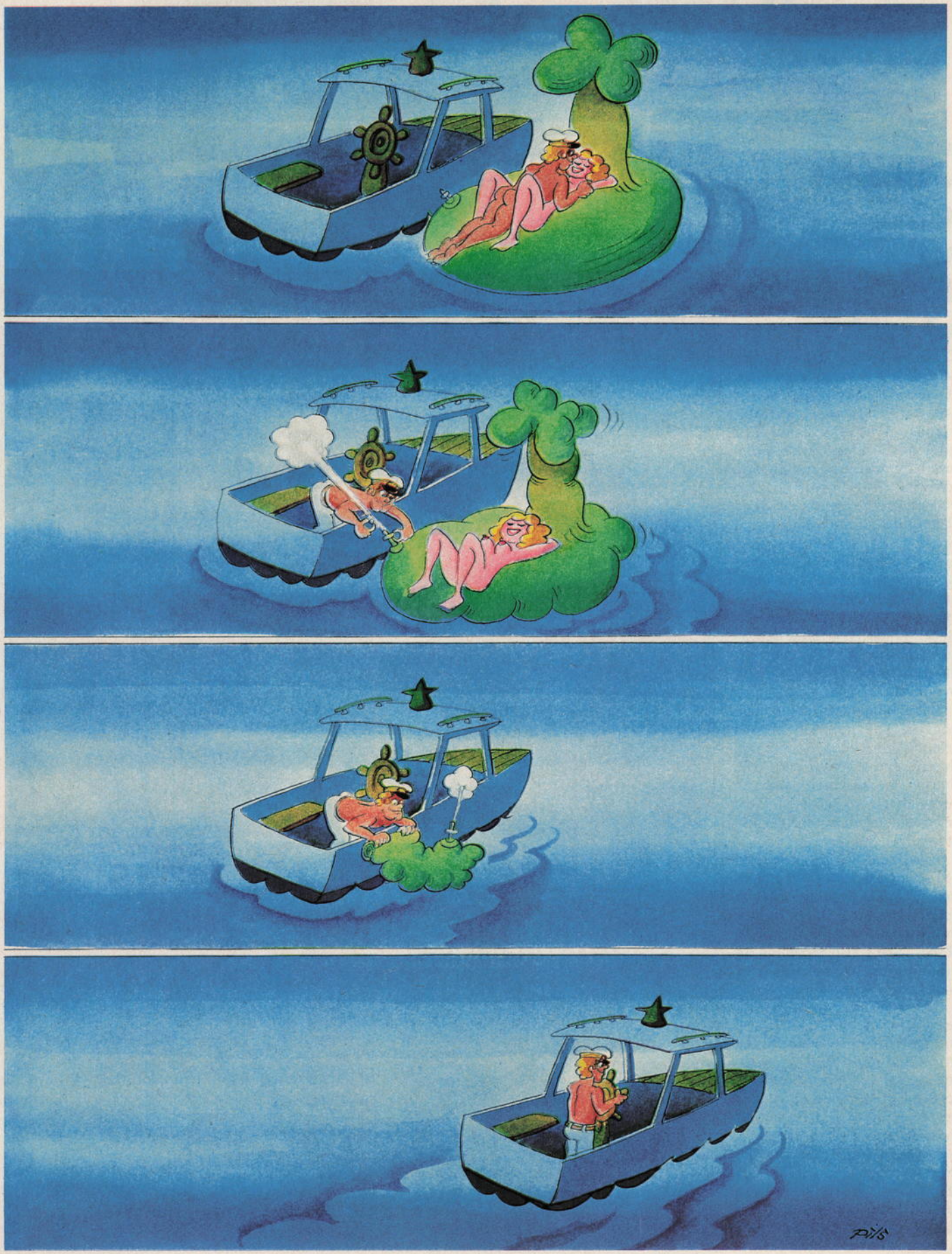
• Youth hostels and college dorms offer cheap, clean shelter for budget travelers. Register with *Travelers Directory*, Philadelphia, and get a list of people worldwide who rent out their guest rooms to travelers at $5–10 a night.

• Check with the local government tourist office every time you hit town. In Amsterdam, for instance, the government sponsors a "Get in Touch with the Dutch" program. You spend an evening with a Dutch family, which includes dinner. They practice their English; you soak up the culture and some great Dutch home cooking. It's free, but be sure to buy flowers or a gift for the hostess.

• Take motor-coach tours to see a country and save on car rentals and hotel rooms. In New Zealand, a four-day holiday on the North Island—including meals, bus transportation and a hotel room—costs less than $200, and you can book it here in advance.

• Camp out and save a bundle. In Saint Thomas in the U. S. Virgin Islands, you can camp on National Park Service land for $3 a night—right next door to Rockefeller-owned Caneel Bay Plantation, where room rates start at $150, or thereabouts. If you're crafty, you might even slip over and use the pool.

• Drive someone's car for free. Auto Driveaway, with offices in 80 cities, is always looking for drivers over 21 with character and employer references. You plunk down a minimum deposit of $100, and you get it back when you deliver the car to the destination city. You pay most of the gas or share expenses on a car or private-plane trip. Travel Mate in Portland, Oregon, will arrange a "share the expense" ride. Membership is $40 a year. More than 125,000 rides were arranged last year. Travel Mate will even arrange men/women "shares" upon request. Call toll-free 800-547-0933. ■



Small Talk: Bebe Buell

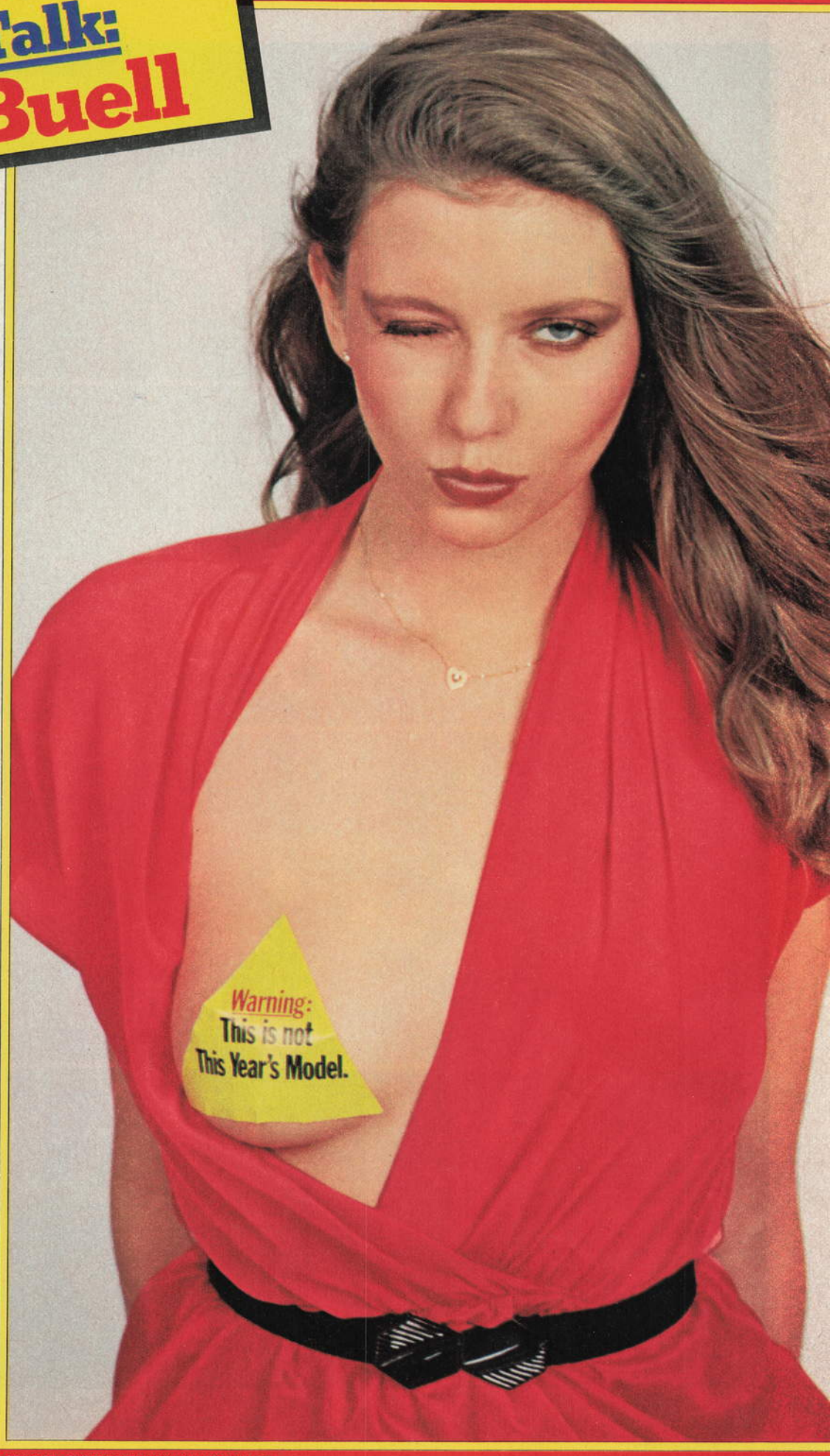
Juicy conversation with "the filet mignon of rock"

If anyone knows the inside story of rock 'n' roll in the last decade, it's probably Bebe Buell. You've seen her in a thousand rock-star photos—a healthy handful of gorgeous brunette, with guileless, baby-blue eyes and a mouth to rival Carly Simon's. She's left echoes in the hearts of Todd Rundgren, Jimmy Page, Rod Stewart, Elvis Costello and a host of famed friends, some of whom are *just* friends. You'll run out of fingers and toes before you can tally the songs written about Bebe. When *New York* magazine dubbed her "the filet mignon of rock," they said a mouthful.

Bebe is the class of the field, because she not only makes friends—she keeps them. She doesn't sue ex-boyfriends, she doesn't bitch (much) and she turns down staggering offers from scandal sheets for her life story.

A veteran fashion model and 1974 *Playboy* centerfold, Bebe's now designing a pinup poster to reflect her taste in rock—her bathing suit will be ripped to shreds. She's also recording an album with an assortment of well-known producer/stars.

"No one takes you seriously until someone else does first," she sighs. "That's why I'd like OUI to tell my story." Rock-'n'-roll archivist Stephen Demorest screwed up his courage (this is research, you understand) and took Bebe to a Japanese joint, where they drank sake and she practiced her drum rolls with chopsticks. "For starters," she said, "there is absolutely one thing I want you to understand: I am not, and never have been, a groupie."



PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY LYNN GOLDSMITH

OUI: Then why do you always choose rock stars as boyfriends?

BUELL: I just like their temperaments—all the nervousness and the unstableness and the uncertainty. It's dangerous. It's fun. It makes life interesting to wake up in the morning with somebody who is always in a different mood.

OUI: What catches your eye?

BUELL: I like unusual, one-of-a-kind people who stand out. Guys whose shoulders go like this [she hunches], because you don't know what they're going to do next. I can't stand muscles, and I don't like hairy guys. I like men who have femininity without being gay, because they usually understand women really well.

OUI: Do you like them to be arrogant?

BUELL: I guess when I was younger, I was infatuated with arrogant people, because when a guy is dominating you a little bit, you feel maybe you're going to learn from him—but dominating in an inspiring way, not when he thinks he's better than you. A guy can be the skinniest, wiriest little thing, but if he's real confident, he makes you feel safe.

OUI: Have you ever been threatened with violence?

BUELL: No, and some of my boyfriends have had that kind of reputation. See, they're these mad geniuses, so they always express emotions in the abstract. They used to walk around the house and bang their heads against the wall and kick things and not speak to me for two days. I never knew exactly what I did to make them mad. Todd [Rundgren] always told me I wasn't schizophrenic, I'm twenty-phrenic. This might be vain, but I think most of the guys just couldn't handle it. I think women find it fun to dramatize. Men bitch about it, but then they'll lock themselves in the study and get inspired to write a hit record. And after it hits number one, they'll still bitch at you.

OUI: What are a woman's most important qualities?

BUELL: To be able to inspire. I want to flirt with people's creativity and nourish it in whatever form of art they put out.

OUI: Who are some of your heroines?

BUELL: George Sand, who lay under the piano while Chopin composed. She said the sound filtrated better underneath—same as a kid putting her head up to a speaker. All those musicians like Liszt and Chopin were frail and skinny, just like the guys I know. I love Anne Boleyn, too; she fought so hard before she gave in. She was the only one of Henry the Eighth's wives who was childlike, the only one who was feisty and teased him.

OUI: But he killed her.

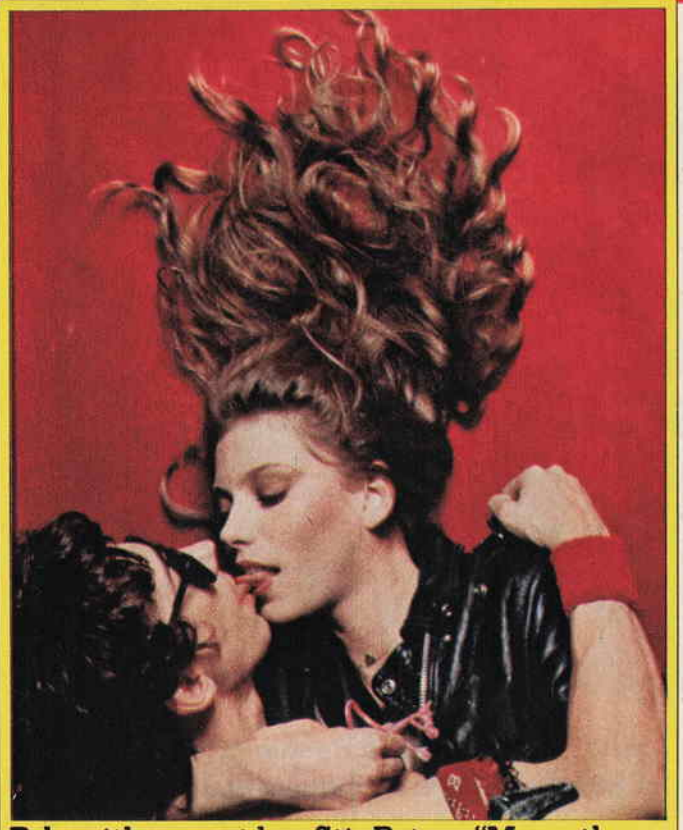
BUELL: Chopped her head right off.

OUI: Because she drove him nuts. Which rock star is most like Henry the Eighth?

BUELL: Jimmy Page, except he's a lot prettier and he's not overweight. I always thought of Jimmy as a person from another century. He's very medieval—not macho, but manly. The image he projects is, "I would stab—not shoot—any dragon over you." I also love Brigitte Bardot. She goes with whomever she pleases—where, how, why and when she pleases. She's the epitome of femininity. She tried to kill herself on her twenty-sixth birthday, because everybody slagged her off.

OUI: Did you ever consider committing suicide?

MARCIA RESNICK



Bebe with current love Stiv Bators: "My mother thinks everyone I bring home is weird-looking."

BUELL: I thought about it one time, when Elvis Costello upset me real bad. I went into the bathroom and picked up one of those safety razors, but Elvis grabbed me and said, "Bebe, you can't do it with that—I've tried it. You can't kill yourself with a safety razor." Genevieve Waite was the funniest, though. I said to her, "What do you do when you just can't get through to them?" And she goes, "Oh, I've learned how to cut my wrist so it bleeds, but you don't get it on the vein—and they don't know that. It's wonderful; you just cut around like this, and it gets the point across real good." [laughs] I never did anything like that, though.

OUI: Did you ever get into the drug scene?

BUELL: Not much—I think I'm too vain and neurotic about getting old. Using heroin has never crossed my mind; I'm so frightened of needles that I have to be totally drunk when I go for a blood test. And I don't like cocaine, because I feel like a chatterbox, and then I regret everything I say. I'm not attracted to anything that's going to hurt me—except maybe a man.

OUI: What do rock stars see in you, aside from the fact that you're pretty?

BUELL: I don't know. This is the mystery of Bebe. You could write a mystery book about it.

OUI: You probably dramatize life better than most women. Are you fancy in bed?

BUELL: No, I'm kinda like Audrey Hepburn—I'm very old-fashioned. I'd rather kiss and pet for three or four hours than hang from chandeliers. The thing about sex is that it's gonna end, but just petting, you could be there all night. Petting. . . boy, what a pretty name for a pastime.

OUI: Where did you get the name Bebe?

BUELL: I was born on Bastille Day, and my father wasn't there. My mother didn't want to give me a name until he got back; so all the nurses called me Baby Buell, and that just stuck.

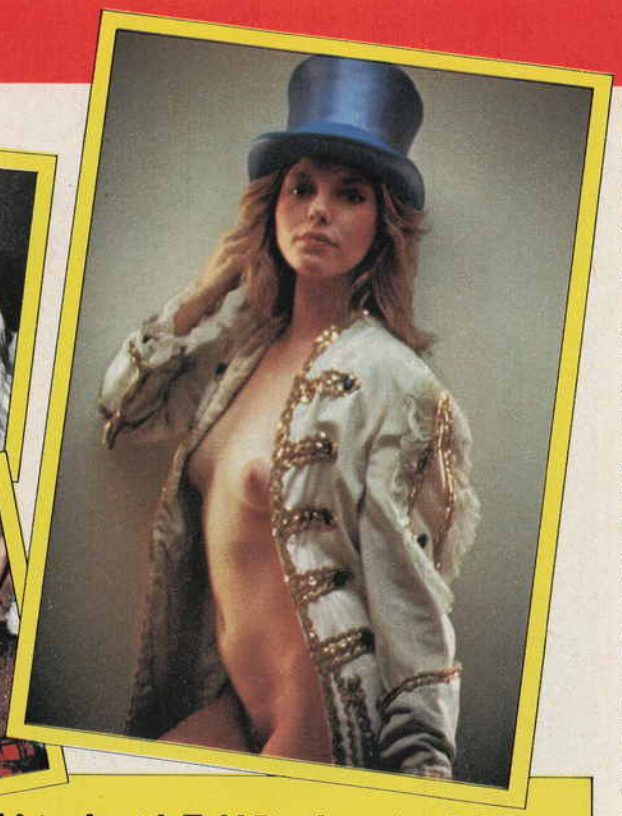
OUI: Were you pretty as a kid?

BUELL: If I showed you my eighth-grade yearbook, you'd laugh. My class prophecy called me "the glamour girl of the galaxy."

OUI: When did you see your first rock concert?

BUELL: When I was ten years old, my mother went with me and a girlfriend to see the Rolling Stones at the Virginia Beach Civic Center. I wanted to run up and take a picture of Brian Jones. Finally, my mother went to the bathroom, so I ran to the

"I started at *Bride's* magazine," says our January '76 cover girl.



Still friends with Todd Rundgren (top left) but not with Rod Stewart (dining with Jann Wenner).

very front row with my camera. I was kneeling there, looking up like I was in church—I was the only person who did it, because cops were lining the stage—and this cop grabbed my arm. So Keith walked over to the edge of the stage and kicked him! It was great. He said, "Leave her alone. She's only a little girl."

OUI: Who was your first boyfriend?

BUELL: Promise you won't laugh? My first boyfriend was Paul Cowsill, when I was about fourteen. Remember the Cowsills? *The Rain, the Park and Other Things*? I think they inspired the TV show *The Partridge Family*. The Cowsills were so poor for a while that they had to burn their own furniture to get heat, and then Mr. Cowsill invested all the money they had in a record—took a chance—and it was a big hit. The first time I met Paul was when the Cowsills were filming a TV commercial for milk on Bellevue Avenue in Newport, Rhode Island. Then they moved to California. They came back to Newport once for some radio shows, and Paul said, "I met this girl, and she takes birth-control pills, and we do stuff and I like it." He said it right to my face. I was crushed.

OUI: Slime. How did you finally come to New York?

BUELL: I didn't want to go to college. I wanted to go someplace exciting. I'd sit around and read *Vogue*, and I'd imagine myself flying across the pages. In 1972, my mom had a photographer in Washington, D.C., take some pictures of me, and I was accepted by the Ford Modeling Agency. Eileen Ford put me up at St. Mary's Women's Residence. I was seventeen.

OUI: What was your first job?

BUELL: *Bride's* magazine. Catalogues, bread-and-butter stuff like that. I probably would have made it faster, if I hadn't had this infatuation for going out.

OUI: Did you blow appointments?

BUELL: Sometimes, yeah. I was only in New York three months before I met Todd. I couldn't stay away from Max's Kansas City.

OUI: How did you meet Todd?

BUELL: One night I was with a friend who had to drop some tapes off at his house. Todd lived in this one-room apartment on Thirteenth Street, and you had to throw pennies at the window, because there was no doorbell. I remember thinking I'd never seen such a mess—it was horrifying. We just looked at each other, and it was instant bingo. I left, but all night I just asked about Todd. The second time, we all went to Max's and then back to Todd's. I asked if I could put my head in his lap, because I was tired—and I fell asleep. I'd never heard his music, and in the morning, when he went to play me *Black Maria* from the *Something/Anything?* album, the stereo blew up.

OUI: How long before he got to ya?

BUELL: About a week. I was more afraid than unwilling. Before I knew it, I was living there. When he played Miami, he flew me down, and I met Alice Cooper. I was nervous and kept asking him, "Todd, are these guys going to think I'm a groupie if I'm with you?" And Todd said, "Nah, Bebe, you've got too much class."

OUI: Good talker. So he was the first guy you slept with?

BUELL: He was my very first.

OUI: What happened to your modeling career?

BUELL: I think I sort of neglected it. Eileen got real fed up. She believed in me, and I was on my way to becoming one of the biggest models in New York. I was like a hair away.

OUI: So you became domestic instead?

BUELL: I really love to clean house. I vacuum when I get nervous—that was one of the things that drove Todd crazy. He made up a jingle about me: "Wipey Queen does everything." But when I've been cooking and cleaning too long, and I look in the mirror and imagine myself in curlers, I get nervous. Then I have to come back to New York and put on tight dresses . . . go to some parties and feel gorgeous again.

OUI: So what happened with Todd?

BUELL: It got real weird when he went cosmic. I was into the fun of the rock-'n'-roll lifestyle, and he became—not boring, he's never been boring—sort of monogamous with himself. He started reading books like a maniac—the whole house turned into a book—and he started doing fifteen projects at once.

"Drugs? No. I'm not attracted to anything that's going to hurt me—except maybe a man."

I just got to the point where I needed more affection, and I started hanging out with my friends. I always told Todd what I was doing, even when I thought Iggy Pop was the best thing that walked the earth. I was with Todd until 1977. Liv, our baby, was two months old when we broke up. He left me for another girl in Texas. It really hurt for a while, but we're best friends now. And I really respect him.

OUI: How did you meet Iggy?

BUELL: I was at a New York Dolls show in 1973, and Iggy smashed his head into something by mistake and was bleeding everywhere. Nobody else was helping him; so I ran up with this wet towel and wiped the blood off his head, and he said, "You really care." He was surprised somebody gave a damn about his head. The week before, he'd cut himself diving on glass at Max's. Anyway, Todd and I went home, and I figured I'd never see Iggy again. The next day, Todd was going to San Diego, and I was upset because he wasn't taking me with him. He went out to get some socks, and while I was sitting there crying, there was a knock on the door. It was Iggy. I love it when surprises like that happen. He wasn't coming over to slap the make on me; he was coming over to see Todd. So we're talking, and who should walk in but Todd. I know he just about fainted when he saw Iggy sitting there.

OUI: He probably figured you called Iggy up.

BUELL: He probably did. So he stormed out of the house to San Diego, and I was hysterical, because I hadn't done anything at all. Iggy told me not to worry, that Todd loved me, and he took me to see *Paper Moon*. Then I hung out with him for about a week, until he went on the road and Todd came home. It was never a mad affair but, yes, I'll admit that I had a huge crush on Iggy. My mother met him and thought he was smart. She thought he was weird-looking, but she thinks everyone I bring home is weird-looking.

OUI: Jimmy Page doesn't look so weird.

BUELL: He was another strange situation. I'd met Jimmy a couple of times in New York, but I was so much in love with Todd

Suede and Leathercraft
ke-up that always shows its true colours.
GIRL
ABOUT TOWN
Sun-sational things to knit & crochet
Fork food for 10-50 people
Ready-to-wear fashion offers—silky-cool shirts and dresses
READ-ALONGA-MAX
The life story of the year

Nineteen-year-old Bebe became a top model and Playmate in 1974: "Todd's former girlfriend became a Playmate, and I thought, 'Oh, no! He's gonna see her picture and leave me. So I called *Playboy*, too.' "

that Marlon Brando could have sat in my soup and I would have eaten around him. However, in the spring of 1974, I was in L.A. with Todd, and things were not going well. We fought, and he left me to fend for myself. I was staying in the Continental Hyatt House, and there were a lot of strange girls wandering around dressed like Christmas ornaments, wearing orange stockings with feathers hanging off their kneecaps, and they made me very nervous. So I was hysterical and crying and telling Kim Fowley my troubles while we were in the elevator. We stopped on the seventh floor, and who gets on but Jimmy Page. And Jimmy says, "Aren't you the girl I met dancing with Patti D'Arbanville in New York?" I was so embarrassed—my face was so red, I looked like W.C. Fields—that I said no. But he knew, and when he walked off, Kim teased me about how he could see the look in my eye. Jimmy is a very beautiful man.

OUI: You were the weeping damsel in distress again.

BUELL: Was I ever. So, around seven the next morning, the phone rang, and it was Jimmy. He was very depressed, because he'd just come from playing guitar on a song about Joe Walsh's daughter, who'd been killed in a car accident. He asked if I'd like to come up and have breakfast with him. I said OK, because I had to be up by ten to be out of the room. I zipped up there, wearing flannel pajama bottoms and a T-shirt and slippers, with Todd's raccoon on my shoulder. We had breakfast, and Jimmy was a real gentleman. Usually, the raccoon was a nuisance, but Jimmy had this touch to calm it down. He put it in the bathroom with a fruit basket. Then Peter Grant [Zep's manager] comes down, and after an hour, he had to go to the bathroom. Jimmy and I just looked at each other—we hadn't told Peter about the raccoon—and we started laughing. This raccoon had demolished the bathroom—toilet paper and water all over the place, shower curtain ripped to shreds—and it had shit everywhere and thrown it all over the walls. So Peter came back and stared at me and Jimmy and said, "*What* have you two been doing?!" It was so funny, because Jimmy and I hadn't even kissed yet.

OUI: So then what?

BUELL: We're watching TV, and Richard Creamer [a photographer] knocks on the door and says, "Jimmy, they're coming to take Bebe's bags away; she owes fifty dollars on her room." And Jimmy handed him fifty dollars and said, "Well, Richard, it's very simple: Get the bags and bring them here." I was kind of shocked, but I was also very happy—I felt like I'd been rescued. Then they had to fly back to New York on their way to London, and Jimmy told the airline he wouldn't get on the plane unless the raccoon could travel first class with us. I saw him again in the fall, and it was so romantic. I didn't know if I was coming or

BEBE BUELL

Being involved with Elvis Costello was probably the most romantic thing that ever happened to me.

going. The whole time I was with Todd, the only guy I would have left him for was Jimmy. One time, when I was in England with Todd, I had a chance to see Jimmy, and I just went. I wasn't trying to be mean, but I was finding it harder and harder to relate to Todd. He was dying his hair every color in the world, and going on *Midnight Special* wearing feathers like a man-eating peacock. But Jimmy got real disappointed in me, because he felt I had been dishonest and was playing them for fools against each other. He went through a period when he wouldn't speak to me. We're friends now; at least, the last time I looked we were.

OUI: Wasn't your *Playboy* centerfold around this time?

BUELL: Yes. Todd had this other girlfriend before me, and she told me she was doing the April '74 centerfold. Well, that got my competitive juices flowing. So, when *Playboy* asked me to test because of some pictures Lynn Goldsmith showed them, I said "Yo! I'm coming!" I have a shamrock around my neck in my centerfold, because I thought if I wore it, they'd give me the St. Patrick's Day issue, and I'd be before Miss April.

OUI: Jesus, women are nuts.

BUELL: Aren't they? But I was nineteen then, and I thought, "Oh, no! He's gonna see her picture and he's gonna leave me." Finally, Patti Smith showed the picture to him, telling him I was prettier than [his other girlfriend]. Patti was always real sweet to me. She never treaded on anybody's turf, and she was one of the first people to give me confidence. She said, "Bebe, you've got a really risqué mouth." I did these really sexy underwear photos for *Playboy*, and Patti told me she jerked off to them. I was flattered. Anyway, Todd saw the April thing, and I was crying my eyes out . . . and two hours later, *Playboy* called to tell me I'd been picked to be the November '74 Playmate. I just danced around that room, I was so happy.

OUI: How do you currently get along with these rock stars you've been with?

BUELL: Beautifully, except for Rod Stewart. Our personalities just don't mix. I don't want to slag Rod off, but there's no way I can butter it up. I think he's phony posh, and I hate that.

OUI: Some people think he's always wanted to be Mick Jagger and realizes he's not quite there.

BUELL: Exactly. I think that's perfect. Of course, he can turn around and be so wonderful. I'd met Rod in the Small Faces days, and he had such style. After I split with Todd, my confidence was ripped down, and Rod came along like a knight in shining armor. He said, "You're beautiful, get back to work, don't waste it." He really pushed me to take pictures. I hated the people he hung out with, though. Every night going to the poshest restaurants, wearing the poshest clothes, seeing who could make their hair blonder, who could make it stand up farther. I'm not going to say I never had fun with those people; but in the end, Rod turned on me, because I was not going along with everything. I became bitter and no fun—and that's hard for me to be. Rod can be vicious and cruel, like the time I got off the Concorde in London to be greeted by thirty photographers. By four in the afternoon, I was on the cover of every newspaper in England and on TV: "Rod and Bebe Split Up!" It was news to me. I thought, "What am I, a publicity stunt? How insulting." Mick Jagger is not ruthless that way; he wouldn't hurt anybody intentionally.

OUI: When did you meet Jagger?

BUELL: I've known Mick since about 1974. I told him what happened to me at the Virginia Beach Civic when I was ten, and he said he remembered it. He turned me on to my first Japanese food and my first Indian food, and he taught me a lot about wine. He's self-taught—he can talk about anything.

OUI: What's his little black book like?

BUELL: It's a teeny red book—maybe five inches tall—but every page is stuffed solid. It's a cool phone book, let me tell you—it's the only phone book I ever saw with Marlon Brando in it.

OUI: Do you try hard to please?

BUELL: It's real important to me that people like me. That's where Elvis Costello and I were opposites.

OUI: Did he put you down for that?

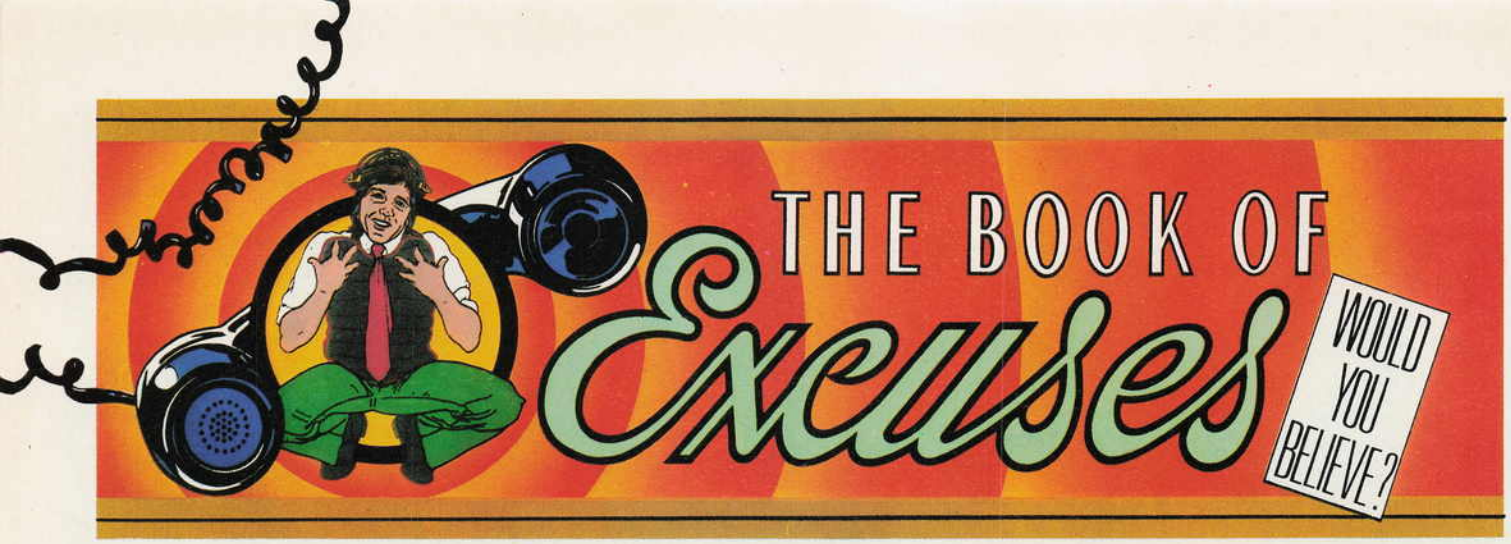
BUELL: Elvis never put me down. He was probably the most romantic thing that ever happened to me.

OUI: How come?

BUELL: Because it was like a Fifties movie. I was sitting at the bar at the Whisky in L.A., and I felt something staring at me so hard I had to pick it out. I looked across the room, and there he was with this Amazon of a black girl. I got uncomfortable, because when Elvis stares, he isn't flirty—he drills you. My girlfriend Pam told me he was real anti-women and anti-this-and-that, so I was afraid of him. Then the black girl started staring at me, so finally I said, "What are you looking at?" And she said, "Oh, I'm sorry, you're just so pretty." I felt like a jerk. Elvis smiled this big grin, and Pam said, "Elvis, I'd like you to meet Next Year's Model." I immediately felt comfortable with him. He reminded me of Humphrey Bogart—that same sophistication and sweet meanness about him—the kinda guy

(Continued on page 130)

Emilie Rochette



A Complete Game Plan for the Chronically Late-to-Work

By Marilou Sturges and Hal Straus

Getting away with constant lateness to work is an art, something akin to baseball pitching. You've got to mix your curves, fastballs, sinkers and sliders. Your delivery and follow-through must be smooth and effortless. The larger your repertoire of pitches, the more the batters—or bosses—will be kept off stride. Just as in baseball, you can get by with a good fastball for only so long; if you want to make it to the majors and stay there, you must develop control, range and a good book on the hitters.

IMAGE: THE FIRST STEP

Creating a strong presence when you first trot out to the mound is the essential initial step. The impression your bosses and co-workers form of you during your first week will be your tag for as long as you remain on the job.

In the usual absurd, chaotic, boring office situation, employees need to be labeled and pigeonholed (the "nympho in production," the "birdbrain in advertising"), so that co-workers can explain the quirky behavior of others without delving too deeply into personality, mind and character. In specific terms, an image will establish a tangible behavior pattern in everyone's mind, which will explain your absences from work and no doubt provide some good fat to chew on during coffee breaks, lunches, office-gossip sessions and dinners at home with spouses.

Of course, it's best to avoid the label of "lunatic." Your image must be interesting, not intimidating; alluring, not totally mysterious. The mystery-man or mystery-woman image, though seemingly appropriate for (and often appealing to) the novice time-chiseler, arouses resentment, jealousy and far too much curiosity in your private life, which you will want to *keep* private if time off from work is your main objective. Most of all, your image must be a fertile culture for the rash of excuses you will present in the days ahead.

THE HARD-LUCK KID

This is one image that will work time and time again in almost every profession. The Hard-Luck Kid seems to love his job. When he does show up, he is a whirling dervish of conscientious intentions. The problem is, although the Kid tries valiantly to make it to work on time, he just can't. Bad luck plagues him like a case of acne. If it isn't a flat tire, it's a sprained ankle. If he doesn't have to visit his sick aunt in Cleveland, a healthy horde of ants infests his kitchen. Even when something finally goes right for him, something rotten always results, preventing him from coming to work on time: Surprise parties for the Kid's birthday give him severe indigestion the next morning; new cars turn into lemons; new love affairs create "paralyzing" disappointments when they end suddenly.

The Hard-Luck Kid image thus provides bosses and co-workers with an excuse to *forgive* your excuses. They will be willing to write off your frequent lateness to the far-flung tragedies in your life. (If you do decide on the Hard-Luck Kid approach, however, don't in-

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDY ENGEL

vent too awful a tragedy list, or you'll be shunned as a basket case.)

"Nothing ever goes right for that poor fucker," they sigh, secretly thinking how lucky they are not to be stuck in your shoes.

Your shoes, of course, shouldn't worry—they'll be tucked snugly under the bed you'll be sleeping snugly on top of for an extra two hours each time a "tragedy" strikes.

BLATANT BO

This image takes a bit longer to develop than that of the Hard-Luck Kid. It must be nurtured over a period of weeks, like a good marijuana crop, and though it will require some work on your part, the results in approved time off are certainly worth it.

Blatant Bo steals time like a bandit, but no one cares because (1) he gets more work done in four hours than most people do in eight; (2) he brings some life to an otherwise dead office; (3) he is banging the boss's wife behind the boss's back, and the gossip is just too juicy to squeal on; and (4) he is the dope connection for the company.

The best Blatant Bo image usually combines all of the above elements. However, it also demands a closer relationship with co-workers, which you might not want. But, for the most part, Blatant Bo is preferable to the Hard-Luck Kid in terms of indispensability and subconscious extortion, should you need either later on.

THE OUT PITCH

Once you have an image, you'll need to develop an "out" pitch. In baseball parlance, an out pitch is the hurler's personal standby, the hopping slider or quick-dropping sinker that he repeatedly turns to in tough situations. Translating this concept to wangling time off from work, you must have a personal trauma that you can use repeatedly in clutch situations. The trauma can be physical, psychological or associated with one of your vital material possessions (such as your house or car), but it must be uniquely yours. And it must be chronic: a chronically bad transmission, a chronic backache, a chronically sick wife.

Whatever you choose for your out pitch, establish it early and subtly. Dropping a hint to your boss, or even to a mouthy co-worker, will plant the pitch in the boss's mind for later germination.

"What's the matter, Jones? You seem to be stooping over a bit today."

"Oh, it's nothing, J.B. Just an old back problem. Acts up every now and then."

When the occasion arises for you to use your out pitch, he'll say to himself, "Oh, yeah. Jones mentioned his back the first week he started working here."

THE DELIVERY: CALLING IN LATE

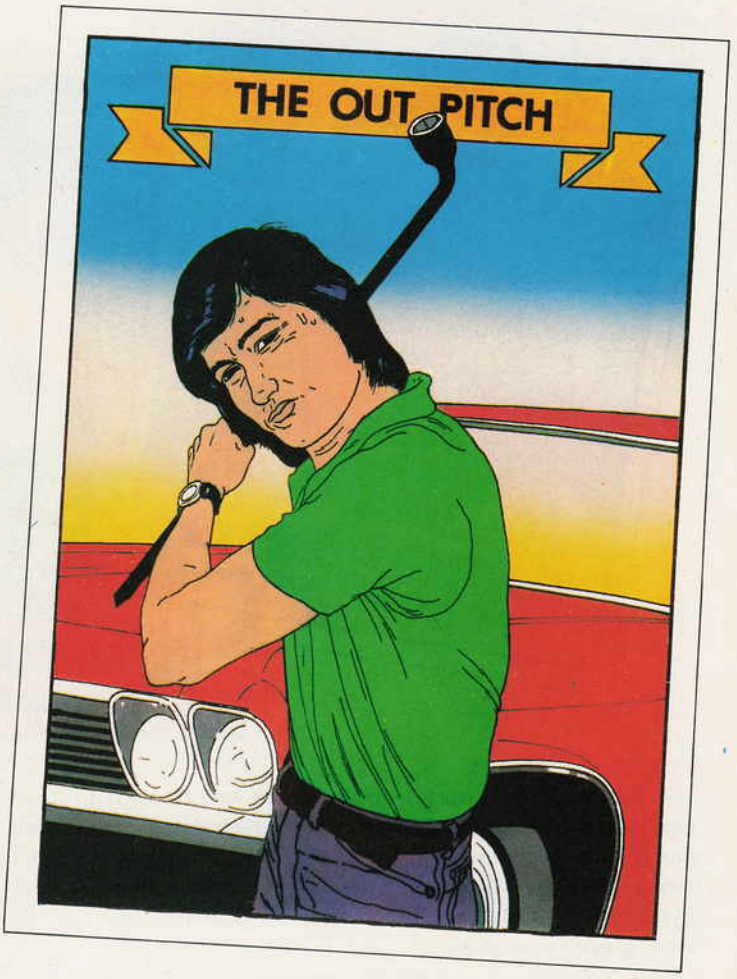
No matter how good your out pitch, how appealing your mound presence or how wide your repertoire of pitches, you won't be spending the morning in bed without an effective telephone delivery. Always remember the importance of style. Office politics being what they are, how you deliver your excuse may be as important as the excuse itself.

In spite of the boss's rhetoric about treating everyone equally and like adults, the loose and flexible working conditions, the honor system or any of that democratic garbage, you are essentially a rung on a hierarchical ladder. If *his* troops don't produce, your boss will have to answer to *his* boss—a prospect he dreads probably even more than you do, because he's *really* tied in to the advancement syndrome. So give your boss every possible chance to save his ass—and face—in front of your co-workers and other bosses.

You can accomplish this not only with tenable excuses (which we will get to shortly), but also with proper presentation.

1. Never arrive two hours, an hour or even a half-hour late without first calling in. Most bosses never grow out of the frustrated schoolteacher stage; they want to know where you are every step of the way, even if that step takes you to the damn bathroom. Granted, waking up to the alarm, dialing your work number, presenting your excuse and accepting the boss's response (and preparing a response to the response) is a stiff price to pay. But face it—it's still a helluva lot cheaper than facing your boss's additional wrath when you finally do make it in to work.

Uncalled-in lateness is not only inconsiderate, it also shows weakness, underhandedness, an absence of responsibility and a general lack of style. Of course, an occasional uncalled-in lateness, when the situation demands it (e.g., a car breakdown on the freeway that



causes a four-car pileup and lands you in the hospital with severed vocal cords), will not be harmful and might even be beneficial—especially if you adopt the Hard-Luck Kid image.

2. Always overestimate, rather than underestimate, your arrival time. Saying you'll be in at 9:30 when you know damn well you won't be in until 10:00 is called a "double late," an advanced technique which requires much practice.

The strange but simple truth is that most corporations are hypersensitive to the petty chisel, but blind to the blatant theft. We know one clever fellow who missed work so often he was out more than he was in. He used the excuse of "working in the field" (an old reliable standby); after about a year, not only was he immune to recriminations, but his job description was actually restructured around field work. Unsurprisingly, he was able to carry on this ruse for *six* years. What corporate executive is secure enough to admit he has had the wool pulled over his eyes for *one* year, much less six?

3. Be on guard against the boss's "bosom buddy" approach. "Oh, Jones, you can be on the level with me. Now, what's the real reason you're going to be late?" It is surprisingly easy to fall into this

cunning trap, especially early in the morning. But don't go for it. Even if your boss's conspiratorial tone is on the up-and-up, you don't want to give him any ammunition to fire over subsequent latenesses.

If, on the other hand, you do have marvelous rapport with your immediate superior, don't blow it by insisting you are doing one thing, when he knows damn well you are doing something else. In this case, come clean. You've probably worked out some mutual cover-up for each other's absences from the office, anyway.

4. Putting over any story depends more on your acting ability than on anything else, so your performance should be letter-perfect each and every time. Calling in a car excuse in a grief-stricken voice won't work, and neither will giggling your way through a story about your dying mother. Consider the following specific situations and the strategic voices to adopt.

Excuse	*Proper Voice*
Car trouble (minor)	Blasé, with tinges of irritation, and throw in some technical information ("Yeah, J.B., you know, the damn rocker arms again . . .").
Car trouble (major)	Controlled rage, with slight overtones of shock, dismay and disgust for the automobile industry.
Doctor's appointment (minor illness)	Forced self-responsibility, disgust with medical profession. Hints of serious trouble on the horizon, such as major surgery or transplants.
Doctor's appointment (major illness)	Unmitigated fear, sadness, hints of quitting.

One of the best techniques for delivering excuses is the Stanislavsky method, known commonly as "method acting" or "the method." Very simply, the Stanislavsky method entails reliving an incident from your past, in order to act out a similar scripted one. For example, to get through a convincing but phony pet-illness excuse, relive in your mind the occasion when you owned a pet and it really was ill. The sadness you feel will trigger stuttering, unusually bad syntax or hitches in your voice—whatever personal idiosyncrasies you exhibit in stress situations. Rehearse the night before. Use a tape recorder, if possible.

MIX YOUR PITCHES

The greater your assortment of excuses, the more you'll be able to create different combinations and strategies. Below are the six basic excuses, from which you can form hundreds of variations.

1. *Car/Transportation Problems.* Car, bus, subway and train breakdowns can provide you with fantastic "in a pinch" excuses, as well as with the perfect out pitch. And you can really bleed the car accident, so to speak. Besides the time taken by the accident itself, there is emotional trauma, whiplash, car repairs, police reports and hassles with insurance companies. Using the car-accident excuse for only one day's lateness is a disgrace. *Caution*: Don't "damage" your car too badly, or you'll have to get in an accident just to substantiate your story. A "not too much damage to the car, but, boy, does my neck hurt" story usually works best.

2. *Doctor/Dentist Appointments.* A woman who's planning to quit her job in a few months can get away with pregnancy morning sickness two or three days a week for the duration of her stay.

Jobs that require a doctor's note for lateness or absence are now rare, but they do exist. However, you can still beat the system. Enlist the aid of a nurse, doctor or medical-technician friend who can "borrow" some letterhead stationery. If you don't have any friends in these occupations, head to your nearest hospital hangout and attempt some romantic involvement with the nearest candy-striper.

3. *Working in the Field.* Perhaps the optimum excuse for lateness is that you are working in the field. I say it's optimum because (1) you are showing initiative beyond the call of duty, (2) field work can take many extra hours of traveling time, and (3) you may be able to get reimbursed for your field expenses, such as carfare, gas, purchases for products, etc.

4. *House or Apartment Problems.* One of the authors, adopting a Hard-Luck Kid image for one of his jobs, called in the excuse that he'd be late for work because part of his roof had fallen during the night, after a violent rainstorm. No one believed it. In fact, the story became something of a company joke, which the company employees still laugh over to this day. The funny thing about the story was that it was true—the first true excuse the author had used in months.

The moral of the story: Be extremely careful with the truths you tell. These days, more than ever before, the truth sounds like fiction and vice versa.

5. *Pet Illnesses.* Like humans, animals have many body parts, all of which are prone to breakdown, sooner or later. A friend of ours employed her dog again and again as an excuse for being late to work. The poor animal had so many broken legs and doggie flus that the woman finally had to "kill" her dog to put it out of its misery.

If you do have to kill off your dog, make sure you don't mention it again. A few weeks later, the same friend forgot her dog had died and proudly produced snapshots of the dog's new puppies.

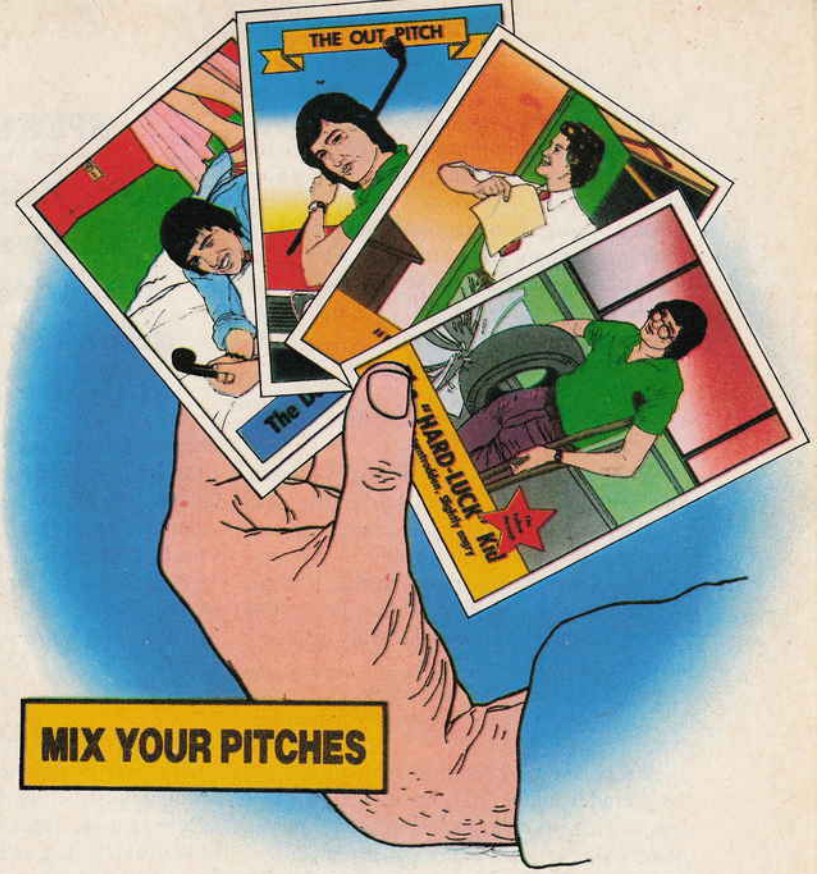
So, if you do fake pet excuses, invent your animal. The same holds true of relatives, who are usually better off invented, anyway.

6. *Family Problems.* Your handiest excuse will turn out to be the person(s) with whom you live. All of the excuses pertaining to yourself can be doubled, tripled and quadrupled with family expansion. So, if you don't have a wife, husband, lover, roommate or child, start creating them piece by physically debilitated, mentally deranged piece, until they are totally unhealthy neurotics with broken-down houses and cars, just like real people.

FOLLOWING THROUGH

OK, you've phoned in that you're going to be late for work and screwed around all morning—now it's time to show your late puss at the office. The finesse with which you pull off your arrival will be the crux of your excuse. Consistency of image and delivery is the key. For example, say you adopt the Hard-Luck Kid image and call in a minor car excuse. The follow-through arrival must be harried, downtrodden, slightly angry. Don't go directly to your boss. You are much too pissed—besides, he's heard it all before. Instead, broach the subject informally later on in the day. Tell him the car is in the shop and you can pick it up after work, if you can somehow find the money to pay for it. If there's a good horse running in the eighth race that afternoon, tell him the shop closes early and you've gotta leave at two to go to the bank to borrow the money to pay for the car.

Blatant Bos with the same excuse should arrive calm and confident, as if their starting times are *supposed* to be 10:30. March right up to the boss with some ridiculous report that you have just masterfully completed. After discussing the report, mention your sick car. If your report is good enough, your boss will offer to drive you to pick up your car—an offer that you will politely, but firmly, refuse, because it's parked only two blocks away.



THE BOOK ON THE BATTERS

Different bosses have different soft spots. One might be a sucker for problem-marriage excuses (probably because he has a problem marriage of his own), while another with a long commute will be more open to transportation excuses. Before you form an "excuse schedule," learn all you can about your boss's personal life; this will be an enormous help in planning your excuse career.

OVERALL STRATEGY

There are a few general strategies to keep in mind throughout your time-chiseling career: The best excuses not only pave the way for follow-up excuses, they *demand* follow-ups. Landlord problems result in time off for your eviction into the street, which in turn results in time off to search for a place to live. When you need time off to visit your deathly ill grandpa, he eventually dies (so it goes), and you must attend his funeral. Keep your private life as private as possible. Even your closest co-worker friends should be kept in the dark about your excuses; enlightening them will just place a burden on them not to blurt out the truth accidentally.

If you're going to hang around town when you take off from work, you shouldn't drive a conspicuous car (like a two-tone VW with a smashed front end) or one with a personalized license plate (LOAFER). Even disguises like wigs and mustaches are not worthless investments.

THE EQUALIZER

The preceding suggestions will not fatten your paycheck any, but they will increase your real wages. Which is to say, by working fewer hours for the same salary, you will be increasing your hourly wage. And you will also have the opportunity to explore areas of your life that you were not able to explore by adhering to your work routine.

The moral premise here is that individual freedom is a higher goal than the goals of corporate America. With every passing inflationary year, the American work force is being asked to serve corporate purposes for longer periods of time, in return for effectively less pay. It's time to start equalizing things, wouldn't you say? ■

(Continued from page 36)

A really nice combination of turn-ons for me is a romantic guy and a dirty movie. Sort of weird, huh? But there's really nothing more exciting than reading a sexy book or seeing a sexy movie with a guy who's also into candles and flowers. My boyfriend and I read OUI to each other all the time, while lying on pillows in front of the fireplace. That turns me on like nothing else.

DEBBIE C.
Charleston, South Carolina

What really turns me on is the idea of spanking my girlfriend, in a friendly, foreplay sort of way. But I have one problem: This would only be enjoyable if my girlfriend was really into being spanked and got off on it as much as I do. So far, I have not been able to find a girl who truly appreciates my fantasy.

SCOTT W.
Seattle, Washington

After a six-year relationship with a 5'5", 98-pound woman, I have to tell you that I've become a firm believer in the sexual power of very thin ladies. As far as I'm concerned, fat is out. The greatest sex we've ever enjoyed was after we took a long, slow bath together and then jumped into bed without such falsities as deodorant or perfume. I love the smell of a fresh, clean, thin woman. Yes, thin women do smell different. Younger. Sexier.

ROBERT D.
Terre Haute, Indiana

I'm a 24-year-old woman, and I'm still turned on by making love at drive-in movies. When I had just turned 19, my boyfriend took me to an X-rated drive-in for my birthday. He really did it up special for me. He had his van carpeted and outfitted with a bar, and he brought along all the food and smoke we could ever need. It was the first time I'd even considered that you don't need a bed for sex.

Once the films started, we decided to try to duplicate everything the actors were doing. First, he went down on me, and I must say that he really knew how to do it. He got me so crazy that night that we couldn't distinguish our moans and groans from those coming over the speakers. Actually, the sound effects from the movie really added to the eroticism of the whole thing. All that heavy breathing really got to us.

And watching other people balling is a guaranteed turn-on; I don't care what anybody says. I mean, the shots of guys coming all over the place are probably simulated, but they're so outrageous that it's erotic.

The second feature was *Deep Throat*, and it was my turn to show my stuff. Talk about a big gulp. Even though I have a terrible gag reflex, I didn't do too badly. Some time before, a friend had told me that the way to keep from gagging was to relax the throat muscles as much as possible and to take deep breaths through the nose. I can testify that this technique makes fellatio a lot easier and much more pleasurable for a woman. And my boyfriend was so turned on that he told me he'd love me forever.

SPEAK EASY

We've been married four years, we still go to X-rated drive-ins and we're still having a ball.

Well, he meant what he said. We've been married four years, we still go to X-rated drive-ins and we're still having a ball.

MARY S.
Charlottesville, Virginia

COLLEGE SEX

My best experience with sex in college occurred just before graduation. The young lady was a real blonde bombshell and had beautiful tits! It was the last frat party, and I was determined to make the most of it.

After the party, my date suggested we go to her parents' lake cottage. I said that was the best idea I'd heard in years, and off we went. Once there, we got some beers, changed into swimsuits and headed down to the lake. We splashed around and then got to cuddling closer and closer. As we embraced and Frenched, our arousal became harder to suppress. The tighter we held on, the more our blood rushed. I pushed aside the bottom of her bathing suit and got my fingers inside. I still remember the mixture of her heated passion and the cool, rushing water on my hand.

Meanwhile, she was fumbling with my trunks, and finally succeeded in pushing them down. She then wrapped her legs around my waist, as I entered her gently. I placed my hands on her ass and rocked her up and down, feeling the lake water wash in and out with me. The sensation was almost indescribable. It was my first and only zero-gravity screw.

CHRIS K.
Indianapolis, Indiana

I lost my virginity with a girl I really liked, but who was basically just a friend; she was doing me a favor. Then I got involved with a couple of other girls, but I didn't fall in love until the spring of my freshman year of college. Her name was Barbara.

Since neither of us had an apartment, Barbara and I made love wherever we could. The dorms weren't coed, but the rules were liberal and weren't strictly enforced, so sometimes we made love in our rooms when our roommates were away. At other times, I'd arrange with an upperclassman to use his apartment. I remember lighting lots of candles and listening to blues records. The time I remember best, though, was when we made love in the statue.

There was a mall on the campus, with a large, modern sculpture—two cubes welded together—in the center. The cubes were hollow and you could crawl into them. We had gone to a party and decided to take a walk afterward. We were a little high and it was a nice summer night. We passed the statue and decided to crawl inside. We lay there looking out at the stars and rapping. Then we kissed. I pulled Barbara's pants down and was about to enter when she stopped me, saying "No—please wait. It's too soon."

I played with her for a while, but it wasn't happening. Finally, Barbara told me that I always entered her too soon and that she hadn't been coming with me. She was embarrassed about it. Well, that really blew my mind. I had been so excited about finally being able to ball, about really doing it, that I had just about dispensed with foreplay. I assumed that Barbara was enjoying it, too. I really didn't know much about female orgasms; I figured that women came, but I never thought much about it. When Barbara told me she hadn't been coming with me, I was stunned; I felt awful. My penis shrank to about an inch.

Barbara could feel how uptight I was, because we were wedged right next to each other in this contraption. She tried to make me feel better, but I was so humiliated that I could hardly hear what she said. She was having a hard time talking about it, too. Then it started to rain—one of those sudden, fierce summer downpours. The rain quieted us for a while, and we began to feel very close. When the rain eased a bit, we began to talk again.

Barbara told me what turned her on, then played with herself to show me. She put my hand on hers and moved my fingers around while she explained everything. It was dark in the statue, and we couldn't see each other well, so I really had to listen with my fingers. Then I went down on her, wedging up against the wall. I had gone down on girls in high school, but I had just sort of licked here and there. I didn't really know what I was doing and wouldn't have done it at all if they had been willing to screw. Now, for the first time, I really got into it. I stopped being excited just because I was having sex; instead, I was excited because I was thinking about Barbara and how she felt. Her pussy seemed incredibly beautiful to me. I was getting off on how sensitive and complicated it was, something I had never fully appreciated before. For a while, I was concerned with making her come and wondering what it would be like, but then I forgot about that, too, and just got into the rhythm of what we were doing.

I was licking her clitoris, giving it steady little flicks with the tip of my tongue, and I

(Continued on page 120)

LALLA DEAN

Not just another English muffin

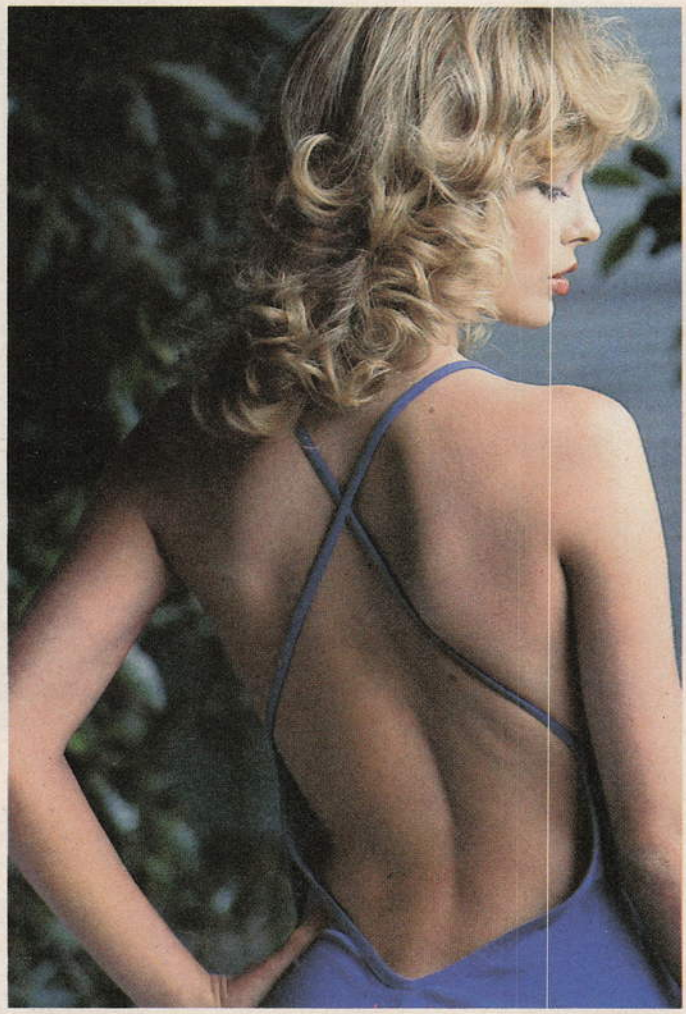
Photography by Geoffrey Ryan

When we met Lalla Dean, she'd just returned to London from a trip to the Bahamas, where she was photographed for OUI. "It was so exciting," she told us. "I'd never been away from England before. Of course, I did have a commercial which ran on the Danish telly, but that's not the same."

Lalla's a 20-year-old model/actress, who has already had several bit roles on British TV.

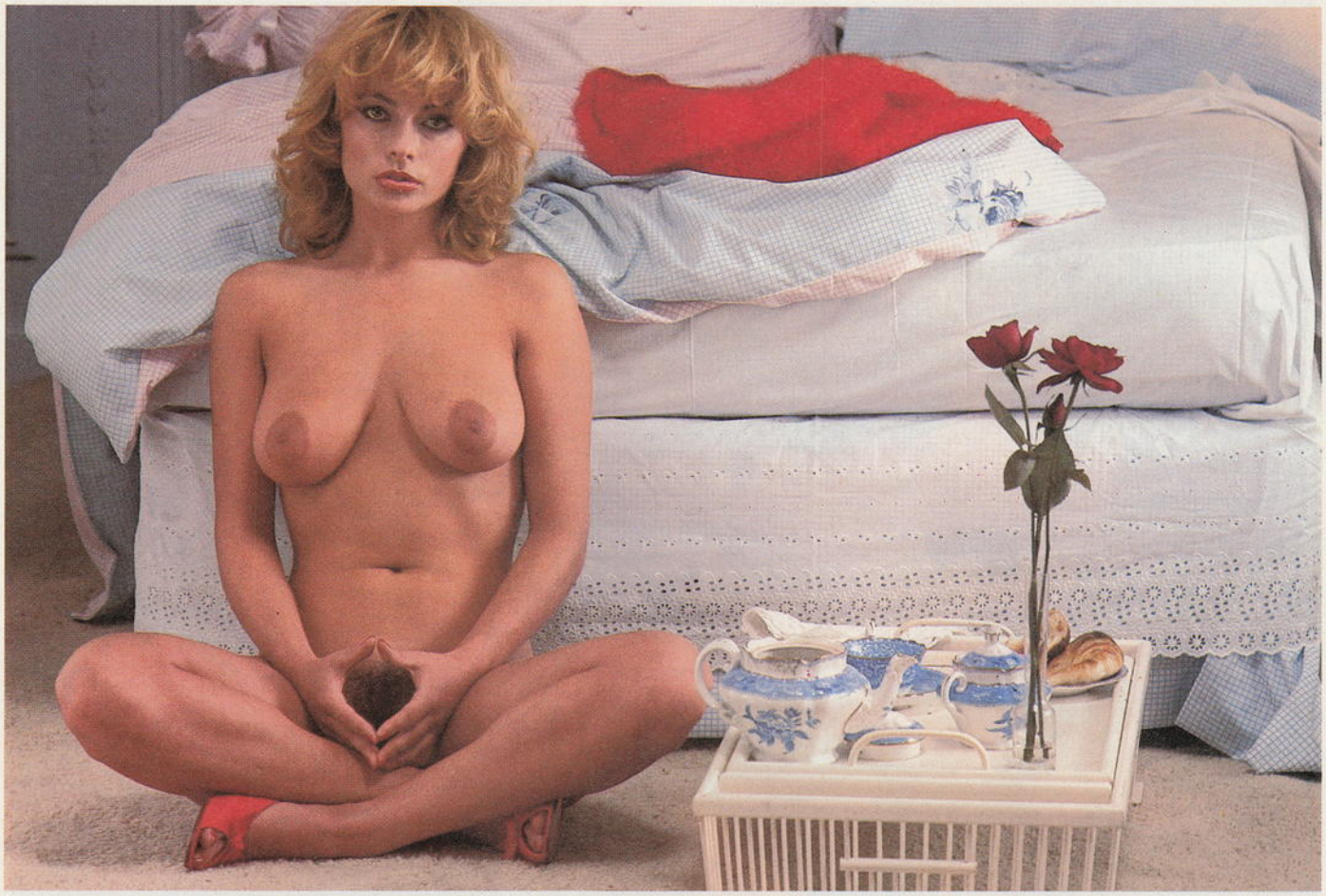
She was OUI's April cover girl and is hoping that this new pictorial will bring her to the attention of some American producers. "I was kind of hoping I might visit the United States when we went to the Bahamas," she explained. "The islands are so close. But the scheduling was just too tight."

Lalla, unlike many of her countrymen, is enamored with everything



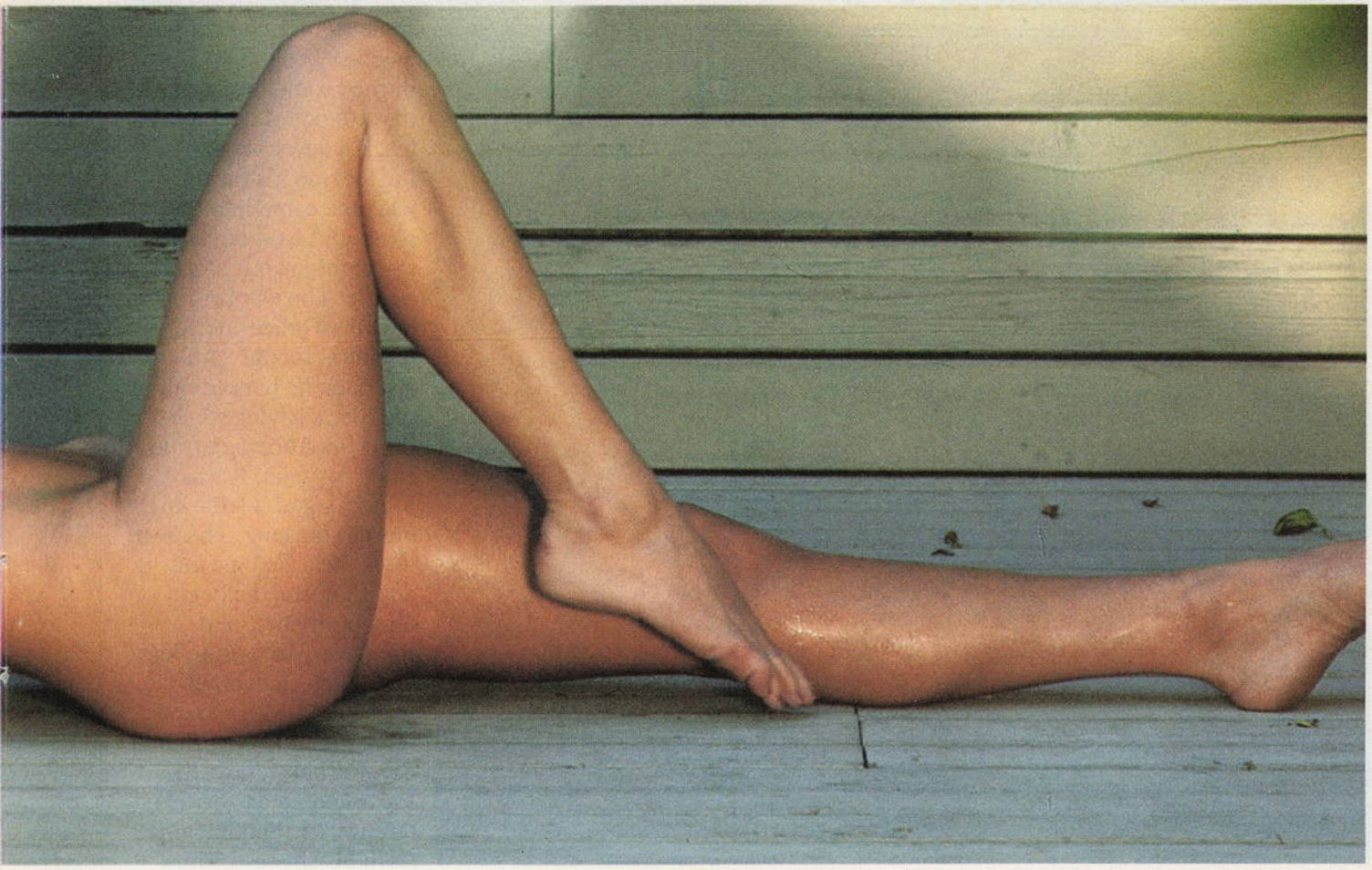
American. "My friends are always putting down the American tourists, making fun of their accents and those shirts with the little alligators on them, but I'm not like that. I love American jeans, American ice cream, American music—especially rock 'n' roll—and TV stars like Henry Winkler, Paul Michael Glaser and Robin Williams. I wouldn't mind being stranded on a desert island with any of them," she said mischievously. "Or, better yet, with *all* of them."

Which brought us to the topic of men. Hmm . . . any Americans among your current boyfriends? "No, not now—although I did have a crush on an American boy two years ago, when I was going to public school. That's private school in England, you know. Any-



way, his name was Mark, and he was an exchange student from Boston. I think I fell in love with him because he sounded just like John Kennedy, who is my favorite politician of all time." But you were practically a baby when he was President, we interjected. "Maybe so, but my parents talked about him all the time when I was little. I think my mother had a crush on him, and I just inherited it."

We asked about Mark. "Oh, he was gorgeous—dark curly hair, long eyelashes and a smile that could melt an iceberg. I plotted for weeks to get him to take me out. But he was so shy . . . and all the girls were after him. One day I stayed home sick, and I asked him to bring me



some lecture notes. I put on a sexy negligee, burned some incense and made a pot of chamomile tea. I'll never forget the look on his face when he came into the room and I sat up, letting my nightgown fall open a little. The whole thing backfired when I tried to kiss him, though. All of a sudden he backed out of the room, saying something about being afraid to catch my cold. It was something of a letdown, but not for long. The next week, he asked me out, and that was the beginning of my first real romance. We used to kiss and touch each other for hours—Mark knew more about kissing than a dozen English boys."

We asked about the difference. "I think it came from his shyness. Mark

wasn't always trying to push me into bed. He kind of waited for me to make the next move. He'd kiss me in nonsexual places, like on my eyelids or in the crook of my arm. And his mouth was so soft." English men don't kiss like that? "They tend to be a lot pushier. It's as if they're afraid we're going to fly away—maybe that's why they call us 'birds.' "

That's an interesting idea. So, if you could really become a bird, what kind would you be? we asked. A swan, perhaps? "No, my neck's not long enough. Besides, swans are really mean creatures. I'd be a turtledove." What does a turtledove look like? "I don't know. I've never seen one. But think of all the songs already written about me. I'd be famous."

(Continued from page 73)
ferent reputation and a different specialty; there were girls who would give you a hand job and girls who would give you a blow job. I solved the whole make-out thing by going steady. I got really serious with a girl when I was about fifteen and she was fourteen. We went together two years and even got engaged, so naturally we petted and made out all the time—in the hallway above the elevator on the sixth floor. We didn't go all the way, because there was really a fear of getting a girl pregnant then. It was just an amazingly fearful idea in your mind. I never stepped over that line until I went into the Air Force.

OUI: You didn't even *try*?

CARLIN: Well, occasionally we'd go out and "pick up some cunt"—that was the phrase for going to Forty-second Street or Coney Island or Rockaway. We'd go in groups of two or three and cruise. Cruising was done on foot in New York; there were no cars for guys like us. Cars were things you broke into and sat in, especially if it was cold or raining or something. But there was no sense moving them, because you'd never find a place to park a stolen car in New York, anyway.

OUI: So, how'd you go about picking up girls?

CARLIN: The girls were always in groups of twos and threes, also. You'd try to pick them all up at once. It was frustrating, because sometimes there would be one that you really knew you could make out with, but what did you do with the other two?—not to mention the guys you were with. There was so much teasing. Girls were into their heavy makeup trip then. They wore jeans and flats and chewed a lot of gum and put their lipstick on "over lip," above the lip line. And a lot of that Max Factor over acne . . . you know, where you could see the bumps and ridges and everything, but you couldn't tell the color of them, because everything was "tawny beige."

OUI: You used to put a lot of those adolescent memories in your routine. Was it a way of resolving teenage anxieties?

CARLIN: You might say that I had an extended adolescence, which I really didn't complete until a few years ago. And I acted it out in front of the public—swearing, defying society's rules, taking risks and experimenting with drugs, which I'd never used as a kid. A lot of people don't grow up until late, but few get a chance to do it so publicly.

OUI: You acted out your adolescence all over America, then?

CARLIN: Yeah, and I got a lot of money and recognition for it.

OUI: How did you get so heavily into drugs?

CARLIN: It was in the middle of my album years. I'd always been a grass smoker, and quite to excess. If I wasn't cleaning, I was rolling. If I wasn't rolling, I was copping. If I wasn't copping, I was calling someone up.

GEORGE CARLIN

When I was on cocaine, I used to sort things. I would sort all the nuts, all the bolts, everything I owned.

And in between all that, I smoked. It was like, I would wake up in the morning, and in order to decide whether or not to have a joint right away, I would smoke a joint to figure it out.

OUI: Doesn't sound so strange to me.

CARLIN: Then cocaine came along, and I became an addict. I'd never gone for lush the way some of the folks from my childhood had, and I never considered pot to be very addictive. I didn't try heroin, either, and I knew some guys who got into real trouble with *that*. I took a chance on cocaine, and I got to like it a lot. It was my way of handling that intense period of popularity when I was getting a lot of recognition and money, and people cheering me for the chances I was taking. I wasted a few years then, in terms of my sanity and development.

OUI: Can you really become addicted to cocaine?

CARLIN: Well, I used an awful, awful lot of the stuff. And in the same way that I'd been doing pot, but it had much more dangerous effects. The pot, all it did was make me want to lie on the carpet. But I'd stay up three and four and five days with cocaine. I went to the doctor once to get some advice on how to get off coke, and one of the things I described was the fact that my feet hurt all the time. And they did—the toes and arches, the balls of my feet, the heels, everything. And he said, "Hmmm, that's a symptom from cocaine I've never heard of, your feet hurting." And I said, "Well, if you'd been up five days walking around, your feet would hurt, too." That's what it was.

OUI: Any other unusual symptoms?

CARLIN: I used to sort things. I sorted everything I owned, every day. I would sort all the nuts, all the bolts, all the washers, all the wood screws, all the nails, all the brads, all the tacks, all the horseshoe nails, all the thumbtacks, all the pushpins—everything was sorted and counted. But I could never remember the numbers, so I'd have to count it all again.

OUI: Sounds like you were really crazy.

CARLIN: I could have died real easily—I was that stupid. I'd drive to places and buy coke. I'd carry it around in the car with me, snort it at red lights and things.

OUI: How long ago was all this?

CARLIN: That was four or five years ago. Of course, there'd be long periods when I didn't act that way. I mean, after being up five days, I'd have to sleep for about another five, then get up. Maybe I'd start in again; other times I'd clean up for a month or two, not have any for a while. But anytime I got it, I made a run out of it.

OUI: How did you deal with the other people in your life, like your wife and daughter?

CARLIN: Brenda, my wife, was into it as much as I was—as were, in varying degrees, a lot of the people I was involved with. There was an awful lot of permissiveness around those backstages. I was really into the ritual of doing cocaine. Getting the hit, taking the toke in your nose became the most important thing to me. Sneaking off, going in the bathroom, taking it out, cutting lines, putting it to my nose and feeling the initial rush. It would never last long enough. I might take two more lines and then close it, put it in my pocket, get ready to leave the bathroom. And then I'd think, No, I'll have two more hits before I go. Outside, first thing I'd think is, How can I get away from them again to go to the bathroom? How can I tell them? I'll tell them I have diarrhea. "I've got diarrhea again." Just insane.

OUI: [to Brenda, who's entered the room] Did you know about all that?

BRENDA: I was right with him. We had a running thing in our house. Usually, we would score together. But I had four or five side people, and I don't know how many side people he had. I wouldn't tell him I had gotten a little bit more. So, in our house, it was where to hide the cocaine. I never wanted to go to sleep, because I knew that muther would have my coke. I'll never forget the time I made my biggest score. I had a whole ounce of cocaine, and I stuck it in a chair, a sewing-machine chair. I thought he'd never find it. But when I woke up, that son of a bitch had every bit of it. And he denied it.

CARLIN: There was a terrible aspect of deceit involved. We were so open to each other about everything else, our thoughts and feelings, but cocaine became so important that you'd want to be sure you had one up on the other person.

OUI: Did your daughter know what was going on, too?

CARLIN: Yes. We were never secretive about our use of drugs, because I didn't want her to think I was a hypocrite at some future date.

BRENDA: I remember one time we took a trip to Hawaii, when she was eleven or so, and as soon as we got there, George disappeared and was gone for hours. He came back with some coke—we'd been clean to start with. Well, that did it. The very first night we were fighting and screaming and yelling, and the people next door were going crazy and Kelly was crying. It was: My God, the insanity has come to Hawaii. That night, Kelly sat down and wrote a document and made both of us sign it. She wanted us to promise her that we would not use any more cocaine on that vacation. She was so

(Continued on page 116)

Going for BAROQUE

ARTICLE BY STEVE SIMELS & JOHN TEBBEL

If you think sextet, virginal, scoring and double fingering sound sexy, just listen to classical music

Think of classical music and what comes to mind? Those dreaded piano lessons your parents used to make you take, or boring high school music classes taught by deadly dull music instructors? Hell, just listening to the stuff felt like hard work. So why bother? There's nothing particularly sexy about classical music, right?

Wrong. The typical American has been brainwashed into thinking that classical music is suitable for playing only at funerals, White House weddings and Sunday nights on PBS. Besides, it's just for fruitcakes. So, Mr. Cool got hooked on the Bee Gees, and now he's a disco junkie. He spends thousands of dollars on a state-of-the-art stereo system, on which he plays nothing more than the *Grease* sound track or the Sex Pistols.

And that's too bad. He doesn't know what he's missing. Nobody ever told him that most classical stuff makes Robert Plant look like Paul Lynde, and that it's as macho as Clint Eastwood. Nobody ever took him aside and said, "Son, this classical music has balls the size of the Ritz, and far more virgins have been deflowered to the strains of a violin than have ever been seduced by spiky-haired English rock stars

ILLUSTRATION BY DENNIS MUKAI

clutching Gibson Les Pauls." So, how is he to know that classical-music freaks have been the victims of a conspiracy, of a gigantic media emasculation? As a result, rockers and disco dancers may war with each other, but they both ignore us. In Music City, classical-music appreciators live in the South Side ghetto—they're conveniently forgotten or consistently insulted.

We could keep the secret of classical music all to ourselves; for the most part, we're quite content with our wine, women and song. But we've endured the jeers, shrugged off the smirks and turned the other cheek for a long time now, and we're not going to take it anymore. Classical music is just as macho and sexy as hard rock . . . and we can prove it.

OK, now you're going to say, "If this classical stuff is so hot, then how come nobody ever broke the news?" That's a fair enough question. How did classical wind up with such a limp-wristed reputation?

The answer is simple: Blame it all on Percy Grainger, a turn-of-the-century pop-piano virtuoso who swished his way into the hearts of countless little old ladies and generally carried on as his generation's Liberace (who, come to think of it, has plenty to answer for in *our* time). Face it: Could any music associated with a guy named Percy ever cut it where real men are concerned? No way, Ray.

Old Percy sure screwed it up royally. So, instead, consider these macho heroes inextricably linked with classical music: the Lone Ranger, Sergeant Preston of the Yukon and the Green Hornet. Not a sissy in the bunch; yet they rode their white horses, mushed their huskies and gassed mad scientists to the strains (respectively) of the *William Tell* overture (Rossini), the *Donna Diana Overture* (Reznicek) and *The Flight of the Bumble Bee* (Rimsky-Korsakov). And if that roster isn't convincing enough proof that classical music separates the men from the boys, then ponder how Leopold Stokowski (remember Disney's *Fantasia*?) is the obvious role model for Jimi Hendrix' psychedelic Afro-chic (besides the fact that Leo scored some ultra-high-class nookie in his day); recall that Charles Ives, one of America's greatest composers, was also a star of the Yale football team; and reflect on how, just two years ago, the former whiz-kid conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic, Michael Tilson Thomas, was busted at Kennedy Airport for possession of cocaine, marijuana and amphetamines, which obviously makes him the Keith Richard of classical.

OK, OK. Classical music has some guts, but what's it good for? Well, one of the things it's best for—and with—is sex.

Yes, when the self-appointed guardians of our morality fan their vinyl bonfires, we know exactly what they're afraid of. Take the Reverend Charles Boykin, previously with the Lakewood Baptist Church in Tallahassee, Florida. In 1975, he put the torch to some $2200 worth of records, including some classical masterpieces, whose "syncopated beats," Boykin claimed, accounted for the rapidly rising number of unwed mothers.

And just as Mr. Peavey never told you in 11th grade that Thomas Jefferson was fooling around down at the slave cabins, Miss Abernathy somehow forgot to mention that while Chopin was writing those nice waltzes, he was shacked up with a girl who called herself George. Believe it or not, the waltz was as big a scandal in its day as Elvis' pelvis was on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. That's the *waltz*—you know, one-two-three, one-two-three. In the early Nineteenth Century, dancing the waltz was about the only way short of marriage to get your hands on a member of the opposite sex. (When it first skulked across the English Channel from naughty Paree, proper Britishers branded the dance "destitute of grace, delicacy and propriety—a disgusting practice.") Before its advent, only hands could touch, but now the young lords and ladies could cop a socially acceptable feel, right out there in front of God and everybody. The spacecraft-penetration scene in *2001* wasn't set to the *Blue Danube* waltz just because Kubrick liked the tune. Waltz music is *hot*.

How should you listen to classical music? *Loud*—that's how. There's no reason an 80-piece orchestra should have to sound like it's playing a garden-party gig. And to fully appreciate the softer, more lyrical compositions, you must be able to hear the silences as well as the notes. So turn it up. And while you're at it, get a kick-ass stereo system, preferably one that can deliver the subtle nuances in music, along with an intensity of sound. Sheer volume alone is fine for three-chord, high-powered rock, but the lush textures, wide dynamics and complex instrumentation of most classical music demand finer shading. Power doesn't matter as much as your amplifier's ability to reproduce precisely the different harmonics produced by a piccolo and a Flügelhorn.

> With classical you have a nonstop, 20-minute, time-tested, musical orgasm

Bass junkies, take note: The king-hell bass experience is the 32-foot-long organ stop on some baroque organs. Not many speakers or amps, or indeed the recordings themselves, can do it justice, but when it works, it's breathtaking.

But let's get back to sex for a moment. Specifically, seduction. Everyone bops to a different beat. True, the average woman will surrender to the strains of anything vaguely mellow from the Top 40. But the time to change her tastes is later; right now you've got to satisfy them. What if she turns up her nose at your record collection, bats her eyelashes and says, "Got any classical?" Does this mean you might as well forget about copping anything heavier than a handshake? Does this mean your sex life for the foreseeable future will amount to nothing more than a date with the Palm Sisters?

Absolutely not. Don't panic. Don't show her the door. As a matter of fact, you've probably just hit the jackpot. For one thing, the mere fact that she's made the effort to get into a head trip like classical means she's probably employable and in a position to support you in your declining years. Better still, if she's into something more sophisticated than *A Fifth of Beethoven*, she's clueing you that she knows something that you should know, too. Classical music is perfect for seduction.

It's true. Remember that perfume ad? The one where the skinny violinist is slapping the make on the foxy-looking

BEETHOVEN

pianist in the long dress? What kind of music do you think got *them* all hot and bothered? That's right, classical. Instead of a series of three-minute cuts that change the mood on you, classical provides a nonstop, 20-minute musical orgasm, time-tested over the generations, a Donna Summer with class. So, unless your oven explodes, you've got it made.

And speaking of having it made, so did a really astonishing number of the men and women who composed and performed classical; a randier bunch of artists, patrons and paramours would be hard to find.

Contrary to myth, electric rockers and skinny Italian crooners from New Jersey were not the first entertainers to be pursued with single-minded intensity by heedless young nymphets. One biographer of Franz Liszt, for example, found it "impossible to count the ravishing, celestial women who came to fall, trembling like poor little larks, at the feet of the terrible enchanter." Only the prose style hints that Mick Jagger is not the object of this slander.

Old Franz (1811–1886), bio'd in the only slightly exaggerated Ken Russell film *Lisztomania*, was in fact the first person to really put the *super* in superstar. Ladies would literally swoon as he played the piano. Actually, *pounded* would be a better word: The iron-frame piano—which permitted the player to smash out more sheer sound, and which Liszt repeatedly demolished during recitals—was as important to his success as stacks of Fender amplifiers are to Ted Nugent. Franz cut such a dashing figure that he wound up siring more illegitimate children by various princesses and countesses (not to mention his piano students, who were the obvious groupies of the day) than anybody this side of Brian Jones. In his old age, he retired to a monastery, claiming exhaustion. Nobody believed him.

Of course, had there been a *People* magazine in those days, enough of the real picture would have survived to make righteous mothers start ripping the classical records out of school libraries everywhere. Fortunately for music teachers, though, digging up the dirt is like trying to find out what's on Jimmy Carter's mind. Nevertheless, enough naughty bits have survived to allow us to present the following thumbnail Profiles in Promiscuity.

Consider Richard Wagner (1813–1883), man of excess. Composer of one of the longest operas, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Promoter of the largest, most lavish productions. Assembler of the largest, loudest orchestras.

Wagner was one of the hottest items on any social scene. It's a wonder that he died in bed. By himself, that is. While composing his torrid opera *Tristan and Isolde*, he was cuckolding the guy who was putting him up. When it came time to produce the show, Wagner found the time to diddle the lead soprano's younger sister *and* to father a child by the wife of the conductor, who was apparently none the wiser, despite the baby's being named Isolde. A busy man, but sublimely happy.

While we're on the subject of opera, how about Mme. Nellie Melba (1861–1931), famous for her portrayal of the mad Lucia Di Lammermoor. What this great soprano was even more famous for was never going onstage to deliver an aria without first giving head to some lucky stagehand. Needless to say, there was never any union trouble when Mme. Nellie was in town.

Or take the case of Louis Moreau Gottschalk (1829–1869), America's answer to Liszt, and the composer of a steamy little symphony called *A Night in the Tropics*. His doctors claimed that he died from overexertion, brought on by his fanatical pursuit of teenage girls. Gottschalk was quite a matinee idol. Once, during a concert in Switzerland, an aristocratic lady of Amazonian proportions leaped onto the stage, carried off the willing composer over her shoulder and deposited him in a carriage waiting outside the theater. The pair were not heard from again for a full three months. Which proves, we guess, that today's rockers have either more efficient security guards or less stamina.

The same cannot be said of old Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750), however. Composing the *St. Matthew Passion* apparently inspired him to use his time off to sire 20(!) children, not counting the illegitimate ones he had with various chambermaids.

Then there's Giacomo Puccini (1858–1925), who composed the all-time operatic wet dream *Turandot*, in which the hero is sufficiently macho to reduce the ice-queen heroine to uncontrollable, palpitating lust with just one kiss. Puccini's affairs were incredibly numerous and varied. His wife drove some poor serving wench in their employ to suicide after discovering her and her errant husband in flagrante delicto; later, Mrs. Puccini couldn't cope, either, and had to be put away.

And speaking of passionate Italians, how could we ever

MUSIC APPRECIATION 101

Not all of us have the time or patience to sit through Music Appreciation or some such blather. But fear not. If you read the next few paragraphs, you'll never miss it.

Classical is a term that loosely applies to any music that sounds longhair, but it also refers to a Classical period, when the sound we think of as classical was fully crystallized.

Baroque, however, came before Classical: Think of Bach, harpsichords and the *Masterpiece Theatre* theme.

Romantic music came after Classical: thundering drums, galloping cavalry, the crash of cymbals and the slippery lushness of wet silk. After the intellectuals had dominated music for a couple of centuries, the Romantic composers decided to get down. And we're still shaking from it; just ask ELO or Queen.

Impressionism took over after Romantic, around the turn of the century. This period treats us to little woodland creatures, afternoons at the seashore, picnics without ants. Then, as the Twenties roared, so did the music.

The *serious music* that is being composed today is as impossible to whistle along with as a hanging.

In a nutshell, music history looks kinda like this:

Time	*Term*	*Description*
One Million B.C.–A.D. 1300	Early music	Chants, grunts, banging
1400–1600	Renaissance	Lilting, lyrical, the power of positive thinking
1600–1750	Baroque	Bouncy, complex, good head trip
1750–1830	Classical	Uptight, steamy, boring
1815–1910	Romantic	Sexy, steamy, physical
1900–1920	Impressionist	Back-to-nature, *The Planets*, *La Mer*, L'Athlete's Foot
1920–1980	Modern serious music	Chants, grunts, banging

THE TUNE-UP MASTERS

What's hot? Well, obviously, not everything. You have to be fairly selective, because some of the stuff was ground out by the yard (kinda like disco), and because the best classical records are imports. This means they're expensive, but they're worth the money because the pressings are superb (hardly any snap-crackle-pop). Assuming you have some lovable lady at your place, one who just needs the right aural stimulation, the following list should provide you with all the musical ammunition you'll need.

Pachelbel, *Kanon* (Musical Heritage Society). This one you may remember from those yogurt commercials; in which case your date, assuming her tastes otherwise tend to Billy Joel, will probably know it, too. Perfect accompaniment to candlelight encounters; a haunting melody that repeats itself for half a side, ebbing and swelling along the way. In fact, the tune is *so* addictive (in the chewing-gum–jingle sense), your date may begin to hum along.

Wagner, *Prelude and Liebestod*—from *Tristan and Isolde* (Karajan: Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Deutsche Grammophon). Wagner wrote some of the most passionate, convincing love music ever to titillate a concert audience. This number, in particular, is a more potent aphrodisiac than a Quaalude and a bottle of Mateus.

Mozart, *Piano Concerto #21* (Barenboim: English Chamber Orchestra, EMI). Better known as the theme from *Elvira Madigan*, a Swedish film that was a sort of *Love Story* for culture snobs. This one hits college girls, in particular, where they live, as it's more sensitive than Jackson Browne and Joni Mitchell combined.

Rachmaninov, *Piano Concerto #2 in C minor* (Richter: Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra, Deutsche Grammophon). Ripped off as a schlock pop song *Full Moon and Empty Arms* and imitated in countless bad movies, it's the inevitable accompaniment for passionate love affairs on windswept moors. Great for rainy nights, especially if you're with someone who looks like Olivia de Haviland.

Beethoven, *The "Rasoumovsky" String Quartets, Op. 59* (Philips). Beethoven is best understood in bed, anyway, but this infectious, throbbing string piece is a total turn-on. He may have been deaf, but he wasn't dumb about sex.

Debussy, *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun* (Karajan: Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Deutsche Grammophon). The title is self-explanatory—and let me tell you, it was a hell of a good afternoon. If you don't know what fauns like to do, look it up. Chances are, it'll interest you, too.

Bach, *Toccato and Fugue in D Minor* (Richter: DGG). Also heard in many film scores with mad geniuses and submarine captains in old horror and sci-fi flicks, most notably the *Phantom of the Opera*. Perfect for those of you into whips-and-chains. This one opened *Fantasia* and is also considered the best performance by organist E. Power Biggs. Corny but great.

Ravel, *Bolero* (Eugene Ormandy: Philadelphia Orchestra, Columbia). This is the big one—the one Dudley Moore used to make Bo Derek more than a 10. A fifteen-minute cocktease with a climax of DeMillean proportions, it has been known to induce orgasms in nursing homes. The *"10"* version has now been released as a single.

Rossini, *Ouvertüren* (Claudio Abbado: London Symphony Orchestra, Deutsche Grammophon). Nobody builds to a climax like Rossini. No wonder the guy made so much money in the mid-1800s. Especially sexy is *L'Italiana in Algeri* overture.

Chopin, *Nocturnes #11–20* (Tamàs Vàsàry, pianist: Deutsche Grammophon). They're called nocturnes because they were meant for nighttime play, and their soft, relaxed texture can thaw the iciest date. Just be sure she doesn't fall asleep.

Vivaldi, *The Four Seasons* (Karajan: Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, Deutsche Grammophon). All four of these violin pieces are warm and cuddly, but "Winter" and "Spring" will work the fastest. When you ask if she wants to hear *The Four Seasons*, hope she doesn't expect Frankie Valli, too.

Holst, *The Planets* (William Steinberg: Boston Symphony Orchestra, Deutsche Grammophon). Pre-*Star Wars* music, very spacey and overpowering. "Venus" will wear down her resistance enough to allow your Jupiter to align with her Mars.

Falla, *Nights in the Gardens of Spain* (Eduardo Mata: London Symphony Orchestra, RCA). These nights in the garden were really something, and Falla never missed a beat. *This* is what your teachers meant by the language of romance.

forget our personal favorite, Don Carlo Gesualdo (1560–1613), the man who may have been the Sid Vicious of his day. The old Don, who composed some of the most ecstatic religious madrigals ever to have been played in a Catholic church, had a fondness for young girls and illicit chemicals, but he didn't have much of a sense of humor: When he caught his wife and some Sicilian stud making the beast with two backs, he offed them both on the spot.

We could go on and wax nostalgic over Johannes Brahms, who learned to play the piano (and probably quite a few other things) as a child, while working in a Viennese brothel. Or we could raise an eyebrow or two by mentioning that when Enrico Caruso was asked, upon his return to an opera house he'd played in his youth, what piece he'd last been in at that theater, he replied, "Geraldine Farrar." We could bare an old scandal and reveal that at the Paris premiere of Ravel's frankly erotic tone-poem *Bolero* (1927), the level of arousal in the orchestra pit was so high that the entire violin section had to be roped off.

But why belabor the obvious? Anybody with even relatively well developed sensibilities now knows that classical music has never been the sterile, sexless, aural flatulence that a few Victorian bluenoses in the public school system have made it out to be. So, the next time some Kiss fan smirks at you while you fondle a shrink-wrapped copy of *Great Romantic Overtures*, tell him that listening to the stuff activates the hormones to the point at which you can go one-on-one with Bo Derek, anytime.

Meanwhile, if a Juilliard girl winks at you, don't assume she's suffering from a facial tic. And if you strike out with her because you think *Das Rheingold* is a low-calorie beer, don't come crawling to us. We told you so. ■

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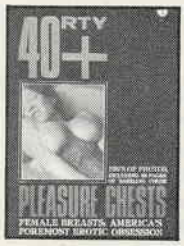

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GEORGE CARLIN

(Continued from page 110)

concerned; that's parenting. I mean, "Please don't do this to yourselves, Mommy and Daddy."

OUI: It sounds like you were out of control.

BRENDA: In my case, I had an even bigger problem, because I was also destroying myself with booze. George could stop using the cocaine and nothing else was there to hurt him. There was pot, but that wasn't going to hurt him. I had a lot of physical problems from the abuse of alcohol that George didn't have. I was really sick. I finally went into a hospital to die—not to save my life, but to die. I thought I had gone way beyond help and could never get well.

CARLIN: And that is partially why we both got so heavily into cocaine, because coke gives you a feeling of power, that everything's gonna be OK, we can work this thing out, and isn't it a fine, fine day. And then would come the depression and the paranoia. We went on for several years like that.

OUI: How did it affect your performing?

CARLIN: I was a driven, manic performer. There was a certain magnificence in that. Cocaine doesn't give you anything, any talent, that you don't already have, but it does open up a window. Which is why so many creative people have gotten hooked up to it. It's up to you, I suppose, to find a healthy way to have access to your wildest and craziest side. On coke, your creativity becomes flawed, tainted; it's the product of a ragged insanity. I threw away an awful lot of material when I got clean. The handwriting was enough to tell you. It looked like it had been written by someone with a pen in their toes.

OUI: Is that phase over in your life?

CARLIN: Without question. It would feel like putting a bullet in my heart to take even a little bit.

OUI: Were you in therapy at the time?

BRENDA: Our therapy kept us from killing each other. You can imagine two paranoid cokeheads going at each other.

CARLIN: It was a gradual thing. I can't remember a dramatic turning point. Being in therapy was like having an umpire, someone who'd say, "Wait a minute, no fair." We've stuck together for eighteen years, because the things about each other that we loved never really changed; we just had to get past the bad parts, the drug-induced craziness.

OUI: So, now what are you up to?

CARLIN: I feel we have something really strong to build on now. You know, everything is cyclical. You turn corners. I've always moved ahead to the next thing. Radio was a way for me to get to stand-up comedy, and then I was in a team with Jack Burns. That was a way for me to get used to the stage and become a single. And then I had my years in television, and I had to change my head around. Now, although I'll always do monologues and concerts, I want to put my comedy onscreen.

OUI: You have a concert movie in the works right now, don't you?

CARLIN: Yes and no. Part of it is a concert, based on three shows I did in Phoenix. We taped it with six or eight cameras, and we did it in the round. I'm using parts of that, the best parts of my best monologues, as the centerpiece of the film, and I'm building things around it, adding conventional movie scenes, vignettes, blackouts, little things that relate to the subjects I'm doing onstage. It's a transitional step for me. I want to make story-line films eventually, but I want to see first how I'd apply my present self to the screen.

OUI: I've been seeing you most often these days on *The Tonight Show*, subbing for Johnny Carson. Have you ever wanted your own talk show?

CARLIN: Never. I don't even think I should do the Carson show. I did about twelve last year, and I wonder lately if I didn't do one or two more than I should have. For my own sake. I enjoy it, because I get to dig something out of the file and do a monologue and have fun. It's like being in a fantasy world. We all know I'm not really an interviewer, but for that night I have my own show and I'm an interviewer on the network. That's the challenge, being a kind of interloper and then handling it well. Like, hey, I'll show these mothers. I can do this, too, you know.

OUI: Do you have any other fantasies like that? Of being another person in another place?

CARLIN: I'd like to live in an American colony in a European city, where a lot of expatriates live and where tourists come to visit from America. I'd own a little café, a coffee shop, and serve vegetables and omelets. I'd even be the chef in charge for part of the day. I can just see myself buying stuff at the market in Paris in the morning and setting up the place. On Friday and Saturday nights, I'd do a show for the Americans in residence and talk about being away from America now. It would be a wonderful way to do what I do now, but without the pace.

OUI: As a fantasy, that's pretty tame. Don't you have any lost-on-an-island sexual fantasies?

CARLIN: I have always wanted to be loose in the San Diego Zoo without my pants on.

OUI: Behind bars?

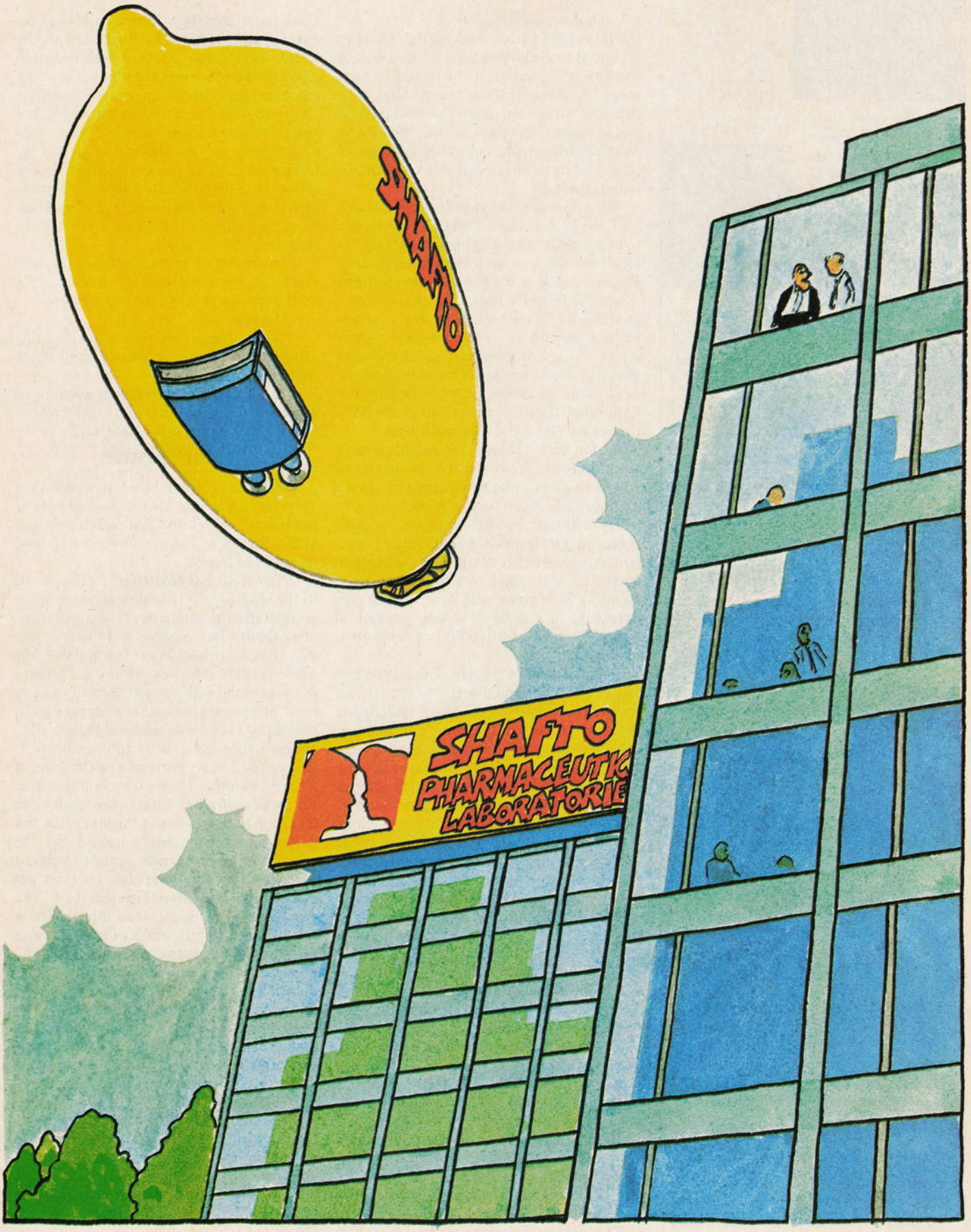
CARLIN: There aren't any bars; that's why I'd want to be there. I'd leap a moat and screw a polar bear.

OUI: Why a polar bear?

CARLIN: It's just the first thing that came to mind, so there must be something in it.

OUI: Oh.

CARLIN: And change that *screw* to *fuck* a polar bear. It's got a nicer ring. ■



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BAR-FIGHT ETIQUETTE

(Continued from page 79)

should the need arise. And you don't have to be any Ron Guidry to be able to detonate the head or gnarlies of the would-be barroom opponent. In fact, the problem with the pool ball as bar fighter's companion is one of control. Once a rackful of balls starts winging around the room, the question of innocent bystanders arises. A moral dilemma, indeed.

What, you ask, about pool cues? The less said, the better. These skinny little bats are to be used only as minor instruments of prefight coercion, or to lash and whack the tiny. Because, face it, cowboy, to the enraged Mean Joe Green, a god-awful pool cue isn't anything but a big toothpick. Worse, it ties up both your hands. If some mother is coming at you, you're gonna get about one swat that just might bruise his shoulder, and the next thing you know, he'll be tripping the light fantastic all over that half of the body that exists above the liver and spleen.

As for beer pitchers, the experts are of several minds. Personally, I have found the 32-ounce glass to be the weapon of choice among the better booze-'n'-beaters.

The ultimate bar-fight weapon, though, comes in the form of a long-necked beer bottle, broken deftly at the base. To break it correctly, you've got to smack it just so, about an inch above said base, against the hard edge of a table or counter top. Do it wrong, however, and you'll end up with a bloody fist.

Again, a word to the wise: Before you use any of this stuff, you'd better be damn sure that you can justify it in a hurry. Otherwise, you may end up dealing with a whole new *après* bar-fight concept: jail. A very big hassle, especially if you have to deal with a lot of red tape engendered with such concepts as first-, second- and third-degree murder. When that happens, you have to hang around with a bunch of Perry Mason types and give them a bunch of money. If they screw up, you end up contemplating your dong in a concrete box for a decade or so.

Which brings us to another bar-fight tableau.

CHICKENING OUT WITH STYLE

OK! Maybe you're just plain yellow. Well, let's call a spade a spade right here and now, and get it over with. So what? We can't all be Baretta or James Bond. Anyway, for an amateur such as yourself, it's not really chickening out, especially when the other guy is wielding a gun, knife, blackjack, razor, screwdriver, meat cleaver, lug wrench, pipe, tire iron or cat-o'-nine-tails. Likewise, if he clearly outweighs you by more than 20 pounds or, worst of all, looks like he knows what he's doing, bowing out gracefully may be your smartest move.

The most effective way to turn tail is to go stark-raving apeshit. That's right—just freak out completely. This is a method pioneered and practiced by black cowards the world over. Unlike his honky counterpart, who's content to snivel and whine, the savvy chicken black knows aggressive hysteria: "*Staywayfrommemothafucka! Orlbeforrippin'youabrandnewasshole!*" This kind of jumping up and down and gesturing like a madman can pay big dividends in the face-saving department. I like to go completely out of my skull—babble in tongues, barf, leap all over the place. I just let my conscience be my guide.

If you're not up to that, why not just lie? Here's a sample from my Berlitz-style mini-portfolio of butt-rescuing bullshit.

- "Beat it, dork, I'm a cop."
- "Look, friend, my wife was killed this afternoon in an auto accident—some other time, OK?"
- "Look, friend, my parole is going to be revoked if I snag one more attempted-murder rap—some other time, OK?"

RANDOM HITS

Where to go from here? It would take years to clue you to all the ins and outs of top-notch bar fighting, and space does not allow. So, let's just get down with some more of the basics.

UNDERAGE BAR FIGHTING: A word to the wise: If you're underage and receive an invitation to altercate, take a piss. Say, "No, thanks, Mr. Asshole, but I'm trying to quit. Want a drink? Want five dollars? My whole wallet? The keys to my car? Forty minutes alone with my girl?" Pacify at any cost. The reason being that underage guys, especially those who carry *el fake-o* I.D., nearly always get a bad rap if grabbed by the cops or a beefy bartender in the wake of a barroom romp. Here's why. Number one: Shitheads who bar fight when under the legal age to be in a bar in the first place can cost a barroom its liquor license. So, the owner may press charges against them out of vengeance, if nothing else. That can get sticky and expensive. Number two: The cops have got a minor dead to rights on a solid charge. A guy who's of legal age can always piss and moan, "Ah, he hit me first," no matter what really happened, and get off with a hand slap. That's because the government doesn't like to tie up the courts over a petty matter of a broken head. But you either are of legal age or you're not of legal age. It's sort of open and shut. And, if you've used phony identification . . .

DEALING WITH YOUR OPPONENT'S DATE (OR YOURS!): Milady's big mouth has got more out-of-shape bar fighters in trouble than anything else. Don't let some over-opinionated bitch pick a fight for you. So, when the little woman pops off in the tav, turn on *her*, threaten *her*, for God's sake. If need be, pour your drink down her blouse to cool her off. Forget all

that Gloria Steinem noise: Today's young ladies love and respect that kind of frankness. And besides, it can save your ass.

And while we're on the topic, here's some advice you should *never* forget: Don't let your dick get you mixed up with the most dangerous female alive: the bar-fight woman. Usually characterized by out-of-date two-inch-platform shoes, and miniskirts, she's otherwise most easily identified by a marked inability to pronounce the *g* in words ending in *i-n-g*, cheap, lavender nail polish, tattoos on her inner thigh commemorating old boyfriends, and gauzy fabric over otherwise bare breasts. Most of these bimbos spend their daylight hours wishing the men in their lives would either fuck them silly or croak. Resembling Daisy Maes at 20 and grandmothers by 30, these young ladies have been the catalyst for endless barroom contretemps. Often, they just plain can't *decide* who gets to plank 'em. Sexy, degenerate and violent—you don't even want them on *your* side.

RAIN CHECKS: As you grow more experienced, you'll grow likewise more offense-minded. A cross-eyed look or a pathetic request for change of a dollar will have you up and ready for the poor geek unfortunate enough to cross your path. Some people are so boring and gerbil-hearted—even if they're great big tough-looking guys—that they'll refuse to fight and give you the punches you so richly deserve. Instead, they're likely to offer only a polite "Piss off, screwball" and go about their drinking, eating and dancing business. In such cases, it's usually proper only to return to your table and await another night.

TEAM BAR FIGHTING: Great stuff. If only because there's safety in numbers. Suffice it to say, team bar fighting usually boils down to your guys against their guys, and has a sort of shirts-and-skins aspect to it. Organization can be a problem. Even a mean mother like George Patton had occasional trouble getting his troops to take their licks like men. Numbers can create problems, as well. If too many of their guys gang up on too few of your guys, it gets down to . . . Well, think of a bunch of timber wolves attacking outnumbered caribou. Not a pretty sight; so choose sides carefully.

THE STRATEGIC RETREAT: Occasionally, it may occur to you that you're not gonna win the fight—at least, not without a little breather. Yes, it happens to all of us. Some son of a bitch with a fist like a wrecking ball has put your butt to the rug. What to do? My advice: If there are tables and chairs in the vicinity, scurry roachlike on hands and knees between them. Within moments, you'll be (temporarily) safe amid a forest of fishnet nylon and checkered polyester. Even the most ardent opponent is loathe to come crawling down there after you. This is a tactic proved tried and true by the author on numerous occasions.

CHANGE OF VENUE: Never, never, *never* accept an invitation to go "outside" with anybody, unless you're absolutely positive you're going to end up the pummeler rather than the pummelee. Some bar fighters are low-down and kinky. Once they get you down in a parking lot, they think nothing of bashing your poor bourgeois noggin against the rusty bumper of the nearest '55 Chevy. And that's if you're lucky.

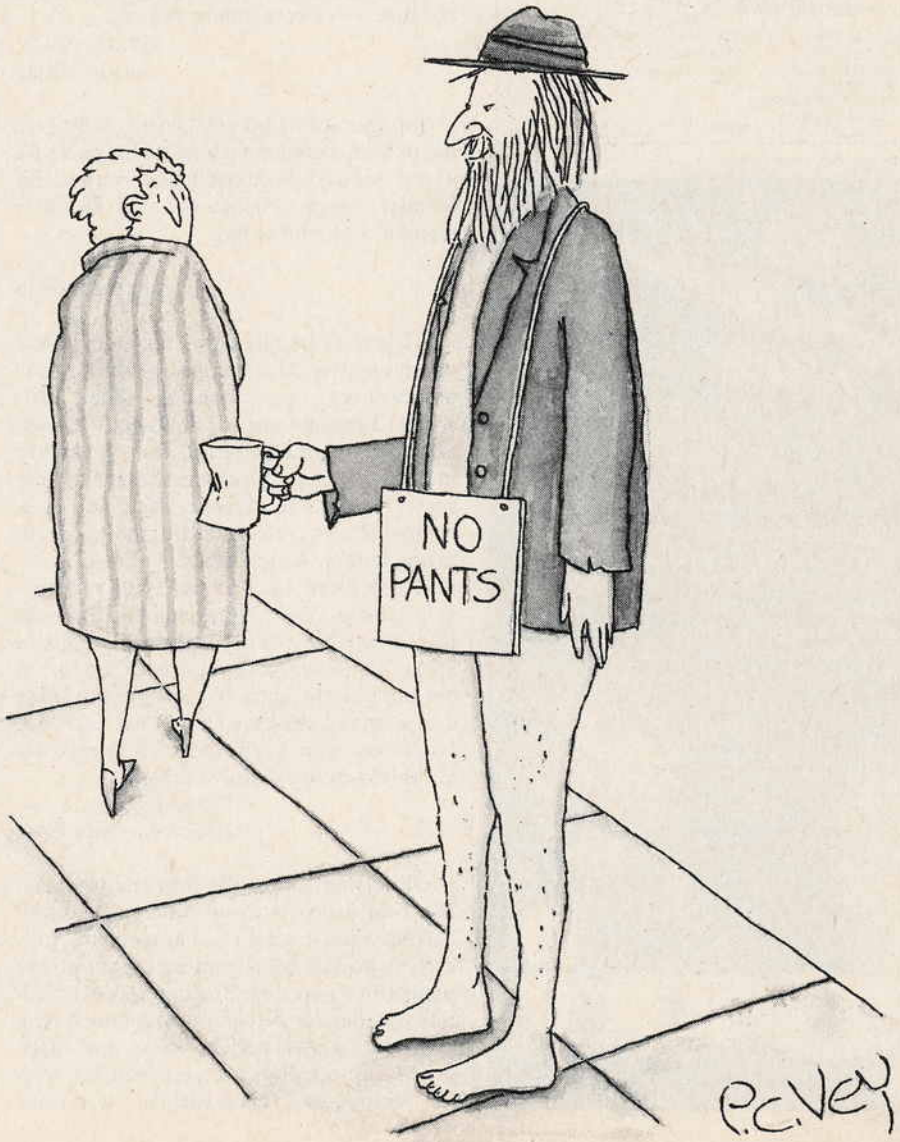
Besides, it's a hell of a lot more macho-neato just to duke it out right there indoors. If you can get a few good licks in, so much the better. If not, chances are excellent that the bartenders will rescue you eventually, anyway. As a species, they're generally disinclined to witness dismemberment within their own place of business. It sounds odd, but they're like that.

CUTTING YOUR LOSSES: Finally, know your exits. Absolutely. Don't even whisper a challenge until you know exactly how to get the hell out of there. And remember: Once you're mixing it up, give it all you've got, buddy, but save enough energy to run. Just in case.

A PARTING SHOT

I know, you still have your doubts. Is this writer a reliable voice of the true super-tough cosmic consciousness? Maybe the real world is truly a dangerous place. Maybe, if you mess with the wrong guy, he'll wipe the floor with you. Or you could end up street pizza—your would-be bar-fighting self spread all over the pavement. Or maybe the whole concept of sports bar fighting is just plain dumb—the product of an idiotic American mythos, created by blockheads and jack-off artists who couldn't win a real fight to save their lives. Maybe you should just leave your fellow bar patrons alone, before you really get greased. Maybe it's a better idea just to keep your mouth shut, have a drink and go home.

If you're a pussy, that is. Which is exactly what you are, if you believed a word of those last half-dozen sentences. That was a test of your new cosmic bar-fight confidence, pal. And if any of that rational defeatist pap made the least bit of sense, you'll never cut it as the all-seeing, all-knowing, unpleasant and pushy all-American bar-fight thug I know you can be. And that's what you want to be when you grow up, right? Whaddaya mean, *no*? Why, I ought to . . . ■



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SPEAK EASY

(Continued from page 98)

felt her pelvis tensing and tightening and arching. I was scared I'd lose it, but I managed to keep licking. Then her thighs gripped me and she moaned, and I knew she was coming.

I think that moment meant more to me than any of my own orgasms; it was definitely the sexual high point of my college career.

KARL T.
Walla Walla, Washington

OLDER WOMEN

I really enjoyed your column on the subject of the older woman. I'm engaged to one. She's six years older than I am and has been married twice before, but she's very timid in bed. I love it! I'm teaching her things about sex, and it's really thrilling to me that my older lady is actually my student. We started dating by letter and after 16 weeks of that, our first night together was extraordinary. I'm not one to go into details, but I'm very proud of her. I'm not the least bit bothered by our age difference, because we're both young at heart.

STEPHEN C.
Austin, Texas

Younger women don't know how to give head, and they don't know anything at all about seduction. Experience is the best teacher. Besides, I love the way an older woman comes on to me.

KEN S.
Athens, Ohio

As long as people enjoy each other, age doesn't matter. My first affair—I'm a bisexual woman—was with an older girl. I was 12 and she was 16. From her I learned about gentleness and love. During the five months we were together, she taught me special kisses and touches. She made me a ring which I wore constantly, and we wrote loving letters to each other.

At 19, I had a not-so-satisfying relationship with a 26-year-old woman. She was just too inhibited. But for the past year, I've enjoyed a female lover who is 27, and it's a perfect relationship. We both enjoy men and women, and have shared our bed with boyfriends. Her boyfriend is 25; mine is 47. He thinks my adventures are great.

DIANNE B.
Hicksville, New York

Older women are the best sex teachers. My first affair with an older woman occurred when I was 17. The woman, Lee, was 32, and I'd been wanting to get into her pants since I was 14. But Lee was married. She was slender with gorgeous shining hair, great legs and a perfect smile. Lee often called me to come over and help her with the "things guys normally do," when her husband was working out of town. When I turned 17, I bought a 35mm camera and took a summer course in photography at a local college. For my first assignment, I had to take some candid shots of somebody. I told Lee, and she said I was welcome to use her as my model. I shot her in the garden while she was sunning herself, and then she asked if I wanted to take some pictures indoors. Once inside, Lee asked if unbuttoning her blouse a few buttons would improve my grade. I just stood there, so she unbuttoned the blouse—to below her breasts. She wasn't wearing a bra, which I found quite fascinating.

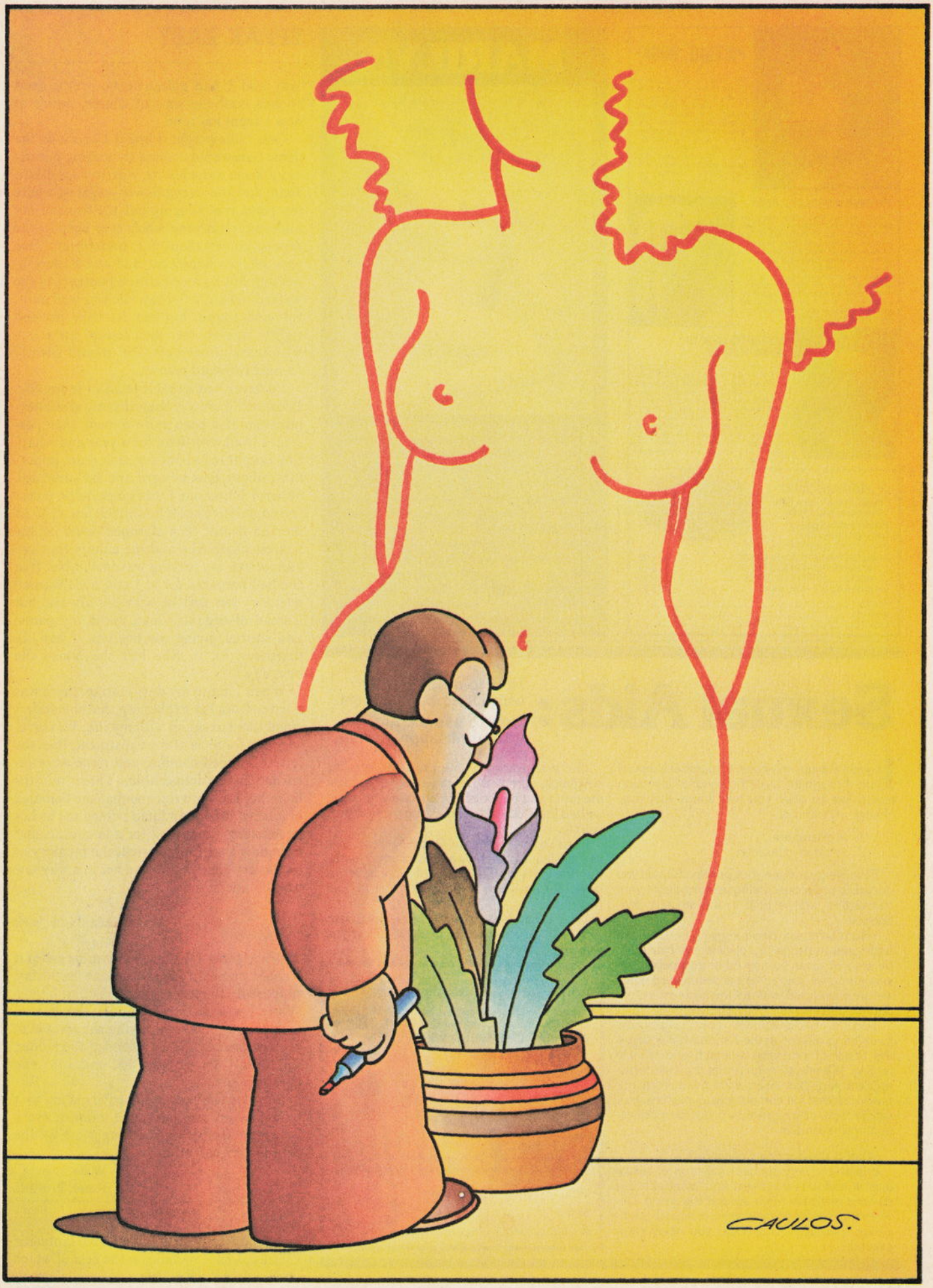
Following her upstairs, I took pictures while she cleaned the bathroom. Then I followed her into the bedroom. She said she was going to change clothes, but that I could stay. I couldn't believe it. She dropped her blouse. Click. She unzipped her jeans. Click. While I reloaded my film, she changed into a gold satin robe with an ornate dragon embroidered on the back. Gorgeous—gold robe, long tan legs, nipples pressing against the satin. She told me to get her a pair of matching gold panties from the drawer. I returned to hand them to her, but she told me to put them on her. I untied the robe, and after she stepped into the panties I slowly pulled them up.

She told me I could make love to her, and I confessed I'd been wanting to for a long time. On the bed, she gave me the best head I'd ever had. Then we threw back the covers. We took the missionary position and came in about two minutes. Afterward, she asked if I'd ever tried other positions, and I said no. She went down on me again until I got hard; then she showed me how to enter her from behind. I've never felt anything quite so erotic. After that orgasm, Lee suggested a shower. I never dreamed she meant together; it turned out to be the best shower I'd ever had.

With planning, I managed to stay there overnight. I told my parents I was taking night photos at a friend's house. That night, I learned a dozen new positions, was introduced to vibrators and got into cunnilingus. I ended up staying with Lee whenever her husband was out of town. Finally, she and her husband moved away. Lee and I still write to each other, though, and someday I know I'll pay my lovely teacher a visit.

GINO T.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

My first real love affair was with an older woman, and I'd have to say she taught me everything. I was 21, stationed in the navy in Southern California, and I felt as if I were about a million miles from home. My apartment was off base. Most weekends I stayed home watching TV and getting drunk, because I was too damn shy to try my luck at local bars. My 40-year-old land-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SPEAK EASY

lady and I had gotten to be pretty good friends, and she was, of course, aware of how I spent my time.

One Friday night, I heard a knock on the door; I answered dressed in nothing but my navy-issue skivvies. It was my landlady, Joan, and she stared down—right at where my penis was hanging out the front of my underwear (anyone who's ever been in the service knows about G.I. underwear). She took off her housecoat and stood there in nothing but a pair of cotton panties. As she walked toward me, I saw she was well built, full and round, but not fat. She pressed tightly against me, then looked up at me with tears in her eyes. Her mouth silently formed the word *please*.

I'd never had a real love affair in my life. Because I'd always been shy, my sexual experiences had been more comedy than passion. I lived with Joan for a year and a half. She taught me about sex and, more important, about how to care and be cared for. When I found out I was going to be transferred, I didn't know how to tell her, so I just blurted it out, then slumped down on the nearest chair. She told me calmly that she had known my leaving was inevitable, that she had prepared for it. I told her I wanted to marry her and be with her always, but instead of arguing, Joan undid my pants, and started giving me head as if her life depended on it. She left the house the next day.

When I got to my duty station, there was a letter from her explaining that she understood I had to get on with my life. We corresponded for most of my enlistment; then the letters stopped coming, and mine were returned as undeliverable. Three months later, her lawyer wrote me that she had died of a heart attack and had named me as her beneficiary. I mourned for a long time, and even now that I'm married, the memory of her is very clear. I still love her in a way few would understand.

G.S.
Watertown, New York

When I was 14, a teacher of mine asked if I could come to her house one Saturday, supposedly to put up some Venetian blinds. While I was on the stepladder, the woman took hold of my thigh, saying she wanted to keep me steady. As I descended the ladder, she didn't let go but led me into the bedroom.

Between the sheets, she gave me my first blow job. For the next nine months, every Saturday afternoon, she taught me all the delights sex can offer.

W.K.
Reno, Nevada

FANTASEX

Just for the record, I don't have fantasies. Instead, I have memories, the best of which

was an encounter with five flight attendants who lived together in a "stew zoo," and who decided to have their way with me one night. I still recall the event with great, glowing joy.

STEVEN B.
Marina del Rey, California

Tanya Tucker turns me on. In my fantasy, she and I are on a tour together and, after the concert, we lock ourselves in our hotel room. We love each other and satisfy one another all night long. Then I come back to reality, play my guitar and wait for Tanya to visit Baltimore.

P.H.
Baltimore, Maryland

When you're a single guy in the navy, you fantasize all the time, inspired by books, old lovers, girls on the street—anything. In one of my favorite fantasies, I'm walking down a busy city street when I see a beautiful, fashionably dressed girl headed toward me, looking me over as she gets closer. When we come together, we talk for a few minutes and then she asks me to join her. She leads me into the building where she works, and we promptly enter her boss's empty office, where I ball her on the desk until she screams.

BOB C.
Bakersfield, California

OUTDOOR ORGASM

I'm a 32-year-old single woman. I'm also a dancer, which makes me an extremely agile person—the better to make love in unusual outdoor places. And I love it! I've made it on top of a railroad-baggage cart and in my friend's front yard at high noon. It's all in knowing how to play it as it lays.

Among my experiences with sex outside of the bedroom, I've had two especially sensual and humorous encounters, and they both happened during a trip to the Bahamas. I met a very sexy guy my first day in Nassau, and we decided to take the boat over to Paradise Island. We found a fairly secluded (we thought) spot and enjoyed snorkeling and sunning and running up the beach to the bar for planter's punches. At one point, we started balling in the shallow, calm water, and we were just getting into it when a couple casually strolled by and stopped to chat. I couldn't believe it. It was just business as usual to them—and we never missed a stroke. Before we knew it, a whole crowd had gathered. A few joined us in the water, but most were content to just have a little conversation. A very public orgasm.

A few nights later, I was sitting in an outdoor lounge, watching a musical presented by the staff of the hotel. A man sat down next to me and started coming on strong. He was boring and becoming a bit of a hassle; so to give him something to think about, I told him that I only liked to do it outside—especially when I could see other people, but they couldn't see me. I told him that I thought it would be fun to do it while the show was on, somewhere close to the stage.

He got all excited about that and ran off to find us the perfect spot. And damned if he didn't. It was just offstage and hidden by some palm trees. He stripped me and began to make slow love to me, while the singers revved up for their big finale. I must admit that the guy was an excellent lover; he had me so turned on that I was crawling all over him by the end. But what was really wonderful was that I reached my climax just as the audience burst into applause. It was the first time I ever came to a standing ovation!

C.B.
Dallas, Texas

My most interesting experience with outdoor sex was when I lost my virginity. I was 16 and dating a boy of 18. We'd been going out for two months, and all that time we'd been kissing and fondling, but that was as far as I would let him go.

One August night we were in a park where we often went to discover each other

"Biggest damn bird I ever saw!"

"The nakedness of woman is the work of God."
—William Blake

in privacy. My boyfriend was particularly turned on this particular night, and he got me so hot that I began to take off my blouse and bra to expose my breasts. Soon he unzipped my shorts, thrust his hand into my panties. That did it for me. I tore off my shorts. When my boyfriend got on top of me, he said it might hurt a bit.

It did, but it felt good, too. He was slowly pumping away, and the cool breeze felt so great. Suddenly I heard footsteps. My neighbor was coming up the walkway with her poodle. We froze. What should we do? She came closer.

"It's dark," I said. "Maybe she won't see us." But her dog smelled us and began to bark. Then he mounted my neighbor's leg and began pumping—I guess our smell got *him* hot, too! My neighbor saw us, but she didn't say anything. She just kept walking, occasionally looking back. Then she was gone. We wondered whether she would tell our parents, but weeks went by and nothing happened.

We began having sex in the same place as a regular routine for the rest of the summer. That woman with the poodle discovered us nine more times that season, and she never once mentioned it to our parents.

Maybe when she was young she had a handsome lover she made it with in the park!

RITA A.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I'm a 29-year-old guy who's single and loves making love outside. The funniest time I ever had with sex outdoors was when I was making it with my girl on the beach. I was absolutely certain that we were alone. Unfortunately, just as I was about to come, somebody announced through a bullhorn that they were really enjoying the show. The voice came from a sailboat just beyond the sandbar.

But my most memorable time was when Claire and I were balling in this crystal-clear lake in Northern California. The water was nice and cool, and all the animals and birds were carrying on since it was just at sunset. It was all very primal, but serene; a beautiful feeling of oneness with nature.

CARL L.
San Jose, California

First of all, let me say that I really appreciate the information I've gotten out of your earlier columns. I'm 49 years old and am dating a woman who's a good deal younger. My ideas about sex were set a long time ago, so I've had to get rid of a lot of prehistoric notions about doing what's right as opposed to doing what feels good, in order to have a successful relationship with this girl.

Anyway, she and I read your column and discuss it all the time, and we got a real chuckle out of "Outdoor Sex." It really took us back. See, we live in Los Angeles, and we go down to the beach a lot. That's usually where we make love outdoors—it's pretty easy to see if anyone's coming. This one time, though, we were taking an evening stroll through Griffith Park and we were both really horny; so we decided to make love behind some bushes. We were really getting it on, moaning and slipping around, when a voice said, "Excuse me, folks. When you've finished what you're doing, you'll have to leave. The park closes in fifteen minutes."

I looked up and saw a very big, very embarrassed policeman. He wasn't exactly looking at us, more at a point just above my head. He cleared his throat and then turned away, saying, "Please don't forget we close in fifteen minutes. Good night."

Once we were dressed, we looked at each other and burst into laughter; it was such a funny scene. We laughed all the way back to her bed.

ALEX R.
Los Angeles, California

I'm a photographer and a woman who likes to go exploring on my own. Last March, I was shooting a story on how the different forms of wildlife were adapting to the aftereffects of winter fires, which are always a problem in the Everglades during the dry months. Deep in a cypress hammock, I came across a pair of campers who were making a little fire of their own. I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't resist trying out my new telephoto lens, which is powerful enough to read a watch-face from a half-mile away.

The male camper was built like a slender buck, and his lady was a full-busted Valkyrie. I held the camera with one hand, while the other found its way below my waistband. Hard as it was to keep the camera steady, professionalism demanded that I squeeze off a few shots. As they violently came to climax, he arched his back and lifted her clear off the ground. Pity I didn't get a shot of that, but I was coming myself.

After waiting a decent length of time, I approached their camp, offered them two sticks of Colombian and accepted their offer of hot tea. They said their names were Michael and Sharon, and as we talked, I discovered we had a great deal in common. But the Colombian had me staring at Michael's slim, narrow hips. I was so high, I confessed everything. I told them how beautiful they were and offered to destroy the film. They just smiled at each other.

Then Sharon whispered to Michael, and he came over to me, took the cup of tea from my hand and set it aside. Behind him, I saw Sharon reaching for my camera. What happened next convinced me that ganja was sent to this earth by mischievous gods. I unzipped Michael's pants and went down on

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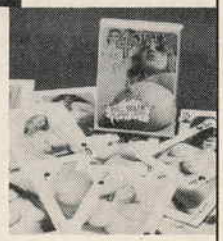

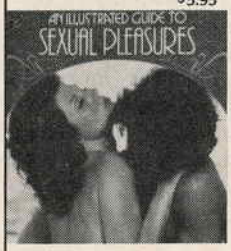

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him, holding each pose for the snap and whir of the automatic winder; I realized now they must have heard me the whole time. Then Michael took the camera from Sharon, and she knelt beside me. I had never been with a woman before, had never wanted one . . . but being there on my knees in the middle of the woods, sharing Michael's penis with a stranger, while he stood over us snapping pictures of the whole thing . . . I was ready to try.

By evening, our camps were consolidated, and for the rest of my stay, we made quite a trio; spotting herons in the tall cypresses, creeping along a shaded deer run and getting it on all night.

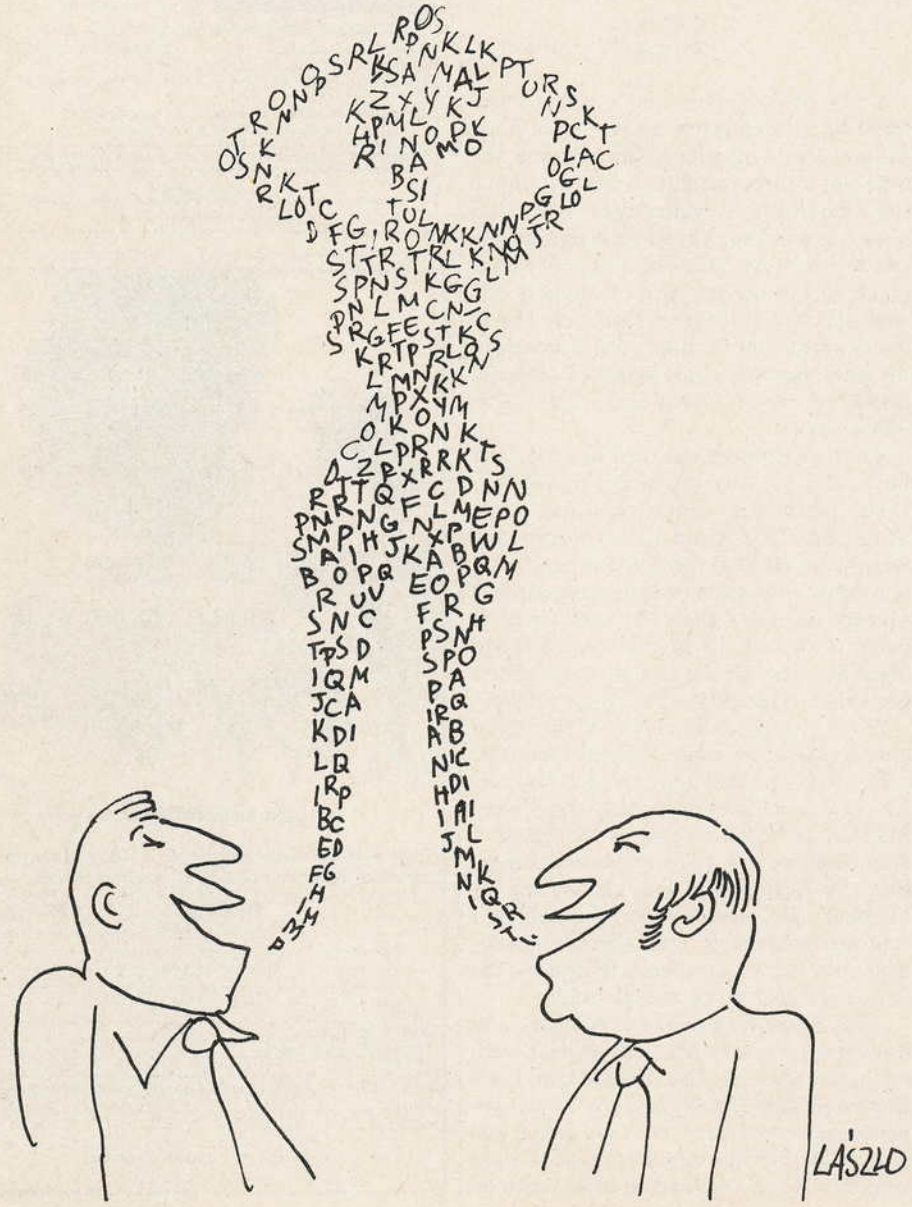
KAREN M.
Jacksonville, Florida

One night, a former college boyfriend and I were on our way to a very formal fraternity party. We were both a little high and had been messing around in the car on our way over. I was hoping we would soon get to the country inn where the party was so that we could get it on. I guess I'm an inveterate tease, I really get off by turning a man on when I know he's got to keep his mind on the road. It gives me a sense of power.

They were real polite, and they were trying desperately not to notice that we were both naked.

In the middle of it, the car broke down; I guess the radiator had overheated or something. There we were on some back road out in the boondocks, under a beautiful starlit sky. There was really nothing to do until the car cooled off. We were both incredibly horny; so white formal, tuxedo and all, we decided to get it on right there. Since we didn't have a blanket or anything, he carefully lifted the skirt of my white-lace dress up around my waist, and then lifted me up and set me down on the car hood. Shit, did I let out a yell! He forgot that the hood was as hot as hell. My ass was so badly burned that I couldn't sit down for a week. Since then, I'll take a bed indoors, even a narrow one, every time.

C.D. AND E.H.
Wheeling, West Virginia



My experience with outdoor sex is so bizarre, you're probably not going to believe it. I'm 23, single and into backpacking. I'm outdoors a lot of the time and have enjoyed having sex outside on many occasions. I love it.

But a few weeks ago, I felt as though I had stumbled into a Fellini movie. I was hiking through the Angeles National Forest with some friends and decided to crash for a nap about 3:30 P.M. When I woke up a little later, my pals were gone; so I sat there for a while, just spacing on the scenery. All of a sudden, this very hot-looking mama came tripping through the woods. We got to talking, and before I knew it, we were going at it. After about 15 or 20 minutes of this, my friends came back through the trees carrying a couple of pizzas. They'd driven all the way to Lake Arrowhead for them. Hey, when you're hungry . . .

Anyway, they managed to catch us just at the high point, so this lady asked me if I'd like to go back down the mountain to her place for the night. I couldn't refuse. We figured we could get in a couple of days hiking and balling *alone*.

The night was great, and the next morning we ventured several miles into the San Bernardino Mountains to a paradise with a waterfall and bright pools of ice-cold water. After a day of partying and running around, we hit the sack as soon as the sun went down. We'd just started getting it on real good again, when we noticed three flashlight beams bobbing around through the foliage.

Now, you're not going to believe this. The flashlights belonged to FBI men. They were real polite, and they were trying desperately not to notice that we were both stark naked. They said they were looking for two escaped cons from a Federal pen outside San Bernardino, and they wanted to know if we had seen any suspicious-looking persons lurking about. I asked them if they thought these men might have been carrying a couple of pizzas. They didn't get it.

STEVE H.
San Diego, California

One Indian summer afternoon, my girlfriend and I cut class and hung around her backyard getting stoned. I guess we were pretty high, because we started talking about some of the crazy things we did when we were kids. She started telling me about the time she was 14 and ran away from home. Everyone was out combing the

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By Eric Weber

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Here's how it happened: One evening I was sitting in a single's bar and couldn't help but notice a young man who seemed to know every attractive woman in the place; talking and laughing with this one, dancing and kidding with another. How does he do it, I thought jealously? How can he be so different from me? And then it hit me. Maybe he wasn't so different after all. Maybe he just **acted** differently, gave a big, warm hello instead of my serious, insecure frown. What if I tried to act more like him, I wondered? What if I, too, started saying hello with a friendly, happy smile on my face—even though I was dying inside with embarrassment?

And so I did. I started **acting** unshy. **And did my life begin to change!** In two weeks I was dating a beautiful, interesting woman. In two months I had more lady friends than I knew what to do with. And just a few months after that I met a stunning, vivacious blond who was to become the love of my life.

Now I'd like to share my secrets for overcoming shyness and finding love with you.

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Just look what these fool-proof techniques have done for me. I'm a mere 5'5" tall, can't dance or sing or play football and I'm not even particularly goodlooking. Yet, the methods I've discovered for overcoming shyness have taken me from social misfit to one of the country's leading experts on meeting women.

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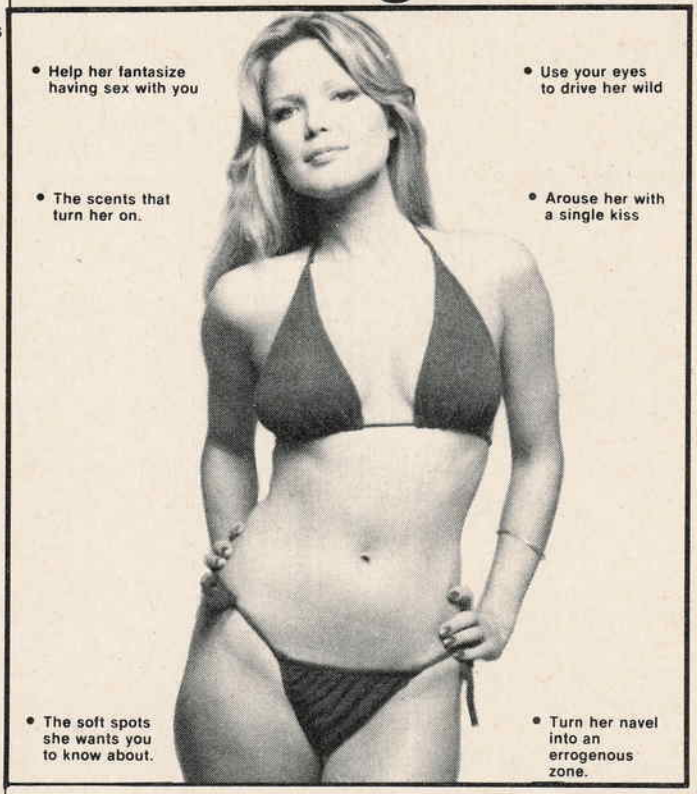
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neighborhood, frantically searching for her, while all along she had hidden out in a huge pine tree in her backyard.

I suggested we climb to the top of the tree, so we could check out the beautiful autumn foliage. Well, we reached the top, and it was gorgeous. The scent of pine enveloped us, and everything was so colorful that we sat there quietly surveying the panorama. Then, I started caressing her hips. She said my hands were cold, and then unbuttoned her jeans and placed my hands on her warm bush.

When she began rubbing her buttocks against my pants, I thought I was going to explode. We pulled our pants down to our ankles and stroked each other until we came. We felt like we were birds flying around the top of trees. Being so high up and surrounded by so much beauty was a real turn on.

KEVIN T.
Stamford, Connecticut

I'm 25 and I enjoy camping a great deal. One summer afternoon, I was camping with a girl, just outside Biloxi, Mississippi. The beaches were very crowded since it was so hot, and I was getting horny watching all those luscious Southern ladies sashaying around in their skimpy bikinis. So I grabbed my Frisbee and my date, and headed for the water.

In Biloxi, the water is so shallow that you can walk out for at least half a mile or so, and it's still only waist high. We went out far enough so that people on the beach couldn't tell what we were up to. I dove down between my girl's legs and started blowing bubbles into her vagina. About the fifth dive, she was ready to scream. I yanked off her bottoms and untied her top; then I took off my trunks and looped them over my arm.

After we both came, I suddenly heard laughter. Turning around, I noticed two guys about 50 feet from us. Seeing me finally look their way, one of them raised his fist in the air and said, "Right on, brother." My date was embarrassed, but I laughed my head off. Until I noticed I'd lost the Frisbee!

JAMES F.
Bellingham, Washington

Perhaps the most interesting—if that's the word—time I ever had sex outdoors was when I met a beautiful girl at the NCO Club where I worked. I got off work about 9 P.M. and took the girl to one of the club lounges. After a half-dozen white Russians, we decided to go for a walk on the beach, which was only a half mile away.

Once there, we decided to go skinny-dipping, something neither of us had ever done. We stripped down and jumped into the water. Although the air temperature was in the 50s, the water temperature was still in the high 70s. We played around in the surf for a while, before the cold air got to us. We decided to get out and dry off. As we reached the shore, she asked if I had ever made love on the beach. I answered that I hadn't, so we got a towel we had brought along and put it down near the tide line.

Suddenly, a swarm of sand fleas descended upon us, but we were so turned on, there was no stopping us. Afterward, we tried to rinse the sand off us, then we got dressed and returned to the club for a nightcap. As we talked, a friend approached the table and asked what had happened to us. Sheepishly, we exchanged glances and said we had gone for a drive. He howled and pulled us over to a mirror in a lighted corridor where we could see our faces. It looked like we had chicken pox. Those damned sand-flea bites were all over our bodies. Let me tell you, it was pretty hard trying to explain our way out of *that* one. We were teased about it for months.

J. TAUBER
Miami, Florida

When you live in the country, you spend a lot of time doing things outdoors. There's nothing better than swimming naked in a cool, clear creek, when there's no one around. That way, if you want to make love, you can—right then and there.

Last summer, my wife and I were swimming in the nude at this creek near our place when a woman came walking up to the edge of the creek. She was not only pretty, but she had a real nice figure. When she asked if she could join us, we said it was all right.

I had often fantasized about making love to my wife and another woman in our special creek, but I had never said anything about it to my wife, thinking it would make her mad.

Well, the woman stripped and dove right in, and we all went for a swim. Later on, while we were sitting on the gravel bar, drying ourselves in the sun, my wife suddenly started playing with me, right in front of this other woman. You can imagine my surprise! After a few minutes, I was even more surprised when the other woman asked my wife if she could join in, and my wife said yes!

Between the two of them, I got more than I bargained for, even in my wildest dreams. I guess there's nothing like competition to bring out the best in a woman, and I really rose to the occasion. I not only made love to my wife and then made love to the other woman, but I climaxed twice with each. Both women were superb lovers, but I must admit my wife was far better. I guess it's because she knows how to please me.

ED M.
Little Rock, Arkansas

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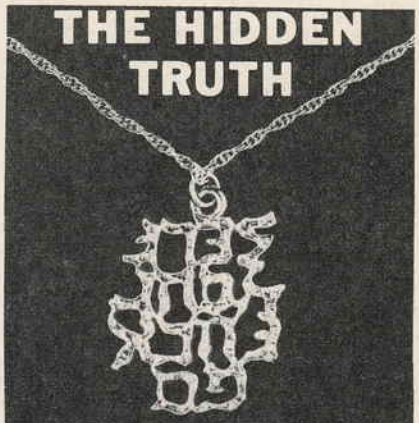

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(Continued from page 92)

you'd never expect to fall in love with a girl and be delicate, but he was. The next day I had some photos to do, so I said goodnight and turned around and accidentally smashed him right in the face with my drink. I knocked his glasses off, but he said, "Oh, I didn't need that face anyway"—he was great. Next day, Pam and I took him to McDonald's for lunch. He went on and on about how he hated the cheeseburger, but he ate the whole thing and half of mine. When Elvis smiles, you know he really means it, because he doesn't crack one very often. He's real surly. He's just got a lot on his mind. That night we went to see Nick Lowe play, and he held my hand under the table—he didn't want anybody to see and blow his act. He went back to England the next day, but two weeks later I got a letter from him and I wrote back. Then he started calling me from all over the world, and we decided I should fly to London on his birthday. We'd never slept together at the time—I was like a mail-order bride. So I stayed in London for eight months, and when he was away, he wrote letters like Napoleon wrote Josephine. Then, during the spring of '79, he started flipping out on me. One minute he'd be grabbing me and telling me he loved me and begging me never to leave him, and the next minute he'd be going, "Leave me, I don't deserve anything, I'm wretched, I'm horrible."

OUI: Sounds pretty dramatic.

BUELL: Elvis is a very colorful person. He's got all the good gear to be one of the most surrealistic people ever, but everybody was pulling at him at once. Fame made him mixed up and confused. I think Elvis derives a lot of inspiration from not being happy—he's happier not being happy.

OUI: So, after the tour he went home, and you stayed here?

BUELL: Uh-huh. But we're still friends.

OUI: Who's the sexiest rock star?

BUELL: Rick Nielsen, but he's unavailable. When you look at him and then you listen to the songs he writes, you know there's something lurking beneath that hat. It's a very strange contradiction, which I think is very sexy. Plus, I think he's a great dancer, and he's pretty handsome. My favorite Rick Nielsen phrase is: "You gotta reap teen coin." Isn't that the best?

OUI: So, now you want to cut your own record?

BUELL: Yes. You see, every time my heart gets broken, it motivates me to do ten more projects. Over the years of relationships I've had with these special men, I've been copping some licks. I'm starting to do the things they always told me I could do.

OUI: Who's the best-dressed rock star?

BUELL: Jimmy Page looked great on tour when he wore riding pants and boots up to his knees, but Dirk Bogarde pulled off that Nazi-domination, I'll-beat-you look better than anybody.

OUI: What rock star would make the best politician?

BUELL: I don't think any of them should dabble in politics. They might have the charisma it takes, but there's too much stress and strain. I mean, they crack now under a little bit of pressure. Imagine what would happen if they were running the country—sheesh!

OUI: Who's the cutest politician?

BUELL: I'm wild about Prince Charles—what a hunk.

OUI: Is there anyone you can't get? Aside from Prince Charles?

BUELL: Yes, because sometimes I fall in love with married men. I get the most depressed when I like somebody it's absolutely impossible to have any kind of future with. If they're married, I can't be myself, because I don't think coming on to a married man is very honorable or wise. But one time I liked this married guy so much I think I made a fool of myself—only he and I know it, though. I have a lot of respect for women who are mothers. I'm a mother myself, and I know it's a hard job. Being married to a guy in rock 'n' roll and staying home to take care of the children takes such strength.

OUI: What is the essence of Bebe Buell?

BUELL: Flight. I'm like a heart with wings. I love romance, and I don't care how many times I have to fall in love to perfect it. It's an art. Bob Dylan said one of the greatest things in his *Playboy* interview: "When you lay with somebody and you feel the two hearts beating together, then you know it's true love." I've only felt that four times. Elvis' heart even fluttered and skipped a beat the same time mine did, once. ■

BEBE BUELL

I can't imagine rock stars in politics. I mean, they crack now under just a little bit of pressure.

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Who

JIM SHEA

MARTIN SHORT

"Four years ago I said 'fuck' on television, and I was shocked," confesses this alumnus of Second City, who's now one of ABC's struggling *Associates*. Surprisingly, however, that verbal outburst wasn't bleeped; it was on Canadian television. "The producers later told me we were allowed two 'fucks' and one 'shit' per show," smiles Short. American television does have its moments, though—such as Short's bumbling attempts to lure fellow *Associate* Shelley Smith into the sack. "So far, I haven't scored," sighs Short. "But then, the show *is* young."

Tina Andrews

"I discovered that I do have a bad-girl fantasy," confides Tina of her role as Sugaree, a carnival stripper who teaches a pubescent Jodie Foster how to rock her boats in the soon-to-be-released *Carny*. "I wanted to be sexy onscreen." Believe it or not, that's something new for Tina. Past roles, such as the psychotic teenager who helped rape Linda Blair in *Born Innocent* and the pregnant girl who was Sissy Spacek's pal in *Girls of Huntington House*, have only nurtured her adolescent image. Next on her agenda is a new TV series, *The Contender*, in which she'll play a pro fighter's teenage trainer. And speaking of teenagers, the question that lingers on our minds is: Just how convincing a stripper is the tomboyish Jodie? "Well," reports Tina, "Jodie's not a tomboy anymore, you know. She's a very lovely young woman, and she's got the best legs I've ever seen. Jodie's very athletic." Hmmm, and Tina looks to be in good shape, too.

Tom Johnston

who wrote and sang such hits as *China Grove* and *Listen to the Music*, stopped smoking doobies with the Doobie Brothers three years ago. "I left the Doobies because I just knew it was time to split," Tom explains. "Their music was heading in a different direction." What's he been doing since then? Well, there's his first solo album, *Everything You've Heard Is True*, and a new single, *Reachin' Out for Lovin' from You*. "I wanna do kick-ass, grass-roots rock 'n' roll," says Johnston. "I want to see people up and moving when I play. I'm after energy; I wanna see a crowd boogie! I want my music to get these fuckers off their asses!"

LIZ SOWERS

GLEN LAFERMAN

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THE POLICE

"Like any other band," says guitarist Andy Summers of the Police, "we don't like being labeled. Let's just say we're three assholes." So who would have thought assholes could be so popular? But with their first two albums and their single, *Roxanne*, all hits last year, there's no doubt that the Police are. What makes them even more distinctive is that they're not only New Wave; they're reggae. Deadpans Andy: "Actually, we're not assholes. We're really a black reggae group from Jamaica. But you wanna know what we do with all our money? We tie it up in a room and sit on it. Sometimes we take baths in it, too." At least they're cleaning up their act.

Brenda Dickson

"Somehow, I must move men," admits Brenda, referring to the admirers she's collected while playing sex-starved Jill Foster of the afternoon soaper *The Young and the Restless*. One fellow from Texas actually set a date for their marriage and then "kept writing follow-up notes to remind me that the big day was coming." Brenda ultimately left the poor fellow standing at the altar. After all, she's already married. Besides, she has her hands full with her German shepherd attack dogs (she raises them) and a .357 Python (she's a crack shot). "I'm not violent, but you have to know how to protect yourself." Especially in the clinches.

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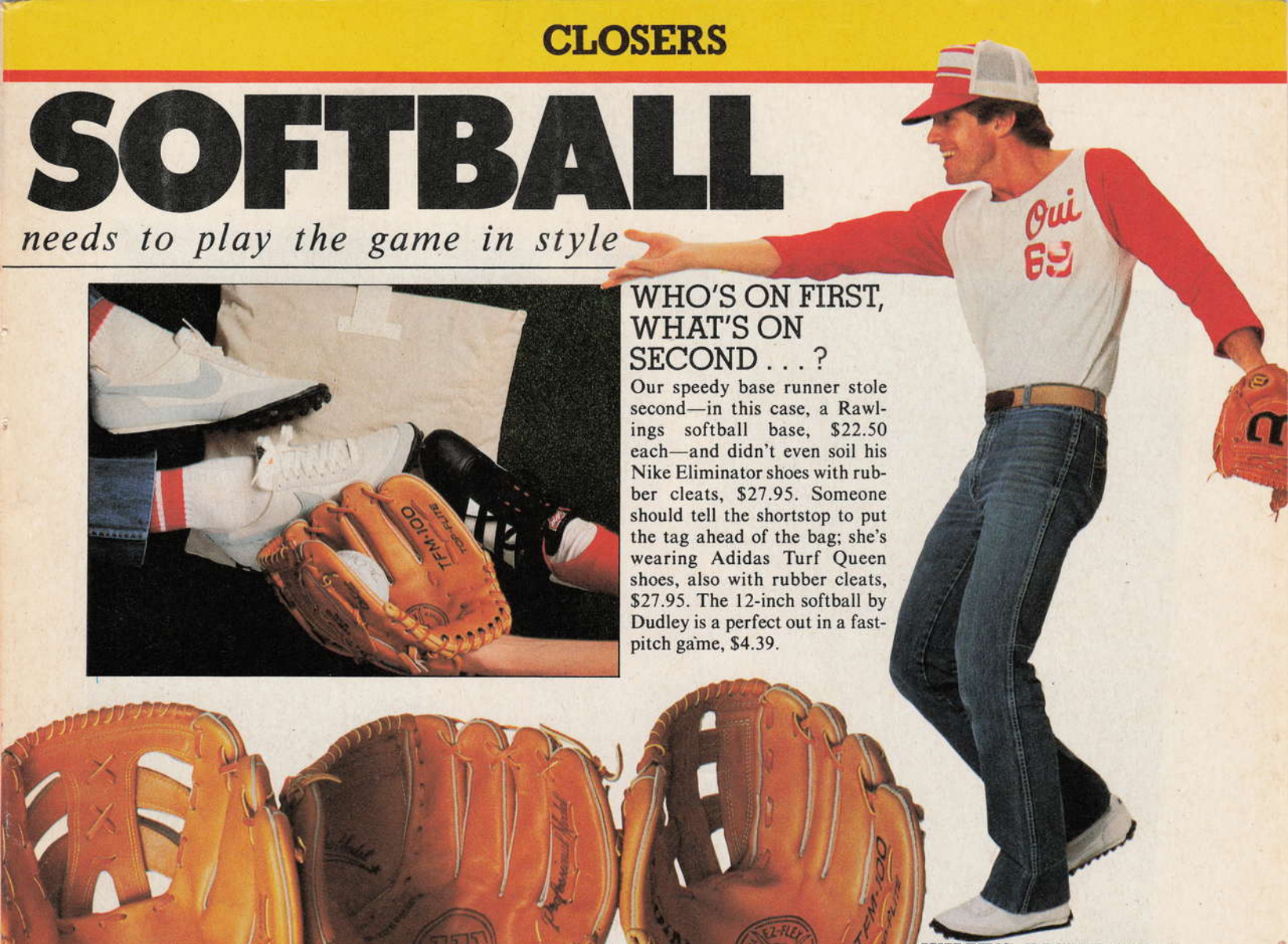

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THIS PITCHER?

He can't throw a curve to save his life, but our amateur Nolan Ryan made the team anyway, thanks to his outfit. The jersey is from GVP, $16.50 with lettering; hats are available nationwide for about $3.

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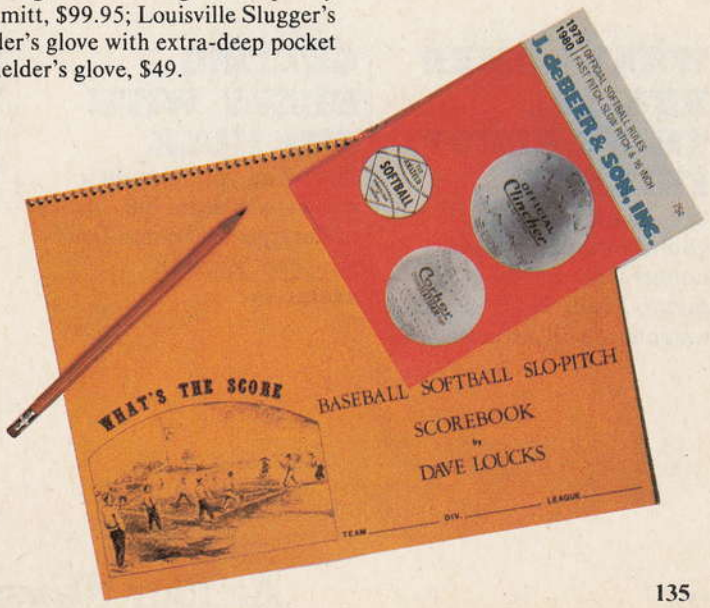

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NEXT

JUNE

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